MRS. SARA T. KINNEY

STATE REGENT CONNECTICUT DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

CHAPTER SKETCHES

Connecticut

DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

Patron Saints

EDITED BY

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With an Introduction by

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PUBLISHED BY

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The darlingest thing in history—simple truth.—DONALD G. MITCHELL.

We owe it to the generations that go before us, and to those which come after us, to perpetuate the memory and example of those who in a signal manner made themselves serviceable to humanity.—FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

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Dedicated

BY A UNANIMOUS VOTE OF

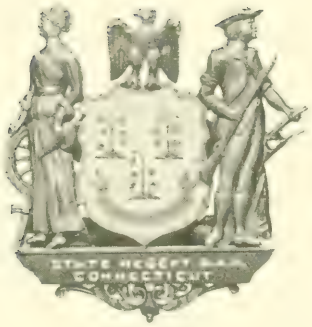
THE REGENTS AND DELEGATES OF THE CONNECTICUT CHAPTERS

TO

MRS. SARA T. KINNEY

STATE REGENT

WHOSE LONG AND HARMONIOUS REGENCY HAS BEEN CONSPICUOUS FOR ITS MANY ACHIEVEMENTS, AND WHOSE WISE LEADERSHIP HAS WON DISTINCTION AND HONOR FOR CONNECTICUT DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION



BADGE OF OFFICE FOR THE REGENT OF CONNECTICUT.

(Voted by the Chapter Regents and Delegates February, 1900. Designed and made by Tiffany & Co. of New York.)

INTRODUCTION

IN a letter from America M. Gaston Deschamps says in *Le Temps* of the 31st of March, 1901: "On trouve encore dans la capitale du Connecticut ces vestiges du passé auxquels les Américains ne sauraient renoncer sans détruire leurs titres de noblesse. A vrai dire, ce passé n'est pas encore très lointain. . . . Mais ces reliques peu âgées rappellent des souvenirs très grand et très beaux." The monographs which make up this book are intended to preserve some "vestiges" of this "not very distant past." They have been prepared by members of the Connecticut Chapters of the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Each of the writers has had some special preparation for her special task by reason of descent or personal interest in the subject. In addition to the ordinary sources of historical information, family letters have been drawn upon and family tradition—carefully sifted—has been utilized to fill out the outlines furnished by documentary evidence. Absolute historical accuracy has been the controlling aim, although interest in the subject of the sketch has in many cases made the labor a labor of love, and the pride of a great-grandchild in an honored ancestress has in several cases been the impelling motive. It will be found, too, that personal familiarity with the old home—in some cases still the home of the family—the old pictures, the old furniture, and whatever else of the original surroundings has survived, has given the peculiar color to the narrative which is the mark of intimate knowledge and friendly appreciation. The writers are describing something that they honor and love and something that has been long in their hearts.

The prime object of these memoirs is of course to conserve the memory of the women of Connecticut in the Revolutionary

period. It is a worthy object. The men who set their hands to the Declaration or to the Constitution, who spoke and wrote for the cause or commanded the "embattled farmers" to "fire the shot" which, according to Mr. Emerson, was heard at such great distances, were naturally much in the public eye. Their names have become "familiar in our mouths as household words." The women who sustained the cause at no less sacrifice—perhaps more—than their husbands and sons had made, rendered as valuable service with comparatively little prospect of promotion. No great social struggle can be brought to a successful issue without the active support of women, not necessarily organized into societies or clubs but at least sustaining and encouraging as individuals. Men fight for what women believe in. Our Revolution was a community interest; the great body of the unknown soldiers were in it not because they were paid nor for the love of adventure but because they believed in the necessity and propriety of it. Except in the strongest characters, like Washington, such faith needs to be strengthened by sympathy from others. As a state, Connecticut had less reason to complain of the mother-country than had Massachusetts. Its charter made it substantially a self-governing, free state and its rights were not threatened, and, after the repeal of the stamp act, there was no overt act at which it could take alarm for itself. Its people joined the cause largely from principle and sympathy, yet it furnished as large a quota in proportion to its population as did any other state. The characteristic of the Revolutionary spirit in Connecticut, that it was more than elsewhere a matter of principle—even of sentiment—makes the part that women bore in it more significant in our own state than it was elsewhere.

For us, their descendants, however, these memoires of the dignified and executive dames of old Connecticut have much more than a merely historical value. To know what noble and devoted women our great-grandmothers were can hardly fail to increase our self-respect and our rational patriotism and to strengthen our ambition to be worthy of our heritage. As Burke says, "Our liberty becomes a noble freedom. It has its bearings and its ensigns armorial." The simplicity of life and the stately but gracious formality of manner that marked the 18th century has not

only a singular attraction for us but it is "good unto edification." This book is for Connecticut what the roll of Battle Abbey is for England and it is far more a reason for sober pride to find an ancestress in it than it can be for an Englishman to read his surname in the list of William the Norman's predatory captains. Not that it establishes an aristocracy of blood—we recognize nothing of the sort, and the great body of unheralded women who in humbler spheres cheered and sustained their husbands and sons in the Revolutionary army are no less to be honored than those who are commemorated in this book—but it establishes a standard of womanly character; it shows us that whatever is creditable and of good report in our citizenship has a past in which it was rooted. We are degenerate if such a past, though "not very remote," is not an inspiration.

Though memoirs of the kind which make up this book are not history in the ordinary sense, they throw a great deal of light on history. They disclose manners and general tone of thought far more than state papers or narratives of military campaigns can. They recall the thousand little events that make up life, which are set in the great movements that make up history like the coloring inside the lines of a picture. History proper can be read with especial interest after a study of the private lives of the people and the households of the period. It then becomes far more intelligible and far more real. We come almost to know the characters personally. Possibly some of the figures seem less austere and ideal but they are much more human. We begin to understand that men and women in the past were actuated by fundamentally the same motives that actuate them to-day. Then we come to understand the "spirit of the age," or that set of motives which has more power in one century than in another. For this reason this book may be said to have a permanent value as history since it serves to interpret history. But it is primarily a collection of material and a tribute to the Connecticut women of the Revolution from their descendants in the 20th century. As such, it has its propriety and its chief interest.

Charles Frederick Johnson.

Trinity College, Hartford.

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FOREWORD

THIS book contains the contributions of about sixty writers and is the result of more than three years' work. It originated in the desire of the Connecticut D. A. R. to collect and preserve the records of the men and women for whom the chapters are named, and from small beginnings has grown into a book of the present size.

Early in the organization of the Connecticut D. A. R. the custom was established of naming a chapter for some woman whose husband or sons gave their services to the Revolutionary struggle, or because the woman herself is noted for endurance, sacrifice or service. Of the forty-four chapters in the state thirty-four are named for women, representing various grades of service—from the governor's wife to the wife of a private soldier. Three are named for men—heroes in statesmanship and war and the hero-spy. Seven chapters commemorate in their names not persons but localities. Three are named for coast towns near the enemy's camp in New York which suffered from invasion. Four are for interior towns, whose direct connection with the conflict consisted in the passing of soldiers over their highways.

Although each chapter chose its name for local reasons, and although these biographers have worked independently of each other, there exists in these sketches an evident historic sequence which the committee voted should decide the question of order. Therefore instead of following the seniority order or the alphabetical, the present plan was adopted, which is a series of groups. As a result there is a procession of Revolutionary worthies led by Faith Trumbull with her governor-husband and closing with Nathan Hale the martyr-spy.

First is a group representing the civil power—governor, colonial secretary, council of safety; next and largest is a series of

groups representing the military power—generals, colonels, majors, captains; relief service comes next and is followed by a group of heroines; next is a group of towns in two divisions according to their location; lastly is Nathan Hale, whose name has been given to the latest born of Connecticut chapters.

This procession, representative of all sections of the state and of all grades of service, does not include every one in Connecticut who won distinction in the Revolutionary struggle. Several like Matthew Griswold, deputy-governor, and the generals, Parsons, Spencer, Huntington, Saltonstall, Dyer, Tyler, Ward, Douglas, Newberry, and Colonel Knowlton and Major Sheldon are conspicuous for their absence. And of that notable body of men who served on the governor's council only a few are found in this procession. The same is true of officers in the army, only a few are here, others not having a place because no chapter has taken their name.

Therefore an injustice seems to have been done to many who served with even greater distinction than some who pass in this procession. But owing to the large amount of material it was impossible to include in this volume any except biographies of the so-called chapter heroines or patron saints. The writers in the chapters named for places, not being limited in subject to one character, have done fuller justice to their Revolutionary families —certain of these sketches being models of their kind.

Accuracy and completeness have been the two points aimed at by the committee. To insure completeness much time was required to secure material of real value and it was necessary to keep the writers informed of the progress in other chapters in order that the workers might inspire each other before publication instead of after and that when the book appeared each chapter should be satisfied at least with the completeness of its sketch.

To insure accuracy the sketches were first read before the chapters or the local boards and duly approved by the chapter authorities. The writers have also quoted references used in their work and the names of those who supplied family traditions. Besides each subject has been studied by at least two members of the revision committee, working independently, and all papers have been doubly verified as far as possible. Lastly all sketches were

sent in the proof sheets to the writers for final examination, and approval and each writer is responsible for statements made over her signature.

The Committees wish to thank the chapter regents and other officers for their prompt responses to the many demands on their time and resources. To those who gave definite assistance in preparing the sketches due recognition is given in footnotes and addenda. Others have given valued aid in many other ways, unmindful of rewards or recognition—ample testimony that the Connecticut D. A. R. (like their great-grandmothers whom they wish to honor) fail not in constancy and enthusiasm in a good cause.

Thanks are also due to several who are not members of this order, aside from those mentioned in foot-notes and addenda, especially to The Tuttle, Morehouse & Taylor Co., who have given every possible assistance in the work of publication.

A few illustrations are from plates purchased by the chapters or kindly loaned by the owners for use in this book. Many are from photographs made expressly for this work. A few half-tone cuts were made by the Stoddard Engraving Co., New Haven; most of them were made by the Hartford Engraving Co., who from difficult subjects and some poor photography have produced certain fine illustrations in this book.

M. P. R.

Bristol, Conn.,
June 28, 1901.

CHRONOLOGICAL REGISTER

OF CONNECTICUT CHAPTERS, DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

Name.	Date of Organization.	Charter Dated.
Wadsworth Chapter, Middletown.	Feb. 1, 1892.	Feb. 20, 1892
Lucretia Shaw Chapter, New London.	Oct. 21, 1892.	April 17, 1893
Ruth Wyllys Chapter, Hartford.	Nov. 18, 1892.	Jan. 6, 1893
Norwalk Chapter, Norwalk.	Dec. 16, 1892.	June 26, 1896
Melicent Porter Chapter, Waterbury.	Jan. 27, 1893.	Sept. 29, 1893
Ruth Hart Chapter, Meriden.	Feb. 1, 1893.	April 8, 1893
Mary Wooster Chapter, Danbury.	March 15, 1893.	April 9, 1893
Mary Clap Wooster Chapter, New Haven.	April 21, 1893.	Oct. 4, 1893
Roger Sherman Chapter, New Milford.	May 8, 1893.	Jan. 9, 1896
Fanny Ledyard Chapter, Mystic.	June 8, 1893.	Feb. 19, 1894
Anna Warner Bailey Chapter, Groton and Stonington.	Sept. 13, 1893.	April 26, 1894
Sarah Riggs Humphreys Chapter, Derby.	Oct. 11, 1893.	April 4, 1894
Abigail Phelps Chapter, Simsbury.	Nov. 11, 1893.	May 8, 1894

Name.	Date of Organization.	Charter Dated.
Faith Trumbull Chapter, Norwich.	Nov. 24, 1893.	April 26, 1894
Dorothy Ripley Chapter, Southport.	Dec. 14, 1893.	Jan. 16, 1894
Mary Silliman Chapter, Bridgeport.	Jan. 15, 1894.	June 15, 1895
Eunice Dennie Burr Chapter, Fairfield.	April 19, 1894.	May 11, 1894
Katherine Gaylord Chapter, Bristol.	April 19, 1894.	July 5, 1894
Sarah Ludlow Chapter, Seymour.	May 2, 1894.	April 15, 1895
Elizabeth Clarke Hull Chapter, Ansonia.	June 28, 1894.	Dec. 12, 1895
Hannah Benedict Carter Chapter, New Canaan.	Sept. 14, 1894.	Oct. 24, 1894
Anne Wood Elderkin Chapter, Willimantic.	Nov. 25, 1894.	April 12, 1895
Esther Stanley Chapter, New Britain.	Nov. 30, 1894.	Nov. 30, 1894
Stamford Chapter, Stamford.	Dec. 4, 1894.	Oct. 21, 1895
Abigail Wolcott Ellsworth Chapter, Windsor.	Dec. 8, 1894.	March 25, 1895
Emma Hart Willard Chapter, Berlin.	Feb. 18, 1895.	May 29, 1896
Orford Parish Chapter, South Manchester.	May 4, 1895.	Aug. 21, 1895
Deborah Avery Putnam Chapter, Plainfield.	May 8, 1895.	July 31, 1896
Sabra Trumbull Chapter, Rockville.	May , 1895.	June 3, 1896
Susan Carrington Clarke Chapter, Meriden.	Oct. 1, 1895.	Dec. 2, 1895

Name.	Date of Organization.	Charter Dated.
Torrington Chapter, Torrington.	March 24, 1896.	May 29, 1896
Freelove Baldwin Stow Chapter, Milford.	March 27, 1896.	Aug. 8, 1896
Sibbil Dwight Kent Chapter, Suffield.	Nov. 5, 1896.	March 12, 1897
Elizabeth Porter Putnam Chapter, Putnam.	May 14, 1897.	June 15, 1897
Anne Brewster Fanning Chapter, Jewett City.	June 18, 1897.	Dec. 27, 1897
Hannah Woodruff Chapter, Southington.	June 25, 1897.	Nov. 30, 1897
Abi Humaston Chapter, Thomaston.	July 8, 1897.	Dec. 27, 1897
Green Woods Chapter, Winsted.	Dec. 22, 1897.	Feb. 2, 1898
Putnam Hill Chapter, Greenwich.	Dec. 28, 1897.	Feb. 2, 1898
Judea Chapter. Washington,	June 9, 1898.	June 30, 1898
Martha Pitkin Wolcott Chapter, East Hartford.	Dec. 6, 1898.	Jan. 27, 1899
Mary Floyd Tallmadge Chapter, Litchfield.	Nov. 17, 1899.	Dec. 22, 1899
Sarah Williams Danielson Chapter, Killingly.	Feb. 10, 1900.	May 19, 1900
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FAITH TRUMBULL

WIFE OF

JONATHAN TRUMBULL

Governor of Connecticut, 1769–1783

FAITH TRUMBULL CHAPTER
NORWICH

"One of the most efficient coöperators of Washington throughout the war was Jonathan Trumbull. He was now sixty-five years of age, active, zealous, devout—a patriot . . . whose religion sanctified his patriotism. A letter addressed by him to Washington, just after the latter had entered upon the command, is worthy of the purest days of the Covenanters,—'Congress have, with one united voice, appointed you to the high station you possess. May the God of the armies of Israel shower down the blessings of His Divine Providence on you, give you wisdom and fortitude; . . . convince our enemies of their mistaken measures and that all their attempts to deprive these colonies of their inestimable constitutional rights and liberties are injurious and vain.'"

"There could be no surer reliance for aid in time of danger than the patriotism of Governor Trumbull; nor were there men more ready to obey a sudden appeal to arms than the yeomanry of Connecticut. . . . No portion of the Union was so severely tested, throughout the Revolution, for military service; and Washington avowed, when the great struggle was over, that 'if all the States had done their duty as well as the little State of Connecticut, the war would have been ended long ago.'"

—Washington Irving.

FAITH TRUMBULL

THE patriotic societies, which have sprung into existence largely within the last decade, are vying with each other in commemorating the brave deeds of the men and women who lived and suffered for the founding of the American Republic, and to the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution is given the privilege of perpetuating the memory of the women of the Revolutionary period.

There were many patriotic women in Eastern Connecticut during the Revolution, but to Faith Trumbull, the wife of Connecticut's War Governor, is accorded a position of pre-eminence in patriotism and influence, and, when on November 23, 1893, about thirty ladies of Norwich, Conn., met and organized a Chapter, they were proud to appropriate for their chapter the honored name of Faith Trumbull.

Faith Trumbull was descended from the best New England ancestry. The genealogy of her family traces her direct descent from the celebrated John and Priscilla Alden, of the Mayflower, and the record now accepted as authentic is as follows :—

John Alden, b. 1599 ; m. Priscilla Mullins 1621.
Their daughter
Elizabeth Alden, b. 1625 ; m. William Pabodie Dec. 26, 1644.
Their daughter
Priscilla Pabodie, b. Jan. 15, 1653 ; m. Rev. Ichabod Wiswall.
Their daughter
Hannah Wiswall, b. Feb. 22, 1681–2 ; m. Rev. John Robinson, Jan. 21, 1705.
Their daughter
Faith Robinson, b. Dec. 15, 1718 ; m. Jonathan Trumbull, Dec. 9, 1735.

Faith Trumbull when only five years old was deprived of a mother's love and care. Madam Robinson and her eldest daughter

had taken passage on a coasting vessel from their home in Duxbury, Mass., for Boston. The vessel was wrecked in a sudden storm and both mother and daughter were drowned. The body of the daughter was recovered soon after and buried at Duxbury ; that of the mother was found six weeks later at Race Point, Cape Cod, and identified by a necklace, which was preserved by her descendants as a treasured heirloom.* Madam Robinson was buried at the Cape, where her resting place is marked by a monument erected by her husband, which bears an inscription closing with this quotation from the Psalms :—"Thus He bringeth them to their desired haven."

Faith Trumbull was an unusually intelligent child, possessing great charm of character and person. Her portrait, painted when she had just entered young womanhood, represents a sweet, girlish face, full of beauty and great promise. She was educated under the immediate supervision of her wise and loving father, the Rev. John Robinson, and by virtue of heredity and education, she developed into a woman possessing many graces of character—especially that of benevolence, which her ample circumstances permitted her to exercise at all times with largeness. She was sympathetic, magnetic and attractive. Such was the young woman of seventeen when the youthful future Governor of Connecticut asked her to become his wife. From the time of her marriage her life became an inseparable part of that of

THE GIRL, FAITH TRUMBULL.

* The necklace was last in the possession of Mrs. David Trumbull, of Lebanon, and family tradition relates that an eloquent appeal for a certain charitable object induced her to deposit the necklace in the contribution box.

her husband and children, and biographers of her distinguished husband and sons have ever interwoven the story of her life with theirs, from which we must unravel the threads if we would record her individual life and personal service, and give to her the independent place which we wish her to occupy in the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

Jonathan Trumbull and his wife Faith, at the respective ages of twenty-five and seventeen, immediately established their home in Lebanon, Conn., which forty years later became the scene of stirring events which greatly changed the character of the place and affected the lives of Governor Trumbull and his family.

Many years of Faith Trumbull's married life were given to the cares of home-making and motherhood—years which strengthened her moral and mental endowments, and fitted her in her maturity for the position of adviser and aid to her illustrious husband in his perplexing and arduous duties as War Governor of Connecticut. Six children were born to them between the years of 1737 and 1756, each of whom had a notable career, and all of whom were directly interested in the Revolution.

As the cares and duties of motherhood relaxed their hold upon her, we find Madam Trumbull in middle life ready to devote herself, with her husband, to the Revolutionary struggle, a cause in the success of which she devoutly believed, and for which she labored with unflagging zeal and enthusiasm.

During the long controversy between Great Britain and the Colonies, Governor Trumbull had been conspicuous for his steadfast adherence to the cause of the American Colonies. Among all the governors of the thirteen colonies he was the only one who took sides with the Patriots. The English Government declared him a rebel and put a price upon his head. Later he became the trusted friend and adviser of General Washington, who so frequently and under such varied circumstances appealed to Governor Trumbull for advice, that it became his habit to say: "We must consult Brother Jonathan." The expression gradually spread abroad and became a popular phrase throughout the camp. In time it gained a general currency and "Brother Jonathan" was finally used to describe the typical American, as "John Bull" designates the typical Englishman.

LEBANON CHURCH AND GREEN.

The Trumbull home and the now famous War Office face Lebanon Green and the old training ground. In this house Madam Trumbull received General Washington, General Knox, General Sullivan, General Putnam, Doctor Franklin, Samuel Adams, John Jay, Thomas Jefferson, Count Rochambeau, Admiral Tiernay, Marquis de LaFayette, the Duke de Lauzun and the Marquis de Chastellux, all of whom are believed to have lodged beneath its roof, and to have been entertained at her table. Around the house guards were set to protect the Governor's person from seizure and his house from plunder. Many a night Faith Trumbull must have anxiously listened to the measured tread of the patrol, upon whose faithful watch depended the life and liberty of her husband.

ENTRANCE TO THE TRUMBULL HOME.

The War Office, which the Sons of the American Revolution restored in 1891, was the scene of many meetings of the Council of Safety. At all watches of the night messengers galloped thither, bringing fresh news and added cares and anxieties to the Governor and his wife. There also the Governor received Commissaries and Sub-Commissaries to talk over and devise means for supplying the army. Brave naval officers have crossed its threshold to receive their commissions and sailing orders, or to

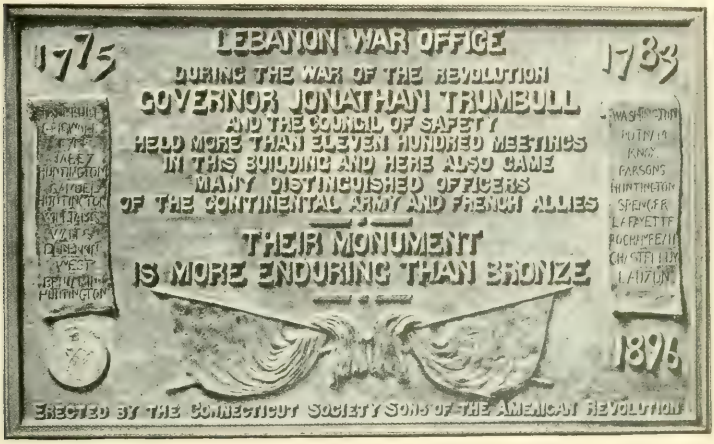
report the movements of the enemy upon the water, or the prizes which it had been their good fortune to capture. The history of the War Office is very briefly told on a bronze tablet which the Society of the Sons of the American Revolution have placed in the restored building.

INTERIOR OF THE WAR OFFICE.

In all the stirring scenes of those eventful days, Madam Trumbull sustained her husband by her fortitude, wisdom and unfailing devotion to the Revolutionary struggle, laboring in every possible way for the cause she loved. She was active in arousing charities and in superintending contributions for the suffering soldiers, in stimulating associations among her own sex to provide them with clothing and in sending them encouraging and appreciative words.

She is surely entitled to a high place among the women who have devoted themselves to the cause of American liberty, for which, as will be shown, she counted no personal sacrifice too great.

During the war, after divine service on Sunday or on Thanksgiving day, contributions were often taken in the churches for the Continental Army. Upon one such occasion, in Lebanon Meeting-house, after notice had been given that such a collection would be taken, Madam Trumbull rose from her seat near her


1775
LEBANON WAR OFFICE
DURING THE WAR OF THE REVOLUTION
GOVERNOR JONATHAN TRUMBULL
AND THE COUNCIL OF SAFETY
HELD MORE THAN ELEVEN HUNDRED MEETINGS
IN THIS BUILDING AND HERE ALSO CAME
MANY DISTINGUISHED OFFICERS
OF THE CONTINENTAL ARMY AND FRENCH ALLIES
THEIR MONUMENT
IS MORE ENDURING THAN BRONZE
1783
1876
ERECTED BY THE CONNECTICUT SOCIETY SONS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

MEMORIAL TABLET IN THE WAR OFFICE.
(Contributed by the Sons of the American Revolution.)

husband and drew from her shoulders a magnificent scarlet cloak, which had been given her by Count Rochambeau, and, advancing to the pulpit, laid it on the altar as her contribution to those who were fighting for American Independence. It was afterwards cut into strips and used as red trimmings for the uniforms of the American soldiers. Her example aroused the enthusiasm of the congregation, and many responded to the appeal with large donations.

Her four sons were conspicuous in the Revolutionary War for their patriotic zeal and service; and the husbands of her two daughters were equally conspicuous. The eldest son, Joseph, was the first Commissary-General of Washington's Army, an office

then of the highest importance to the cause, and bringing with it a crushing weight of responsibility and anxiety. He was eminently fitted for the position which he occupied for three years; but his vigorous constitution and strong mental powers were overtaxed by his unremitting labors, and at the early age of forty-

MADAM FAITH TRUMBULL CONTRIBUTING HER CLOAK FOR THE SOLDIERS.

one years he was brought to the old home on Lebanon Green, where he died as truly a martyr to the cause of his country as if he had fallen on the field.

The second son, Jonathan Trumbull, Jr., was appointed by the Continental Congress as Paymaster-General of the Northern Department of the Army under General Washington, to whom he

afterwards became first aide and private secretary. He also held many positions of honor after the close of the war, being chosen a Member of Congress and United States Senator, Chief Judge of the Supreme Court of Connecticut, and for eleven years was annually elected as Governor of the State of Connecticut. His daughter, Faith, married Daniel Wadsworth, of Hartford, to whose liberality and public spirit, the Wadsworth Athenæum in the capital city stands as a monument.

Faith Trumbull, the eldest daughter of Governor Trumbull, Senior, married Col. Jedediah Huntington, who afterwards became General in the army under Washington. She went to Boston to visit her husband and favorite brother, John, whose companies were encamped there, and arrived just in time to witness the battle of Bunker Hill. The anxiety for the safety of her loved ones, and her physical and mental terror during the fight, proved too great a strain on her delicate constitution. Her reason fled. She was taken to Lebanon, bringing a grief sadder than death into the hearts of the Governor and his wife. She died the following November.

Mary Trumbull, second daughter of the Governor, married William Williams, who was afterwards one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

David Trumbull, the third son, rendered less conspicuous services, but was a devoted patriot, and was in service even more continuously than his brothers. He became his father's secretary and counselor, indeed the records show that he was literally his father's right hand. He was a member of the Council of Safety, acted as purchaser of supplies for the army, and was, at one time, Assistant Commissary-General under his brother.

John Trumbull, the fourth son and youngest of the family, served his country with true patriotism during part of the Revolutionary War. But his most important work came in his later years, and he is most widely known through his merits as an artist. His four great national pictures, the Declaration of Independence, the Surrender of Burgoyne, the Surrender of Cornwallis and the Resignation of Washington at Annapolis, each on royal canvas and hanging in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington, belong to his country, Congress having bought them for thirty-two

thousand dollars. These great national subjects will keep his memory green while our country endures. He painted many other pictures, fifty-four of which he finally presented to Yale College. They were placed in the Trumbull Gallery, a building especially erected for their reception, and later removed to the Yale Art Building. Some are also preserved in the Wadsworth Athenæum at Hartford.

In his autobiography the artist gives this tribute to his mother's patience and devotion. In early infancy he was subject to convulsions, which physicians said must result in idiocy or an early death. At the age of nine months, Dr. Terry, an eminent physician of Suffield, Conn., and an intimate friend of the family, discovered the hidden cause of the trouble to be pressure upon the brain by a portion of the skull, which instead of becoming properly united to the adjoining portion by the sutures at the edge, had slipped under, causing a continuous pressure on the brain. Dr. Terry told Madam Trumbull that nothing but the tender care of a mother could effect a cure. Many times a day with motherly solicitude and persistent devotion she drew the bones carefully apart and held them with her hands until ultimate recovery for the child was accomplished and the life of a famous artist was saved.

Faith Trumbull walked beside her husband in happy married life for forty-five years. She did not live to witness the close of the Revolutionary struggle. After five years of constant service and anxiety, in which she was called upon to mourn the untimely death of her two children who were sacrificed to the American cause, she, too, yielded up her life, at the age of sixty-two, leaving the already overburdened governor, at the age of seventy, to bear his triple weight of sorrow alone.

Governor Trumbull's biographer, I. W. Stuart, says of her:— "She was deeply endeared to him, as a devoted wife and mother, as a most agreeable companion, as the most valued of friends; and he was leaning upon her, in his old age, more than ever before as a staff and comfort and as the tenderest of human props."

Her funeral sermon, a portion of which is given herewith, was delivered by Rev. Timothy Strong:—"Madam Trumbull was honorable in her birth, in her education and in her connections in life. She was possessed of a good natural understanding, of a

generous and noble spirit, which, being ornamented and informed by an education answerable to her family and birth, she was hereby fitted for that peculiar and exalted position in life to which Providence raised her and for which she was designed. She filled every station and sustained every character of life with dignity and propriety. The elevation of her character never raised her mind above her acquaintances, nor diverted her from the openness and familiarity that were peculiar to herself, nor caused her to neglect the duties and necessary concerns of her family, to which she was particularly attentive.

She was a kind, respectful wife, an affectionate, tender parent. She was many years a serious professor of the religion of Jesus, a constant attendant upon the worship of God's house, and the ordinances of the Gospel. All her acquaintances will bear witness to her uncommon benevolence and charity. This noble and exalted Christian grace, which may be called an expensive grace and too rare in our days,—was one which, so far as known from outward expressions, shone with peculiar lustre in Madam Trumbull. She had an uncommon commiseration for the distressed and was ever ready for, and never weary of, affording relief to the afflicted and the poor."

The obituary notice, bearing date June 9, 1780, was published in the Connecticut Courant and is as follows :—

"On Monday of the last week, departed this life at her seat in Lebanon, Madam Trumbull, consort of his Excellency, the Governor of this State, aged sixty-one years and five months. She was a daughter of that wise and venerable minister of the Gospel, the late Rev. John Robinson of Duxbury, Mass. Her pious mother was suddenly taken away while she was a child, leaving her the beloved of her father ; and under his wise and tender care she received a virtuous and polite education, becoming the beauty of her person, the elevation of her mind, and the honorable station she was destined to fill. She was early married to the great and good man now mourning her loss, with whom she lived in perfect friendship for forty-five years, an amiable and exemplary pattern of conjugal, maternal and every social affection. Joined to most comely features, she had a certain natural, peculiar dignity in her mien and whole deportment through every scene in life, the same accompanied with a graceful modesty, condescension and kindness,

as bespoke at once the greatness of her soul and the benevolence of her heart, and equally commanded and attracted the esteem and respectful love of all her acquaintances.

"But her benevolence was more than seen ; she never turned a deaf ear to the cry of the poor, nor was any kind of distress in her power to relieve ever neglected. Yea, she sought out and delighted in opportunities of doing good, and promoting, within her sphere, every good and charitable purpose. Her circumstances enabled her to begin early and persevere through life, in acting out the benevolent desires of her heart. The sum of her charities has been great, and the objects very many ; but still she had an excellent spirit of prudence and economy and never ate the bread of idleness. Her house and all about her was a striking exhibition of regularity and order. She was eminently qualified for and adorned the honorable station in which Providence had placed her. She had many friends and not one enemy. 'The heart of her husband safely trusted in her, and her children arise and call her blessed.' More than all these, she had hopefully the saving impressions of Divine Grace, made on her heart many years since, under the ministry of that eminent servant of God, the late Rev. Dr. Williams, and she became a serious professor of religion and devout attendant on all the worship and ordinances of the Gospel, and ever maintained a fixed hope of eternal salvation, through the merits of Christ alone. Without ostentation she wore the ornament of a truly Christian spirit.

"Her health had been for many years greatly impaired, though by intervals she enjoyed a very comfortable state. The last return of her (dropsical) illness was severe, and in the short period of five days unexpectedly released her from a world of pain and sorrow, to a state (we doubt not) of everlasting rest.

"The honorable, bereaved consort has received and drunk his bitter cup at the hand of his Heavenly Father without a complaining word, remembering all the loving kindness of the Lord, and especially, his giving and so long continuing to him this so rich and great a blessing. But even Jesus wept for a friend, no wonder then if copious tears have bathed his face. But an unshaken trust in the unchanging faithfulness of God's everlasting covenant is his firm and solid support."

Faith Trumbull was buried in the family vault at Lebanon and the following is her epitaph :— "Sacred to the memory of Faith Trumbull, the amiable lady of Governor Trumbull, born at Duxbury, Mass, A. D. 1718. Happy and beloved in her connubial state, she lived a virtuous, charitable and Christian life at Lebanon, in Connecticut, and died lamented by numerous friends A.D. 1780, aged 62."

The Trumbull tomb, upon the east slope of the old Lebanon burying-ground, is distinctly seen from the road by the passer-by. It is the Mecca toward which many a patriot has turned his feet, and there done homage to the illustrious dead who lie within its enclosure.

The tomb bears upon its summit a plinth supporting a broken column, and was erected in 1785 by the three surviving sons of

THE TRUMBULL TOMB AT LEBANON.

Madam Trumbull, Jonathan, David and John. Within lie the sacred ashes of more illustrious dead than in any other tomb in the state,—Governor Trumbull, Senior, and his wife, Faith; their eldest son, Joseph; their second son, Jonathan Jr., with his wife, Eunice Backus; their second daughter, Mary, and, by her side, her husband, William Williams, and several later descendants of this distinguished couple.

We must regard Faith Trumbull as a type of the best class of the New England woman, educated, self-sustained, vigorous in mind and body, and possessed of large executive ability. Strong

in her affections, and in the attachments of domestic life, she made her home not only a seat of hospitality but a center of sweet, wholesome influences. Though the cares of such a home were neither few nor small, and the responsibilities of such a position were not trifling, this whole-souled woman found time to take a broad and generous interest in the affairs of the community, of the state and the country; nor was her well-rounded development lacking in the crowning grace of womanhood. She had a tender spiritual nature, and a strong sweet faith in the loving care of the Heavenly Father, to whom she committed all the affairs of her life. Who can estimate the influence of such a woman upon the life of the distinguished man who called her wife, and upon the gifted family who called her mother?

If "the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world," the influence of Faith Trumbull was wide and far-reaching. Though always the gracious and gentle woman, her career adds lustre to the history of her times and calls forth the regard and reverence of all loyal sons and daughters of her State.

"The bravest battle that ever was fought,
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the map of the world you will find it not—
It was fought by the mothers of men.

Not with cannon or battle shot,
With sword or mightier pen;
Not with wonderful word or thought
From the lips of eloquent men.

But deep in some patient mother's heart,
A woman who could not yield,
But silently, cheerfully bore her part:
Aye, there is the battle field.

No marshaling troop, no bivouac song,
No banners to flaunt and wave;
But, oh, their battles—they last so long—
From the cradle, e'en to the grave."

Ellen Kilbourne Bishop.
(MRS. B. T. BISHOP.)

The Authorities used in compiling this sketch were:

Life of Governor Jonathan Trumbull. By I. W. Stuart.
Autobiography, Reminiscences and Letters of John Trumbull.
Hine's Early Lebanon.
Memoirs of the Rev. Wm. Robinson.
The genealogy of Faith Trumbull. Furnished by Jonathan Trumbull, Esq., of Norwich.
A Sketch, compiled for Faith Trumbull Chapter. By Mrs. W. S. C. Perkins.

RUTH WYLLYS

REPRESENTING

GEORGE WYLLYS

Secretary of the Colony and State of Connecticut, 1732-1796

AND HIS THREE SONS

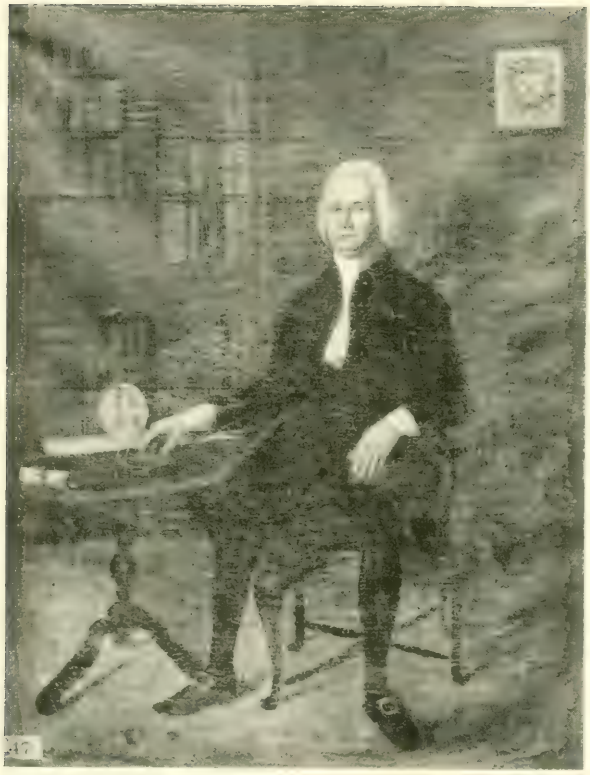
SAMUEL WYLLYS, *Colonel Continental Army*

HEZEKIAH WYLLYS, *Lieutenant-Colonel Continental Army*

JOHN PALSGRAVE WYLLYS, *Major Continental Army*

RUTH WYLLYS CHAPTER

HARTFORD



COLONEL GEORGE WYLLYS, WHOSE THREE SONS SERVED IN THE REVOLUTION.

(From a photograph of a portrait in the Historical Rooms, Hartford. By courtesy of the Connecticut Historical Society.)

RUTH WYLLYS

THE name Ruth Wyllys was adopted by the Hartford Chapter, not only in compliment to the gallant services of General Samuel Wyllys and his brothers, in the Revolutionary War, and the long term of office of their father, Col. George Wyllys, as Secretary of the Colony and State of Connecticut, before, during and after the Revolutionary period, but also in recognition of the prominent position held by the family in Hartford for nearly two hundred years.

The first George Wyllys held the office of Governor. His son Samuel served in the General Assembly thirty-six years. Samuel's son Hezekiah was elected, in 1712, Secretary of the Colony, and was succeeded by his son George, who held the office for a period of sixty-four years. George Wyllys was succeeded by his son, General Samuel Wyllys, who was the husband of Ruth Wyllys, patroness of the Hartford Chapter, and who continued in the office for thirteen years. Thus, this office, so important in the history of the Colony, was held for ninety-eight years without a break by father, son and grandson. "It is believed," remarks I. W. Stuart, in his "Lives of the Early Governors of Connecticut," "that this instance of the perpetuation of high office in the same family for so long a term of years is without a parallel in this country." Add to this period of ninety-eight years, the thirty-six years of service of the first Samuel Wyllys, and the six years when the first George Wyllys was Magistrate, Deputy Governor, and Governor, and we have the record of one hundred and forty years when high places of trust were annually given to the Wyllys family.

The first of the name in this country was Governor George Wyllys, who in 1638, left an ancestral estate in England, Fenny Compton, in Warwickshire, to join his fortunes with the Puritan settlers of Hartford. His steward preceeded him with twenty

men, bringing the timbers and other materials for the Wyllys home. This mansion remained in the family for five generations, and was always a gathering place for prominent citizens and for visitors from abroad. The portraits of General Samuel Wyllys, and his wife Ruth, which, with other family pictures, hung in this house, were burned in the great fire in New York in 1835, where unfortunately they had been stored after the death of the last of the name, and the sale of the mansion.

THE WYLLYS MANSION AND THE CHARTER OAK.

(From a drawing in the possession of Miss Ellen M. Stuart.)

The services of George Wyllys as Secretary are not as conspicuous or picturesque, as those of a soldier who led battalions into the fray, nevertheless they were very important. No official document was valid without his signature and the seal of the Colony or State. As Secretary, he signed in June, 1776, the instructions sent by the General Assembly of Connecticut to the delegates of the Colony at the General Congress in Philadelphia, directing them to propose that the United Colonies should be

declared Independent States—also the bill passed in October, 1776, declaring this Colony an Independent State. He was a member of the Committee appointed by the Town of Hartford, Dec. 30, 1777, to take into consideration the Articles of Confederation drawn up by Congress as a plan of union to be adopted by the United States of America, and to lay the same before the people at the next town meeting. In January, 1778, he signed the Articles of Confederation, establishing a perpetual union between the States. During the Revolutionary period, he signed all the commissions that were issued by the General Assembly or by the Council of Safety. In 1779 he memorialized the Assembly, stating that the great increase of business in his office had put him to much additional expense and trouble, and asked for an increase of salary, which was granted.

Ruth, the wife of General Samuel Wyllys, and patroness of the Hartford Chapter, herself shared in the Wyllys blood. She was the daughter of another Ruth Wyllys,* by the latter's second husband, Col. Thomas Belden of Wethersfield. Ruth Belden, their daughter, was born in 1747, and was married in 1765, when barely eighteen, to Captain John Stoughton, of Windsor, who had served with great gallantry in the French War, 1755-63, and who for his services had received from the Crown a grant of land between Lakes George and Champlain, still known as the Stoughton Patent. Here he settled with his wife, and here he met his death by drowning November 27, 1768, having been overtaken by a storm while crossing Lake George.

After eight years of widowhood, being then only thirty, Mrs. Stoughton married on February 3, 1777, her cousin, General Samuel Wyllys, at that time a Colonel in the Continental Army.

Judging from family correspondence, Mrs. Wyllys was with her husband during the winters when he was in quarters on the Hudson, sharing with him as far as possible the dangers and privations of a soldier's life.

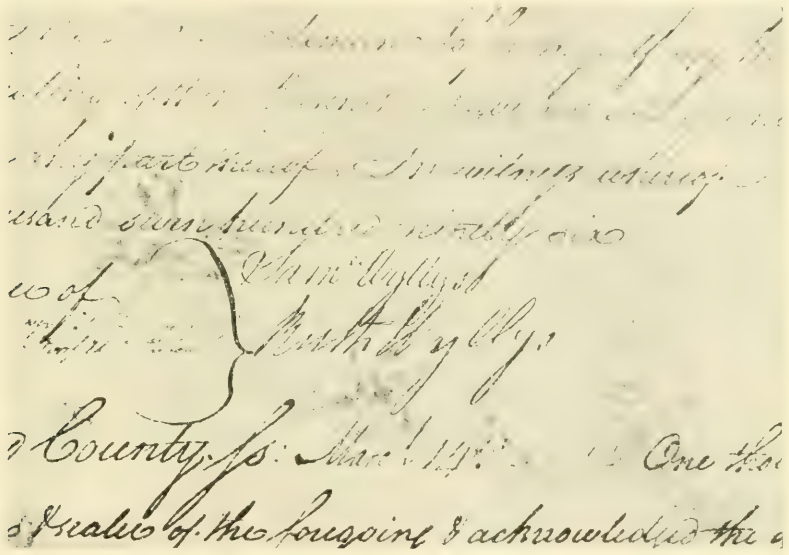
* Ruth, born February 22, 1705, was a daughter of Hon. Hezekiah Wyllys, and a sister of Col. George Wyllys, and married (1) December 31, 1724, Richard Lord, of Hartford, who, later, removed to Wethersfield. After Richard Lord's death in 1740, she married (2) Col. Thomas Belden.

Samuel Wyllys was one of the incorporators of the First Company Governor's Foot Guards, organized in 1771, and became its first captain. He served from the beginning of the war, taking part with his regiment in the siege of Boston. In 1776 his regiment re-enlisted and served under his command in the New York campaign, being actively engaged in the battle of Long

THE WYLLYS COAT-OF-ARMS.

Island. After the battle of White Plains, Wyllys was commissioned Colonel of the new Third Connecticut Regiment, and served with it for four years, during which period he was almost continually on duty on the Hudson Highlands, or along the Connecticut border. Early in 1778 his regiment, with other troops, began the permanent fortifications of West Point. In the summer of 1779, his regiment marched with the Connecticut

division towards the Connecticut coast to check Tryon's invasion, Wyllys being then in command of his brigade. In 1780 he was in camp with Washington's army on the Hudson. Finally, in January, 1781, the Colonel retired from service with many other officers, in consequence of regimental consolidation. From 1789 to 1792 he was Brigadier-General of the First Brigade, State Militia, and from 1793 to 1796 Major-General of the State Militia.



FACSIMILE SIGNATURES OF SAMUEL WYLLYS AND RUTH WYLLYS.

General Wyllys's brothers were in the service also. Hezekiah Wyllys fought in the battles of Long Island and White Plains. Later he was appointed Colonel of the First Regiment of Militia, which frequently turned out on alarms. He was in Putnam's force on the Hudson during Burgoyne's campaign, also at Stonington and New Haven, when those towns were attacked by the British.

The youngest brother, John Palsgrave Wyllys, was only twenty-one when he entered the army as adjutant of Col. Erastus Wolcott's regiment at the time of the siege of Boston. In the New York campaign of 1776 he was appointed Brigade Major of Wads-

worth's Brigade, and was taken prisoner on September 5, during the retreat from New York, but was soon exchanged. In January, 1777, he was commissioned captain in Colonel S. B. Webb's regiment.

The following is a copy of a letter written by Major John Palsgrave Wyllys to his sisters, among whom is included Ruth Wyllys.

To my Sisters—Greeting:

After a tedious forced march through the Jersies, I have the pleasure to inform my good Sisters of my safe and sound arrival at Peeks-kill—not a single wound—(except eye-shots or so)—but all healed after crossing the River. These Dutch women are perfect antidotes for all poisonous wounds of that kind. I wonder if Susa finds any antidotes at Killingworth. Dr. Gale's powders never will answer—the air among the pines would do much better. As for Ruth, I retract what I said of her—she is good for a great many things!—she feeds the body not only—but the mind also. I thank her for her presents of both kinds, and Mrs. Pomeroy* for hers—they are very good—they will be still kinder by continuing them in an epistolary way. With regard to Susa she is gadding about so much there is no knowing where to find her, therefore, I say nothing to her in particular, but I must tax her as well as all the rest of my sisters with neglect in writing—to punish them for which I shall not inform them of any of my adventures in the Jersies—as how I saw Miss H. Bull accidentally upon our march into Brunswick the morning it was evacuated by the enemy—the mutual surprise—the story of her sufferings—her many kind enquiries for her friends—the great relief two or three dishes of Tea afforded me—how our Brigade first entered the Town driving the enemy before them—march through the Town with colors flying—pursuit towards Amboy—return—many affecting instances of British Cruelty—their treatment of women—some tender scenes of which I was witness—our fatigueing march back. These, with many other curious particulars, are entirely lost by your negligence. I hope for the future you will behave better, otherwise I can't with a good conscience give loose to my inclination for particular descriptions of this kind—your amendment will give me opportunity.

Mrs. Pomroy will be so good as to send by the first opportunity a couple of Blankets—it is very inconvenient to be without.

*Eunice Belden Pomeroy, sister of Ruth Wyllys, and wife of Quartermaster-General Ralph Pomeroy.

Rutha I suppose will soon be for writing to her good man. I expect a letter from her at the same time. It would be of no great service to write news. I will omit it, and say no more, but conclude with giving my best wishes to *all* my Sisters and subscribing myself their Friend & Brother.

J. P. WYLLIS.

Camp at Peeks-kill, July 14, 1777.
Sunday evening.

John Palsgrave Wyllys served in the campaign against Burgoyne, was stationed at Newport, R. I., the next year, and in 1779-80 the regiment wintered in the Morristown huts. In 1780 he was absent from his regiment most of the year, commanding one of the Connecticut companies in Lafayette's Light Infantry Corps. He distinguished himself by his gallantry in Virginia, especially at the siege of Yorktown. After the surrender of Cornwallis, he returned to his regiment, then with the army in the Highlands, and remained with it until it was disbanded in November, 1783. He entered the regular army again in 1785, served in the Indian campaigns in the Ohio country, and was killed at the head of his command in the battle of the Miami, October 21, 1790.

After General Samuel Wyllys returned to Hartford, he assisted his father in the performance of his duties as Secretary of Connecticut, and after his father's death in 1796, was elected to the same office. He continued to act as Secretary until 1809, when he retired from active life. He died June 9, 1823, and was buried with military honors in the old Center Burying Ground. Mrs. Ruth Wyllys died September 2, 1807.

There are no monuments to either Ruth Wyllys or her husband, as the Wyllys family did not wish to have any grave stones. One of them said, "If the State of Connecticut cannot remember the Wyllyses without tomb stones, their memory may rot." The shaft which is seen rising in the distance in the picture of the Ancient Burial Ground is the monument erected to the memory of the first settlers of Hartford, and is said to be on the Wyllys plot.*

* Since this sketch was written a fine monument has been placed in the Ancient Burying Ground in memory of the Wyllys family by their descendants. This includes Ruth Wyllys whose name appears as the wife of General Samuel Wyllys.

An obituary notice from the old volumes of the Connecticut Courant supplies, with the exception of the recollections of a grand-niece, all the definite knowledge thus far obtained of Mrs. Wyllys's fine qualities of character.

Several years ago her remembrances of Ruth Wyllys were imparted to the writer by the grand-niece, then a centenarian,

THE ANCIENT BURIAL GROUND, HARTFORD.

(The monument near the center of the illustration designates the site of the Wyllys plot.)

who in her childhood had been an inmate for a time of the Wyllys household. She described Mrs. Wyllys as a beautiful woman of a calm, sweet temperament with dignified manners and possessing an indescribable charm and loveliness of spirit which drew all hearts towards her. The following is the obituary notice which appeared in the Connecticut Courant:

"Died in this City on Wednesday last, after a long illness, Mrs. Ruth Wyllys, the amiable and worthy consort of Gen. Samuel Wyllys, aged 60 years. We do not recollect to have recorded the

death of one more justly and universally esteemed for every quality which constitutes the worth of the female character. From her youth she has been distinguished for those virtues, which are the fruit of religious piety. By nature she was endued with a superior understanding which commanded respect—an amiable disposition which knew no resentment—benevolence which diffused happiness among her numerous acquaintance. Every moment of her life was spent in the discharge of some duty. As a wife she possessed the esteem and love of her husband—as a mother the unbounded affection of her children ; and by the tender charities of her nature she secured the friendship of all. She died universally lamented, and cheerfully resigned her spirit to Him who gave it ; cherishing the humbler hope of receiving the reward of a virtuous and well-spent life.

COURANT, Sept. 9, 1807."

Mary Kingsbury Talcott.

THE NEW WYLLYS MONUMENT ERECTED BY DESCENDANTS.

The Ruth Wyllys Chapter has proved itself worthy of the name it bears, in the heroic work of restoring and beautifying the Ancient Cemetery in Hartford where Ruth Wyllys and others of the Wyllys family are buried. Here also are the ashes of those men who, under the leadership of the Rev. Thomas Hooker and

THE STONES OF MR. JOHN HAYNES LORD AND MRS. REBECCA LORD.

(Showing condition of stones in the burial ground before its restoration by Ruth Wyllys Chapter.)

Governor John Haynes, journeyed with their families to the banks of the Connecticut River in June, 1636, and founded a new commonwealth.

Three years ago the cemetery was a lonely, neglected, gloomy spot, shut in by high buildings and dirty tenements. Now it is

flooded with sunlight, the foundations of a beautiful iron fence and gateway taking the place of the dreary tenement walls which were its former boundary on Gold street ; and its crumbling tombs have been rebuilt, straightened and re-inscribed.

For the restoration of the cemetery and the widening of Gold street, it was necessary to raise nearly one hundred thousand dollars, to secure the coöperation of civic authorities, and to open a

STONE OF JOHN CALDWELL.

(Showing present condition of stones in the burial ground since their restoration by the Ruth Wyllys Chapter.)

correspondence both extensive and voluminous ; all of which was undertaken and carried to completion by the Ruth Wyllys Chapter under the leadership of its Regent and the Burying Ground Committee,* until in June, 1899, Gold street, having been cleared of its old tenements, was transformed into a broad, beautiful

*Mrs. John M. Holcombe, Mrs. William H. Pelton and others.

highway, while the Ancient Cemetery rejoiced in air and sunlight as if in triumph over the reign of disorder and neglect to which it had been subject for more than a century.

Harriet E. Whitmore.

(Mrs. T. G. WHITMORE.)

Members of the Council of Safety

ROGER SHERMAN

Signer of the Declaration of Independence

JAMES WADSWORTH

Major-General Continental Army

ROGER SHERMAN CHAPTER

NEW MILFORD

WADSWORTH CHAPTER

MIDDLETOWN

May 1775.

"This Assembly do appoint . . . a committee to assist his Honor the Governor when the Assembly is not sitting, to order and direct the marches and stations of the inhabitants inlisted . . . for . . . the defense of the Colony, and to give order . . . for furnishing and supplying said inhabitants so inlisted with every matter & thing that may be needful to render the defense of the Colony effectual."

May 1776.

"Resolved, that his Honor the Governor & Council of Safety be and they are hereby authorized to . . . give orders and directions for selecting out and regulating a proper number of officers and men from the regiment now ordered to be raised . . . to appoint other officers . . . to give such orders as shall be proper and necessary to have such establishment made & carried into execution."

Colonial Records of Connecticut.

ROGER SHERMAN

THE New Milford Chapter, having no heroine of the Revolution of special note, chose to commemorate, in its name, the remarkable service of Roger Sherman to his country during the Revolutionary period and the critical years following. The chapter is justly proud of the fact that for eighteen years this great and good man was a citizen of New Milford, and identified with the many interests of the town.

Roger Sherman was born in Newton, Mass., April 19, 1721. Two years later his father, William Sherman, removed to Stoughton, Mass., (then a part of Dorchester). Here Roger Sherman lived till he was twenty-two years old. He learned from his father the trade of a shoemaker, and worked beside him in the shop and on the farm. It is not known that Roger Sherman had any opportunities for education other than the common district schools of that time afforded. But he was doubtless much influenced by his pastor, Rev. Samuel Dunbar, a man of much culture and public spirit.

During his youth Roger acquired the habit of study which made him afterwards so proficient in logic, geography, history and mathematics, in philosophy and theology, and especially in law and politics, which were his favorite studies. We are told that he sat at his work with an open book before him, devoting to study every moment which his eyes could spare from his regular occupation. Conscious of the defects in his own education, he generously aided in after years his two brothers in their college course and in preparing for the ministry.

In 1743, two years after his father's death, the family removed to New Milford, Conn., where his brother William had resided for three years. Roger performed the journey on foot, carrying

ROGER SHERMAN.

his shoemaker's tools upon his back. It is an inspiring picture, —this youth of splendid qualities, starting out in life unaided, untrammeled, the world all before him, with only his own brawn and brain to master it.

His object in going to New Milford was to engage in surveying, and in 1745 he was appointed surveyor of lands in New Haven County, in which New Milford was then included. This was his first official position, and he retained it for eighteen years. He was also engaged in the business of a general country store with his brother William. He held many town offices in New Milford, and was a deacon in the church for many years, until his removal to New Haven.

In 1749 he married, at Stoughton, Mass., Elizabeth Hartwell, daughter of Deacon Joseph Hartwell. Seven children were born to them in New Milford. Madame Sherman died there October 19, 1760. Two children also died in New Milford. It is the pleasure of the Roger Sherman Chapter to care for their graves and to strew them with flowers on each Memorial Day. He married for his second wife, in 1763, Rebecca Prescott of Danvers, Mass. Eight children were born to them, of whom all but one lived to maturity.

In 1750 Roger Sherman began the publication of a series of almanacs. He also studied law, and in 1754 was admitted to practice at the bar. He was a representative of New Milford in the General Assembly for several years, until his removal from the town.

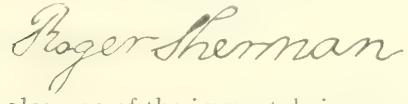
He removed to New Haven in 1761 and engaged in mercantile pursuits, in which he was very successful. He was the first Mayor of New Haven, and retained the office until his death. He was treasurer of Yale College from 1765 to 1776, and in 1768 received from the college the honorary degree of Master of Arts. In 1766 he was appointed Judge of the Superior Court in Connecticut, and the same year became a member of the State Senate. In the former office he continued twenty-three years, and in the latter nineteen years. He retired from business in 1772, and from this time he was fully employed in civil affairs and public life.

In August, 1774, he was elected delegate to the Continental Congress and was one of its most active members. He served

in Congress from 1774 to 1781, and was again elected in 1783. Though not an orator, he was unequaled by any of his contemporaries in common sense and good judgment. Theodore Sedgwick said of him: "He was a man of the selectest wisdom I have ever known." Jefferson spoke of him as "a man who never said a foolish thing." Nathaniel Macon declared of Roger Sherman that "he had more common sense than any man I have ever known."

Roger Sherman served on more important committees than any man of his time. He was a member of the "Council of Safety" for three successive years, 1777, 1778, 1779, and again in 1782. This Council was a creation of the peculiar necessities of the times, its members having been appointed in May, 1775, by the Assembly of Connecticut to aid the Governor in directing the marches and stations of troops, and in supplying them with "every matter and thing needful." As the years went on, its membership increased from nine or ten to about twenty-four, including the Governor and Lieutenant-Governor, and to it were delegated new powers each year until finally it held almost unlimited control of military and naval affairs in the State. From the records of the proceedings of the Council* it appears that Mr. Sherman was a faithful attendant of its meetings, and we may believe that his good judgment and understanding of men and affairs made him a most valuable member.†

In 1783 he was associated with Judge Law in revising the statutes of Connecticut. His most distinguished service in national affairs was rendered perhaps when he served, with Adams, Franklin, Jefferson and Livingstone, on a committee appointed to prepare a draft of the Declaration of Independence, of which he was also one of the immortal signers.



He was a delegate to the convention of 1787, which framed a constitution for the United States, many of the propositions which Roger Sherman offered being incorporated in that instru-

* Records of the State of Connecticut. Hoadly.
† New England Magazine, May, 1899. J. Moss Ives.

ment. Indeed he has been called "the backbone of the convention," and Hon. Geo. F. Hoar is authority for the statement that "but for Roger Sherman we should not have had a constitution nor a country." Once during the convention he stood entirely alone in opposing a certain measure. Later the convention came over to the side of this one man who voted in the negative, and the measures advocated by Roger Sherman were adopted.

He was a representative in the U. S. Congress 1789–91, and a United States Senator from 1791 to 1793. He was the only man who signed all four of the great state papers, the Address to the King, Declaration of Independence, Articles of Confederation, Articles of the Constitution. Bancroft, in his history, places Roger Sherman at the head of the list of "Master-builders of the Constitution." He also says concerning the convention: "No one in the convention had so large an experience in legislating for the United States. There was in him kindheartedness and industry, penetration and close reasoning, an unclouded intellect, superiority to passion, intrepid patriotism, solid judgment, and a directness which went straight to its end."

His strong religious faith was restrained by the same sound common sense. Dr. Samuel Hopkins having maintained that a man must even be willing to be damned in order to be saved, Roger Sherman remonstrated with him in two letters, and finally summed up the whole matter in this sentence: "In my opinion, no reasonable man should be willing to be damned under any circumstances."

He is generally regarded as a very serious and even austere man, but is said to have been delightful in conversation, and was noted for his terse and pungent wit. After Burgoyne's surrender, a messenger was despatched to carry the news to Congress, but was so tardy that the news was received long before the arrival of the messenger. Some one proposed that the messenger should be presented with a sword. Mr. Sherman suggested a pair of spurs as a more appropriate gift! When Rhode Island complained of the encroachments of her neighbors, Mr. Sherman observed that "Rhode Island might annex Connecticut if she wished."

He disliked ornament in speech, and always avoided being a speaker on ostentatious occasions. On one occasion, however, he

was persuaded to be present at the dedication of a bridge at Fair Haven. He rode thither on horseback where a great throng awaited him. He mounted the corner-stone, tipped his feet on his toes, then on his heels and remarking, "I don't see but it stands steady," mounted his horse and rode home.

His pastor, Dr. Jonathan Edwards, thus describes his personal appearance: "His person was tall, unusually erect and well proportioned, and his countenance agreeable and manly." His portrait shows him to have had a fair complexion, blue eyes, and brown hair. He died in New Haven, July 23, 1793, full of years and honors. He will ever be remembered as a most remarkable example of a great man effacing self in entire devotion to his country and his time.

REBECCA PRESCOTT, WIFE OF ROGER SHERMAN.

Rebecca Prescott, second wife of Roger Sherman, was married to him in Danvers, Mass., May 12, 1763. She was a daughter of Benjamin Prescott, and a grand-daughter of Rev. Benjamin Prescott for many years pastor in Salem, Mass. Her grandson, Hon. George F. Hoar, tells the following story of her first meeting with her future husband :

"Mr. Sherman paid a visit to his brother Josiah in Woburn, Mass., journeying from New Haven on horseback. When about to return, his brother accompanied him some little distance. As they were saying good-bye, there rode up a beautiful girl of eighteen. It was Rebecca Prescott riding over to visit her aunt, Mrs. Josiah Sherman. Mr. Sherman was presented to her. It was an instantaneous and fatal shot. He concluded it was not so necessary after all for him to return, and accepted the invitation to remain longer."

Rebecca Prescott was a woman of great personal beauty, cheerful wit, and shrewd common sense. She was descended from John Prescott, founder of Lancaster, and first settler of Worcester County, Mass,—also the ancestor of Col. William Prescott of Bunker Hill, of Judge William Prescott, and of William H. Prescott, the historian. Senator Hoar is in possession of a genealogical table showing her descent, through Francis Higginson, from a sister of Geoffrey Chaucer.

One of her descendants writes that "she took an interest in everybody and everything, and was very clear and quick in calculation. Her influence and good counsel were felt wherever she was known." Mrs. Sherman was at one time visiting her husband at the seat of government, and was invited by General Washington to a dinner party, conducted by him into dinner, and given the seat of honor on his right. Madam Hancock complained to Washington's Secretary afterward of the slight to herself, to whom the distinction she felt was due. Washington, hearing of it, replied that it was his privilege to give his arm to the handsomest woman in the room!

Mr. Sherman's public duties required his absence from home much of the time, and the care of the family was borne by his young wife. Not only her own eight children, but the children of the former marriage were included in this care.

We learn also from letters that Roger Sherman was accustomed to advise with his wife concerning public affairs, and placed great reliance upon her judgment. He used to say that he never liked to decide a perplexing question without submitting it for the opinion of some intelligent woman. Therefore, though Madam Sherman had no active part in the Revolution, it is evident from her husband's testimony that she was in fact, like many other Connecticut women, one of its real promotors.

The Children of Roger Sherman.

The three sons of Roger Sherman by his first wife, John, William and Isaac, were officers in the Revolutionary Army.

Isaac was especially distinguished for bravery. Washington wrote to Gov. Trumbull Oct. 9th, 1776, recommending "Major Isaac Sherman, son of Mr. Sherman of Congress, for promotion, 'a young gentleman who appears to me, and who is generally esteemed, an active and valuable officer.'" After the capture of Stony Point, July, 1779, Gen. Wayne mentions him in a report to Washington as Lieut. Colonel Sherman, "Whose good conduct and intrepidity entitled him to special mention."

Chloe, the only daughter of the first marriage who lived to maturity, became the wife of Dr. John Skinner of New Haven,

grandfather of Mrs. President Dwight, and of Hon. Roger Sherman Skinner, an eminent mayor of New Haven.

Roger Sherman, Jr., the oldest son of the second marriage, graduated at Yale College in 1787, lived to a great age, spent his life in the house his father built, and died there. He was a merchant in New Haven, and noted for integrity and benevolence. Soon after the war he visited Washington at Mt. Vernon, and remained a fortnight.

Oliver, the second son by same marriage, was graduated at Yale in 1795, became a merchant in Boston and died of yellow fever in West Indies in 1820.

Five daughters of Roger Sherman and Rebecca Prescott lived to maturity. Each became the wife of a man resembling Roger Sherman in integrity, public spirit, religious faith, sound judgment and large mental capacity.

Martha married Jeremiah Day, D.D., for thirty years president of Yale College. Rebecca married Judge Simeon Baldwin of New Haven, member of Congress, and Judge of the Supreme Court of Connecticut. After her death Judge Baldwin married her sister Elizabeth. Mehitable Sherman became the wife of Jeremiah Evarts, and was the mother of Wm. M. Evarts of New York.

The youngest daughter Sarah married Samuel Hoar of Concord, Mass., an eminent advocate, highly esteemed for integrity and ability. She was the mother of Hon. Geo. F. Hoar, U. S. Senator from Massachusetts, who has so long served his country in Congress with honor and notable ability and integrity.

The following is the inscription upon the tablet which covers Roger Sherman's tomb at New Haven, Conn.

"In memory of
THE HON. ROGER SHERMAN, ESQ.,
Mayor of the City of New Haven,
and Senator of the United States.
He was born at Newtown, in Massachusetts,
April 19th, 1721,
and died in New Haven, July 23rd, A.D. 1793,
Aged LXXII.
Possessed of a strong, clear, penetrating mind,
and singular perseverance,
He became the self-taught scholar,
Eminent for jurisprudence and policy.
He was nineteen years an assistant,
and twenty-three years a Judge of the Superior Court,
in high reputation.
He was a delegate in the first Congress,
Signed the glorious act of Independence,
and many years displayed superior talents and ability
in the national legislature.
He was a member of the general convention,
approved the federal constitution,
and served his country with fidelity and honor,
in the House of Representatives,
and in the Senate of the United States.
He was a man of approved integrity;
a cool, discerning Judge;
a prudent, sagacious politician;
a true, faithful, and firm patriot.
He ever adorned
the profession of Christianity
which he made in youth;
and, distinguished through life
for public usefulness,
died in the prospect
of a blessed immortality."

It was the privilege of the Roger Sherman Chapter in October, 1897, to place a tablet to the memory of Roger Sherman upon the Town Hall of New Milford, which occupies the site of his old home. This tablet was unveiled with appropriate ceremonies Oct. 26th, 1897.

Two U. S. Senators honored the occasion with their presence, Gen. Joseph R. Hawley of Connecticut and Hon. Geo. F. Hoar

TOWN HALL, NEW MILFORD, ON THE SITE OF ROGER SHERMAN'S HOME.

of Massachusetts. Both gave addresses. Especially notable was the address of Senator Hoar, who is a grandson of New Milford's chapter patron, and who has made a more thorough study of Roger Sherman's life than any other person living.

All of the facts in these sketches are taken from Boutell's "Life of Roger Sherman," the material for which was mostly furnished by Hon. Geo. F. Hoar, the result of many years' research.

Charlotte B. Bennett.
Alice C. Bostwick.
(MRS. HENRY E. BOSTWICK.)

AQUILA NON CAPTAT MUSCAS
WADSWORTH.

JAMES WADSWORTH*

"WHAT'S in a name?" Verily much every way, as the fascinating records of the ancient and honorable town of Durham abundantly prove. What Daughter of the American Revolution can turn their yellow pages and trace the quaint biography—the birth, the baptism, the marriage, the public offices and honors, the private joys and sorrows, the death—without living in imagination in those days of dignity and simplicity and being thrilled with the emotions which pulsed in human hearts a century ago; for these plain, unvarnished records of the past become strangely vocal, not alone with the exultant pæans of patriotism, but also with the "still, sad music of humanity."

Durham is not among the oldest daughters of Connecticut. While, among the colonists at Hartford, their far-seeing and liberty-loving leader, the Rev. Thomas Hooker, "of majestic presence and noble mien," was working out that constitution of "unexampled liberality" which has proved a lasting foundation for the liberties of the commonwealth; while Wethersfield and Windsor, Saybrook and New London were involved in Indian treaty or Indian massacre; when Fairfield and Stamford were fighting the Dutch, even while New Haven was breaking the heart of gifted John Davenport by surrendering her individuality to Connecticut; while Mettabessett was changing her name to Middletown and spelling it with one d, Durham was but the swamp of Coginchaug—a happy hunting ground for the brave Mettabessetts.

Battles carnal and spiritual had been fought out to a peaceful issue, dissent and controversy had been somewhat quieted in the primitive Colonies when Durham began her chronicles. Their colonists had been Englishmen; Durham's founders, two generations later, were Americans.

* Reprinted from the American Monthly Magazine.

The transformation from Coginchaug to Durham is interesting. As early as 1662 land grants were made from its territory, and, for a period following, it was the pleasant custom if a public man merited the gratitude of the colony, by wisdom in council, by bravery in battle, or by preaching a "good election sermon," to reward him with the grant of a farm in Coginchaug. It was doubtless in this way that Abraham Pierson, first president of Yale College; Rev. Joseph Eliot, son of the apostle to the Indians, and other clerical gentlemen, became owners of real estate in Coginchaug swamp. These grantees purchased their rights of the Indians in spite of Governor Andrews's sneer that the "signature of an Indian was no better than the scratch of a bear's paw." One could hardly dispute his remark, from an æsthetic point of view, after a perusal of the marvelous deed given by Chief Tarramuggus and his tribe to the purchasers of Coginchaug.

In 1699 the petition to the General Court for a township was granted, and in 1704 the name was changed, the proprietors having requested that "the plantation shall be called by the name of Durham, and have this figure for a brand for their horsekind, D." According to tradition, the new name was chosen from the city and country seat in England which had been the residence of the Wadsworth family. Among the thirty-four original proprietors to whom, "in the seventh year of our sovereign, Lady Ann of Great Britain," the patent of Durham was issued, we find with quickening interest the name of James Wadsworth, who, with Ruth, his wife, and his only son, James, came from Farmington to the new settlement. He was the son of John Wadsworth, who came from England with his father, William, in 1632. Other descendants of this family are Captain Joseph Wadsworth, who is supposed to be responsible for the mysterious disappearance of the famous charter, having hidden it in the venerable oak and retained it in his possession for many years; and General Daniel Wadsworth, who founded the Hartford Atheneum. Among the colleagues of James Wadsworth, who was the grandfather of our hero, are familiar names—Caleb Seaward and Samuel Camp, Robinson, Coe, Parmelee, Beach, Roberts, Baldwin, Fairchild, and Chauncey. These were joined by the Tibbals and Merwins,

the Newtons and Guernseys, and many others, until the town soon reached its later average of one thousand people.

An enthusiastic historian thus eulogizes the favored town—no longer Coginchaug swamp: "Beautiful for situation is the town plat of Durham, skirted by a prairie on one side and a cultivated valley on the other; girded by mountains, neither too near nor too remote. Beautiful is the village of Durham and its long, broad streets, studded with neat habitations, the abode of peace and virtue, of contentment and religion. When the town was on the great mail route from Boston to New York and six stages daily passed through it, passengers, as they stopped for breakfast or dinner at the Swathel House, would often declare that they had seen nothing on their way which for beauty of landscape surpassed it. Here George Washington and other distinguished men stopped for rest and refreshment."

But our interest in these early days now concentrates upon General Wadsworth's noble grandfather, who, without prominent military achievement, was as remarkable as his grandson. James Wadsworth the first was born in 1675 and lived until the general was twenty-six years of age and able to succeed him as proprietor's clerk and town clerk, offices which the former had held for fifty years. A lawyer by profession, he was honored by almost every office at the disposal of the people of Durham, and his name appears in nearly every public document of his times. At the very outset he successfully represented Durham before the General Assembly in the settlement of her boundary lines with Middletown and her other neighbors. "When his abilities and moral worth came to be generally known he was honored by appointments by the Colony. He was the first justice of the peace and he had command of the first military company at its formation. Upon the organization of the militia in 1735 he was constituted colonel of the Tenth Regiment. He was Speaker of the House in the Colonial Legislature, 1717, and assistant from 1718 to 1752. The election to that office was by a general ticket, and such was the confidence of the Colony in his ability and integrity, at a period when ability and integrity were the indispensable qualifications for office, that on the returns for the year 1732 he had the highest vote in the Colony. In May, 1724, he was appointed,

with several other gentlemen, to hear and determine all matters of error and equity brought on petition to the General Assembly, and from 1724 he was one of the judges of the superior court. At the October session of the Assembly, 1726, a grant of three hundred acres of land in Goshen was made to Colonel Wadsworth, Hezekiah Brainerd (father of the missionary David Brainerd, of Haddam), and John Hall, of Wallingford, in return for public services."

In the performance of public duties, his ability and integrity were alike conspicuous, while an exemplary attendance upon the worship and ordinances of the Lord gave a dignity to his character. He exerted a salutary influence upon the town—more so, indeed, than any one except his "personal friend, the minister." As soon as Durham was settled, negotiations were commenced by which the town should call a spiritual guide, and at the ordination of the Rev. Nathaniel Chauncey, Colonel Wadsworth and Caleb Seaward were chosen to call the council and arrange the entertainment thereof. The colonel himself contributed the beef, to the value of sixteen shillings, and secured from others "two piggs," a generous quantity of rum, beer, and cider, and a very substantial collation. The new minister became the strong personal friend of Colonel Wadsworth, and they spent fifty years together in the care of the temporal and spiritual welfare of the town. In their deaths they were not divided, the one dying in January and the other in February, 1756.

The Rev. Mr. Chauncey was a remarkable man, even for those heroic days. He was the first to receive a degree from Yale College, and his influence was always powerfully exerted in favor of learning as well as piety. David Brainerd, the celebrated missionary, dates his "frequent longing" for a liberal education to his one year's residence in Durham, and he commenced his classical studies, as did many another lad of the parish, under Mr. Chauncey's influence. Mr. Chauncey owned one of the largest private libraries in the State, and was always a deep student. One of his admiring hearers writes: "He was not a large man, but a man of great presence. He looked like a man. When he was seen approaching the meeting-house on the Sabbath, we were all careful to be in our seats, and when he entered the house

we all rose to receive him and continued standing until he took his place in the pulpit. His sermons were carefully studied and deeply interested his congregation. On one occasion, in his preaching, Deacon Crane arose after service and said: "Reverend Sir, will you please to explain further on that point of doctrine in your sermon?" "Deacon Crane, if you will go with me to my study, I will explain it to you." Accordingly the minister and the deacon hastened to the parsonage, when lo, the whole congregation followed!"

It was in Mr. Chauncey's arms that the little grandson of his friend, Colonel Wadsworth, was placed, when on a July Sabbath, in 1730, he was brought to the meeting-house to be baptized and to receive the already honored name, James Wadsworth. We wonder if, as the years went on and the venerable pastor's tones of solemn earnestness began to show the feebleness of age, the little lad, James Wadsworth, Third, sitting with the other boys on the pulpit stairs, did not sometimes, during the long, cold hour of the winter Sabbath, cherish wandering thoughts about the noonings and the delights of the blazing fire and the substantial lunch awaiting him in the Sabbath-Day House near at hand. As he later reached the dignity of young manhood and a seat in the gallery, his thoughts were doubtless sometimes diverted from Mr. Chauncey's doctrinal discourse as he caught a glimpse of fair Katherine Guernsey among her sisters in the singing seats.

The father of our hero came, as we have seen, when a lad, with his father, the colonel, to settle in Durham, and there his life of eighty-seven years was spent. He seems to have been less prominent in colonial life than his father or his son, but eminently useful in the affairs of the town. For instance, he was one of the committee to "review" the woodpile of the Rev. Nathaniel Chauncey, and he later assisted in the ordination of Mr. Chauncey's successor.

But we may now leave the noble ancestry of our hero and trace in the ancient chronicles of Durham the events of his own long life. Turning first the pages of the church register, we find in Mr. Chauncey's own handwriting the baptismal record, "July 12, 1730, James Wadsworth, son of James and Abigail Wadsworth." Fortunate, indeed, it was for the future glory of the Wadsworth

name that the infant of six days survived the outing, and that it was July and not January in which he was carried to the meeting-house. Two years later his brother, John Noyes Wadsworth, was baptized at home, and when James was thirteen his little sister Ruth was also christened and became the namesake of her grandmother, the colonel's wife, who lived until her grandson James was forty-four years old.

Education went always hand in hand with religion, and the school-house had long stood upon the village green when little James Wadsworth, Third, began his preparation for Yale by studying the "primer and the Psalter and the spelling book." In this modest hall of learning, twenty-six feet long and eighteen feet broad, we can imagine the future general with his playmates—on the girls' side, Tamar Coe, Mercy Johnson, Mindwell Beach, Experience Strong, Submit Seaward, Zipporah Fairchild, Concurrence Smith, and many another quaint little maiden, while among the boys were Sharon Rose, Gideon Leete, Israel Squire, Abiathar Camp, and Zimri Hills.

A very important influence must have been exerted upon these young seekers for truth by the establishment of the Book Company, 1733, which founded the first library in the Colony of Connecticut, of which an enthusiastic historian writes: "For nearly a century the books were circulated extensively through the town, and, being read in the families, nourished for two or three generations strong men, who understood important subjects in the various elevated branches of human knowledge. It was this library which helped to make the voice of Durham potent in the Legislature for sixty or eighty years. It was this library which helped to refine the manners of the people and gave a high character to the schools and which created a taste for a liberal education which for a long time characterized the town. There was no light literature in this collection. The great principles of the civil and ecclesiastical government, the great doctrines of the Gospel, the great duties of morality, the cardinal virtues—the chief end of man—became in their elements so familiar to the leading minds of the town that superficial views of truth or of duty would not satisfy them."

In his later life, when the cruel war was over, General Wadsworth was for many years librarian of the Book Company, and

the volumes were kept at his own house. One of the lads who used to frequent the library says of James Wadsworth: "He was very dignified, but very courteous in his manners, as I well remember. He sometimes had a word of encouragement in regard to reading certain books."

But we must return to the days of his youth. From the school on Meeting-house Green he was soon promoted to the

HOUSE OF GENERAL JAMES WADSWORTH ON THE LEFT.
HOME OF THE LATE WM. WADSWORTH (TOWN CLERK AND JUSTICE) IN THE FOREGROUND.

pastor's study to begin his classical education with his grandfather's friend, Mr. Chauncey. In 1748, at the age of eighteen, he received the degree of Bachelor of Arts from Yale College. In this year occurred the death of his mother. After having studied law, James Wadsworth settled in Durham and was soon advanced to office in both civil and military life. On the death of his grandfather, the colonel, in 1756, he was elected town clerk, and continued in that position for thirty years. In this period he was described as "a man of dignified manners, of sound understand-

ing, and of the strictest morals." He was a member of the General Assembly for many years, and in a letter written from Middletown in November, 1775, to Silas Deane, then at Philadelphia, he is mentioned as one of the "principal palavermen in the House." Before passing to his military career, we may read between the lines of the town records the story of his private life. One of the first services performed by Rev. Mr. Goodrich, the successor of Mr. Chauncey, was the marriage ceremony of Captain James Wadsworth, as he was then called, and Katherine, daughter of Ebenezer Guernsey, on January 13, 1757. His fair young bride must have been his playmate in earliest childhood, and remained his companion in joy and sorrow until four years before his death.

What chapters of pathos these simple records of the church reveal! "Admitted to full communion October 30, 1757, Katherine, wife of Captain James Wadsworth." "Baptized December 25, 1757, Abigail, daughter of Captain James and Katherine Wadsworth."

Facing that mysterious door of motherhood which swings both ways, her mind full of sweet and solemn thoughts, Katherine Wadsworth consecrated hopes and fears alike upon the simple altar of the little village church. We turn the yellow leaf and find the record: "Died February 2, 1759, Abigail, daughter of Captain James and Katherine Wadsworth," for the little namesake of the general's mother lived hardly more than a year. Another daughter, Katherine, came to comfort the saddened home, but in 1763, in her third year, her name is entered in General Wadsworth's own writing among the deaths.

We greatly regret that the military achievements of our hero are so inadequately recorded. It would have been an inspiration to the Daughters of the American Revolution to dwell upon the details of the life of the general as fully as we have upon those of the man; but at present we can only enumerate his offices and let the imagination complete the picture of his military greatness.

In 1775, being colonel of the militia, he was appointed with others a committee to provide for the officers and soldiers who were prisoners of war.

In consequence of a pressing request from General Washington in January, 1776, the Council of Safety voted that four regiments

be raised, each to consist of seven hundred and twenty-eight men, including officers, to serve at the camp near Boston until the 1st of April. The first regiment thus raised was placed under the command of Colonel James Wadsworth, Lieutenant-Colonel Comfort Sage, and Major Dyer Throop. The General Assembly of Connecticut, at the December session, 1776, formed the militia of the State into six brigades under two major generals and six brigadier generals. James Wadsworth was at once chosen one of the six brigadier generals, and later he was appointed second major general.

In May, 1777, James Wadsworth was appointed a member of the Council of Safety; for three successive years he served his state in this very responsible body which had become a kind of State Board of War and included in its membership several of Connecticut's ablest generals, Spencer, Wolcott, Huntington, Davenport, Wadsworth.

In 1777 he was one of an important committee appointed to revise the militia laws of the State for the more effectual defense of the country. In March, 1777, General Wadsworth was ordered to march one-fourth of his brigade to New Haven to defend the coast. In April, 1778, the Council of Safety directed him to inquire into the state of the guards at New Haven and to dismiss the militia there, in whole or in part, at his discretion. For several years he was justice of the quorum, and then judge of the court of common pleas in New Haven County. In 1776–77 he was controller of public accounts in the State, and from 1785 to 1789 he was member of the Council.

Colonel Elihu Chauncey, the eldest son of the minister, though twenty years James Wadsworth's senior, was a congenial associate, and between them there existed a strong and generous friendship. They were both men of the highest moral principle, which no office could bribe them to surrender. Both were, to some extent, martyrs to their convictions. When the Revolutionary War was impending Colonel Chauncey refused to violate his oath of allegiance to Great Britain. He therefore gave up public office, but he continued to enjoy the confidence of his fellowmen because they considered him true to his principles of honor and moral obligations.

General Wadsworth, during one session, was a member of the Continental Congress, but when in 1788 the new Federal Constitution was brought before the State convention at Hartford for adoption or rejection General Wadsworth made the great speech against it. The special town meeting which had appointed General Wadsworth a delegate to this convention had rejected the Federal Constitution, four voting in favor and sixty-seven against it. In taking the vote, those on either side of the question were arranged in lines running south on the green from the south door of the meeting-house. In one line were four, in the other sixty-seven. The vote was given in the negative from the apprehension of the people of the town that the Federal Government to be created by the Constitution would take advantage of the powers delegated to it, and assume other powers not delegated by the Constitution. This fear remained with General Wadsworth that, although the convention which formulated it supposed that they had guarded the rights of the States, advantage would be taken of the Federal Constitution by the national government, in times of popular excitement, to encroach on the rights of the States. However, the vote at the Hartford State convention stood one hundred and twenty-eight in favor of, to forty against, the new Constitution. On high moral grounds General Wadsworth always refused to take an oath to support the Federal Constitution. His oath of fidelity to Connecticut, in his judgment, would be violated by taking that oath. He was offered office—even, it is said, that of Governor of the State, but he declined to accept the honor.

In the year 1794, notwithstanding his refusal to take the oath to support the Federal Constitution, the General Assembly of Connecticut appointed him to "settle accounts between the State of New York and the State of Connecticut, and to receive the balance which may be due this State on such a settlement."

A letter is in existence, in copy at least, written by Jonathan Trumbull in 1777 to Major General Wadsworth, concerning the exchange of prisoners, in which, in the stately fashion of olden days, he signs himself, "I am, sir, your most obedient, humble servant, Jonathan Trumbull."

Of the later life of General Wadsworth, there remains but little to record. One of the historians of Durham writes: "I remember

that the boys of the Center School often, when they saw General Wadsworth coming on his Narragansett pacer, with his large, erect, military figure, with his broad-brimmed hat and his Olympian locks, would run across the green to the road to take off their hats and make a low bow. This courtesy he returned to each one of

BURIAL PLACE AND TOMBSTONE OF GENERAL JAMES WADSWORTH.

us, taking his hat quite off and bowing to each one. Thus he encouraged good manners, of which he was a model." By invitation of his nephews, James and William, who had attained great wealth and honor in Geneseo, New York, he spent a year or more with them ; but, though surrounded with every comfort that he could desire, his heart yearned for Durham, and, after this brief absence, he remained in Durham, honored and beloved, until on the 22d of September, 1817, his life of eighty-seven years came to its close.

The inscription on his monument is as follows: "James Wadsworth of Durham was born July 6, 1730, and died Sept. 22, 1817. His wife Katherine Guernsey died 1813, aged 81. Their children died in infancy." "Remember that you must die."

On account of the high offices in civil and military life which General Wadsworth honorably filled and the intrinsic excellence of his character, both intellectual and moral, the Daughters of the American Revolution in Middletown may well be proud to bear his name.

Louise McCoy North.
(MRS. FRANK MASON NORTH.)

The first chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution in the State of Connecticut was the Wadsworth Chapter of Middletown. It was the second in the New England States, Gaspee Chapter of Providence, R. I., having been formed a few weeks earlier. Soon after the formation of the National Society, in October 1890, one* of its officers, a former resident of Middletown, wrote urging her friends in Middletown to form a local chapter, and she herself became the first charter member of the Middletown chapter. The membership was soon increased to the requisite number of twelve, and the chapter organized, its Regent having been appointed by the National Society, there being then no State Regent.

One of the first questions to be considered was a name for the new chapter. Several names were suggested, among others that of "Return Jonathan Meigs" who was formerly a resident of Middletown. The name of "Gen. James Wadsworth," of Middlesex County, was also urged, the naming of chapters for heroines having not then been suggested. The honored name of Wadsworth, which was finally adopted, has been a continual source of pride and pleasure, and the chapter has among its relics, the old Wadsworth family Bible, a picture suitably framed of the Wadsworth home in Durham, and other mementoes.

Kate L. Elmer.
(MRS. W. L. ELMER.)

*Mrs. G. Browne Goode.

ANNE WOOD ELDERKIN
EUNICE DENNIE BURR
ABIGAIL WOLCOTT ELLSWORTH

REPRESENTING

Members of the Council of Safety

JEDEDIAH ELDERKIN
THADDEUS BURR
OLIVER ELLSWORTH

ANNE WOOD ELDERKIN CHAPTER
WILLIMANTIC

EUNICE DENNIE BURR CHAPTER
FAIRFIELD

ABIGAIL WOLCOTT ELLSWORTH CHAPTER
WINDSOR

May 1776

This Assembly do appoint . . . a Council of Safety to assist his Honor the Governor when the Assembly is not sitting, with fuli power and authority to order and direct the Militia and Navy of this Colony . . . to give all necessary orders . . . for furnishing & supplying said Militia, troops, and Navy . . . with full power and authority to fulfill & execute every trust already reposed—or that shall be reposed by this Assembly in his Honor the Governor & Council of Safety aforesaid.

Colonial Records of Connecticut.

ANNE WOOD ELDERKIN

"We must bear in mind this fact in regard to Anne Wood Elderkin:—Women in Revolutionary days filled a large space in life, but a very small space in print."

"The heroic deeds of many a woman have slipped down into unbroken silence."

—*Sarah Preston Bugbee.*

THE Willimantic chapter was named in honor of Anne Wood, wife of General Jedediah Elderkin. Anne Wood was the oldest child of Thomas Wood and his wife, Experience Abell, who were married January 26, 1719. Thomas Wood came to Norwich, Conn., from England in 1714. His daughter Anne was born in Norwich, June 14, 1722, and married Jedediah Elderkin, August 31, 1741. In 1745, they moved from Norwich and became residents of Windham.

One of the few relics still preserved by their descendants is the "Coat of Arms" of the Wood family. It was brought from England by Colonel Eliphalet Dyer, who was agent for the Colony to Great Britain in 1758, and may be seen in the rooms of the Long Island Historical Society in Brooklyn, to which it was presented by a descendant* of the original owner.

Jedediah Elderkin became a noted lawyer of Windham, and a distinguished statesman of Connecticut, and retired at the close of the war with the title of Brigadier-General in the Continental army. He was born at Norwich, Conn., in 1717, the son of John Elderkin, 3d, and was fourth in line of descent from the original settler, John Elderkin, who was one of the founders of Connecticut. When Jedediah Elderkin settled in the town of Windham in 1744 it had been the county seat for twenty years,

* Dr. Albert Leffingwell of Aurora, N. Y.

and was a place of considerable local importance. He was then twenty-seven years of age and became at once one of the leading men of the county, although he took but little part in town affairs until 1767 when he was appointed "chairman of a commit-

WOOD FAMILY COAT OF ARMS.

tee to take into consideration the state of the country and to promote industry, economy, manufactures, etc.:"* in other words, to consider whether the town would agree to the non-importation scheme started in Boston. The committee was appointed on the seventh day of December, 1767, and on the tenth of January following made its report, drawn up presumably by Colonel

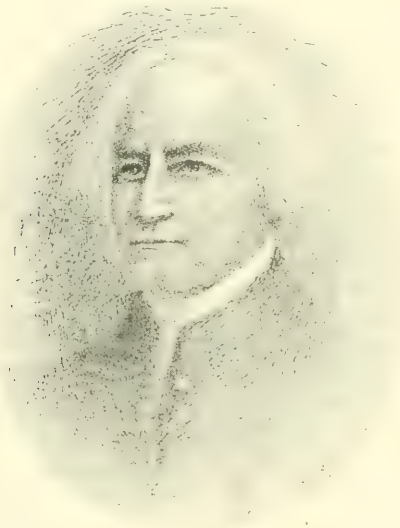
* Records of the Town of Norwich.

Elderkin, which fully endorsed the scheme and pledged the members of the committee, and people of the town, not to buy or sell or use in their families a great variety of imported articles which were enumerated. This was one of the first blows at British commerce struck by the colonies in retaliation for what they considered encroachments upon their rights.

During the long struggle between the Susquehanna Company of Connecticut and the Pennsylvania colonists, which extended over a period of more than twenty years, Jedediah Elderkin served the Company on several committees—even from its formation in 1753. His fitness to deal with knotty legal complications was recognized by the Company in 1769, when they sent him as their commissioner to Philadelphia to adjudicate the difficulties arising because of the settlements made by Connecticut people in the Wyoming Valley. Connecticut claimed the land by virtue of an unrepealed ancient charter, and Pennslyvania also claimed the land.

During this period Jedediah Elderkin had been repeatedly elected a member of the General Assembly from Windham, and he was also a member in 1774, 1775, 1776, 1779, 1780 and 1783, the most eventful years of the Revolutionary War. At the March session of the General Assembly, in 1775, he was commissioned colonel of the Fifth Regiment, Connecticut Militia. In the same year he was appointed by the Governor and Council of Safety, with Major Dawes of Norwich, to view the harbor of New London and report places suitable to fortify. In his report to the Governor, he says: "I own I never till lately gave much attention to the business or art of fortifying harbors, of building forts, batteries, etc., but the alarming situation and distress which our country is in, and the ministerial designs and vengeance aimed at our seacoast, have called my attention to look into matters of that kind; and so far as I can judge it is of the utmost importance to secure the port and harbor of New London, which would be an asylum for ships, vessels of force, floating batteries, etc., but on the contrary if left destitute of protection, and if it should fall into the hands of our enemies, it would let them into the bowels of our country, and give them great advantage over us."

Colonel Elderkin was one of the original nine men appointed by the General Assembly of Connecticut in May, 1775, to form a Council of Safety, to advise with the Governor over emergencies that might arise during the intermission of the Assembly, and to devise means for meeting the same. This place upon the Council he held throughout the war. The Colonial Records of Connecticut show that he was almost invariably present at its meetings, except



JEDEDIAH ELDERKIN.

when absent upon detailed duty or when the Council was called at distant points. His ability to wrestle with the difficult problem of procuring supplies for the army seems to have been especially recognized. He was several times sent to inspect the iron furnaces at Salisbury, "to inquire into their condition and to improve and increase their product."

The need of powder at the beginning of the war was as great as the need for ordnance and small arms, and at that time there was no powder manufactory in Connecticut. Heretofore, if there was anything to be done requiring business energy and promptness Colonel Elderkin was the man selected to do it. It was now due

to Colonel Elderkin's energy in overcoming difficulties, which seemed insurmountable at the time, such as procuring machinery, material, and skilled workmen, that adequate supplies of powder were furnished to the patriots at the outset of the war.

Later, after submitting the matter to the General Assembly, Colonel Elderkin, in partnership with Nathaniel Wales, Jr., undertook to permanently supply this great want. They erected a powder mill at Willimantic, and at the May session of the Legislature, 1776, Messrs. Elderkin and Wales were allowed thirty pounds sterling premium for one thousand pounds of gunpowder previously manufactured by them. Their mill continued to furnish large quantities of powder till December 13, 1777, when it blew up.

During all the time, in addition to his public service, he maintained an extensive practice of the law. For a time he held the office of State Attorney for Windham County, of Justice of the Peace, and he was besides a large landowner and manufacturer. He was one of the first to introduce the silkworm into Connecticut, in 1770, and was engaged in the manufacture of silk until his death, a period of over twenty years.

His last and, in some respects, his most important service to the Commonwealth was rendered as a member of the Connecticut Convention which ratified the United States Constitution. It was appropriate that one who had labored so earnestly and patiently to secure the independence of his country should be permitted, as the crowning act of his life, to vote for a Constitution which secured the blessings of liberty and freedom to his posterity.

Dyer White Elderkin, in his "Genealogy of the Elderkin Family," says, "Colonel Elderkin is remembered by a few aged persons as a large, tall, and very fine looking man.* He was active, prompt, persevering, and capable of originating new enterprises and of carrying them out under the greatest difficulties and discouragements. He was an honoured and trusted leader from the beginning to the close of the Revolutionary struggle. He was confided in and honored by Governor Trumbull and the

*The portrait of General Elderkin accompanying this sketch is copied from an old Windham bank-note, kindly loaned by Mr. H. C. Lathrop, cashier of the bank at Willimantic.

General Assembly, during the war, as few men were, and for the important services rendered his country, in its hour of greatest need and peril, his name should be ever held in grateful remembrance."

CHARLOTTE ELDERKIN.

(Youngest daughter of Anne Wood Elderkin.)

The epitaph upon his tombstone in the old cemetery near his home in Windham reads as follows:

In Memory of Jedediah Elderkin, Esq., he departed this Life on the 3^{d} of March 1793 in $^{e}_{y}$ 75th year of his Age.

He was useful in Life
and peaceful in Death.

If the men of Windham went out to battle and council and provided for public demands, not less nobly and efficiently did the women of Windham labor in their especial field of usefulness. The burdens of home and family and the distress of war fell heavily upon them. They sent out their husbands, brothers, and sons to the war, taking care themselves of their farms and stock as well as of their large families. They planted and harvested, spun and wove, cured herbs for their tea and made their molasses from corn stalks. They even builded houses and furnished them largely with their own handiwork. One woman, whose husband came home in rags on a brief furlough, caught the old pet sheep, nibbling in the door-yard, sheared it, and in forty-eight hours its black fleece was transmuted into a golden suit of clothes and worn by the soldier who was wending his way back to the army.*

With such support and sympathy from wives and daughters, the men of Windham County could hardly fail to do their country honor. Back of such acts of sacrifice and devotion must have been characters worthy of study.

Of such was Anne Wood Elderkin the wife of General Elderkin, who in the great struggle for freedom proved herself a faithful helpmate and a devoted patriot. One of her descendants writes: "She is remembered as possessing a sweet temper, thoroughly devoid of all evil speaking, and much given to deeds of charity. She was also a model housekeeper, instructing those under her care in all domestic duties, and filled her place no less satisfactorily than her distinguished husband filled his."

The family of General Jedediah and Anne Wood Elderkin consisted of nine children, namely:

Judith, born in Norwich, March 2nd, 1743.
Vine, born in Windham, Sept. 11th, 1745.
Anne, born in Windham, Oct. 30th, 1747.
Bela, born in Windham, Dec. 10th, 1751.
Lora, born in Windham, Nov. 30th, 1753.
A son born and died in Windham, May 1st, 1756.
Alfred, born in Windham, Jan 4th, 1759.
Aimè, born in Windham, March 5th, 1761.
Charlotte, born in Windham, Oct. 23rd, 1764, and died Dec. 13th, 1797.†

* Miss Larned's History of Windham Co., vol. II, page 188.
† Miss Larned's History. Town Records of Windham.

No portrait of Anne Wood Elderkin has been preserved. Charlotte, the youngest daughter, is said to have borne a striking resemblance to her mother, and her picture which accompanies this sketch is a copy of a portrait presented to the Willimantic chapter by a great-granddaughter* of Anne Wood Elderkin—the same descendant being the present possessor of the original portrait.

The Elderkin home was a center of refinement and culture, the most prominent men of the time being among its frequent guests.† A little incident which is told by a great-granddaughter is indicative of Mrs. Elderkin's extreme carefulness and nicety. She was the owner of a black satin cloak, and when calling upon friends it was her habit to draw out her handkerchief and quite unconsciously to dust off the chair before sitting down.

Surviving her husband eleven years she died June 14, 1804, and was laid to rest by his side in the cemetery near their home.‡ The following inscription may be read upon her tombstone:

To the memory of Anne Wood Elderkin, relict of Jedediah Elderkin, Esqr. Discharging the duties of the various relations of life which she was called to sustain in a truly faithful and exemplary manner, she endeared herself to all her friends and died as she had lived, a meek, humble, charitable Christian, June 14, 1804, the day which completed the 83d year of her age.

Sarah Martin Hayden.
(MRS. JAMES L. HAYDEN.)

* Mrs. Charlotte Gray Lathrop.

† Miss Larned's History.

‡ The wood used for the framing of the chapter charter and for the gavel is a part of an old oaken timber from the Elderkin house, once the home of Brigadier General Jedediah Elderkin and of Anne Wood his wife.

EUNICE DENNIE BURR

WE are familiar with the fact that our colonial parsons were the conspicuous men of their day. Their fame as ancestors especially is a matter of history. A large proportion of the eminent men and women in New England trace their lineage to some saint, scholar, or statesman of the pulpit. We are not surprised therefore to find that a woman endowed with powers and adorned with graces such as were possessed by Eunice Dennie Burr, had a parson for an ancestor. The Rev. Samuel Wakeman, pastor of the First Church of Christ in Fairfield from 1665 to 1692, was a man of vital piety, fine scholarship, executive ability, and many social gifts, and he transmitted to his great-granddaughter, Eunice Dennie, a precious intellectual and spiritual heritage. She was moreover beautiful in person and highly accomplished. She was married on March 22, 1759, at the age of thirty, to Mr. Thaddeus Burr of Fairfield,* a grandson of Chief Justice Peter Burr.

Mr. Burr was the possessor of a large estate, a graduate of Yale College, and a friend of New England's leading citizens and statesmen. He served with honor in many places of trust and responsibility—as a selectman, justice, deputy, postmaster, member of the War Committee, High Sheriff, member of the Governor's Council, member of the Constitutional Convention and presidential elector.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Burr were possessed of ample means, and entertained at their home in Fairfield with generous hospitality. Between Governor John Hancock of Massachusetts and Mr. and Mrs. Burr there existed a sincere friendship. Governor

*Church Records, recorded by Rev. Andrew Eliot who performed the marriage ceremony.

Thaddeus Burr was born at Fairfield, August 22, 1735.

EUNICE DENNIE BURR.

(From a painting by Copley.)

Hancock frequently visited them, and they in turn made long visits in winter at Governor Hancock's delightful home in Boston. The marriage of Governor Hancock to Miss Dorothy Quincy of Boston took place in 1775, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Burr,—a social event of the greatest interest to the residents of Fairfield.

The portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Burr were painted by the artist Copley. Mrs. Burr is attired in the gown which she wore when she attended a dinner party at Governor Hancock's. Both portraits are now in the possession of a grandnephew of Thaddeus Burr.* Mr. and Mrs. Burr had no children.

In addition to his many duties and offices in the town and county of Fairfield Mr. Burr was a member of the "Council of Safety" for three successive years, 1777, 1778, and 1779. He was therefore one of that famous body of men whose labors in behalf of the American cause accomplished so much that Connecticut was known throughout the Revolutionary War as the "Provision State." He was also one of the first organizers of the Connecticut regiments, having served, previous to his election as a member of the Council, on a committee appointed (in October, 1776) "to repair to the army under the command of General Washington, and (with the assistance of the general officers of this State) . . . . to arrange into regiments and companies the officers appointed by this Assembly."

Thereafter, when a member of the Council, he was present at many of its meetings, and served also on responsible committees, being especially active at one time in superintending the equipment of ships for the war.

When Fairfield was attacked by the British in 1779 Mr. Burr was absent from home. Mrs. Burr, instead of fleeing as did many others, remained in her home, hoping that her acquaintance with General Tyron (who commanded the attacking forces) might avail to protect her mansion, with its rich stores of paintings and furniture, from pillage and burning. The spirit and character of Mrs. Burr are well illustrated in the following incidents connected with the burning of the town.

The march of the approaching invaders could be heard by the inmates of the Burr mansion above the din and confusion of

*Andrew Burr, Esq., of New York.

various sounds,—the lowing of cattle driven toward the back country, the shrill cries of frightened children, and the distressed voices of the people as they fled from the town in search of some safe retreat. At intervals they heard the booming of cannon from Grover's Hill, the shouts of defiance from the militia on the Green, musket shots, the murderous clash of assault, and in a short time they knew that the British were in possession of the Green, and that the patriot defenders of the town, overwhelmed by the enemy's numbers, had been forced to retreat and that they had fled in many directions.

"There was only a handful of them," said Mrs. Burr to a young friend, "and I hear that General Tryon commanded three thousand troops. What could be done to resist such a foe?"

"Well, our men made their stand even when they knew that defeat was inevitable. They are brave fellows, and they shall be honored for their daring," exclaimed the maiden. Several neighbors, unable to flee to the country, had taken refuge in the mansion. The riot of war and invasion was surging around them. It was a distressed company. Still Mrs. Burr held out hopes of security.

"I have met several of the officers," she said, "and they are gentlemen. I cannot think they will be rude to us."

"Here they come," cried her companion, as a dozen men sprang through the front door, and pounded the floor with the butt end of their muskets, shouting for Mr. Burr.

"Here, you rebel, where is your husband?" said one of the ruffians to Mrs. Burr, who drew herself up with dignity and looked him bravely in the face.

"Ah, my sweet, what pretty buckles you wear," said another Redcoat to one of the young ladies, as he stooped down and tore the silver ornaments from her slippers while another seized the jewels from the foot-gear of Mrs. Burr.

"Fine curtains, boys," exclaimed a jestful son of the English aristocracy, as he reached up to the heavy damask drapings of the windows and wrenched them from their fastenings. "Make me think of home;" and he jauntily threw one over his shoulder and tossed a second to his nearest comrade.

"Give up your firearms, old woman," shouted the leader of the band to Mrs. Burr.

The use of such language, even in the presence of a woman like Mrs. Burr, seemed an impossible indignity. She was in the prime of life, of queenly presence, refined and gracious, with shapely features, lustrous eyes, and a sensitive mouth—a beautiful embodiment of the highest type of womanhood. She probably had never before been addressed in terms other than of affection and deference.

Mrs. Burr's young companion responded to this boisterous demand, saying: "Teil me where the arms are kept, and I will get them for these creatures." But the intruders did not stay to bandy words with the mistress of the mansion or with any of her attendants; they scattered through the house, breaking china, overturning furniture, ransacking drawers, stealing small objects of value, making their way at last to the kitchen, store room, and cellar, where they helped themselves to food and drink, feasting for an hour. When one set of despoilers left the premises another took their place, and it was not until after midnight that there was a brief respite for Mrs. Burr.

"I believe General Tryon himself is coming," exclaimed one of the attendants, who from a front window saw a pompous, showily-dressed gentleman come across the yard and enter the house. Mrs. Burr hastened to the hall below.

"I have the honor to address Mrs. Burr," said the intruder, bowing with studied politeness.

"This is not such an occasion, your Excellency, as when you were pleased to accept our poor hospitality a few years ago," replied Mrs. Burr, striving to control her agitation.

"No one regrets the cruel exigencies of war more deeply than I, Madam. I must request you to hand over to me whatever papers and documents you may have in your house."

"The house contains no papers, either public or private, save those which concern my husband's estate," Mrs. Burr answered with entire self-possession.

"The very papers that we want," was General Tryon's response. "We want them and we want the estate, too, and we shall have both, I trow!" There was a note of exultation in his voice. "I infer that you have not read the address which was scattered through your town before our troops landed, and were subjected to the indignity of resistance on the part of your militia."

THADDEUS BURR, ESQ.

(From a painting by Copley.)

"I have read it, Sir, and I have likewise heard the reply which Colonel Whiting sent you." General Tryon frowned. "I will find the papers for you, Sir," said Mrs. Burr. "They are all arranged in this secretary," and she went into the adjoining room, followed by Tryon, who took the documents and carried them quickly over to the Court House. An hour later, a fourth set of half drunken brutes entered the Burr homestead.

"Come, come," said the foremost of the band, "show us what you've got worth taking and hand it over without further parley." They were standing near the door in the rear of the hall. "Do I not see a watch with its furnishments upon your person?" and the ruffian grasped Mrs. Burr by the wrist. * * *

"Wretch, let go! let go!" shrieked one of the girls, and seizing the brass-handled poker, she swung it above his head with such force that he sprang to one side and Mrs. Burr was released. At this moment, an officer appeared and ordered the fellow and his companions away from the place. Late in the day General Tryon called again with Captain Chapman, a Tory citizen of Stratford, who had cast in his fortunes with the enemies of his native land.

"I had supposed, sir," said Mrs. Burr, "that it was an army of men and not a horde of wild beasts which had taken possession of our town. I have been subjected to the grossest indignities. Your creatures have attempted to take even the very clothes from my person and have rifled me of ornaments which I use as articles of dress." There was righteous anger in the face of the speaker as she stood forth the bold accuser of Tryon.

"These are hard and grievous days," observed Captain Chapman sympathetically. "We deplore the stern circumstances."

"You must carry a bold heart, Mr. Chapman, to have the audacity to enter my house as an invader, when you recall the many courtesies we have extended to you in years past."

"Madam, madam, forbear your unkind speeches. I am not here to gloat over your misfortune, but to render any service in my power."

"Then, see that I am treated with the respect and consideration due my sex and station. See that my home is preserved from further spoliation, and that the few people who have fled to my

protection are saved from the abuses which have already been heaped upon me!" The lady was addressing General Tryon, who winced under the just charges which she brought against his men.

"Madam, you shall have sentries placed before your door." The order was immediately given, and a watch placed over the premises.

The night was one of indescribable horror. The Hessians had been let loose for plunder. They surged up and down the streets like an angry tide, making the darkness hideous with their mongrel speech and their brutal deeds.

The slave of a citizen of Fairfield living on the main street, fired a shot from an upper window and killed a British soldier. The comrades of the dead man rushed into the house, seized the colored patriot, carried him out to the Green, soaked a blanket in rum, wrapped it about the victim, and set fire to the poor wretch; and as he writhed in the flames that consumed his clothes and scarred his flesh, the Redcoats gazed upon the scene with savage zest.

Everything left by the people in their homes which pleased the cupidity of the raiders was taken. The few women who had ventured to stay in town in order to save their property were shamefully ill-treated. Occasional shots were heard all through the night. Liquor flowed freely, so that many of the soldiery were grossly intoxicated before morning. Finally, after a day spent in plundering the houses, the enemy, an hour before sunset, applied the torch, beginning at the house of Mr. Isaac Jennings, and by nine o'clock half a dozen buildings in different parts of the town were ablaze.

"The Fire-Brand" had taken up his headquarters in the home of a Tory family on the Green. Here he was found by the women who had remained in town, and who made appeal after appeal to him to stop the firing of their homes. Mr. Sayre lent his supplications to those of his neighbors.

"No," Tryon cried with an oath, "you are a pack of rebels and deserve to be hung, drawn, and quartered. Don't talk to me of mercy. Haven't you fought the King like devils? Didn't you fire upon my men after I had offered you peace and clemency? And are there not a score of killed or wounded among our

troops? Is not this place a vile den of arch traitors engaged in conspiracy? I'll put a firebrand in every house"; and the word was given.

It was not long before Fairfield presented a prospect like that of a fiery sea, so that when night settled down upon the doomed place, Mrs. Burr and her helpless neighbors who had fled to the mansion, saw from the chamber windows waves of fire surge back and forth, the blackness of night making an awful background for the devouring flame.

Toward morning Captain Chapman called at the mansion and requested to see Mrs. Burr.

"General Tryon will speak with you," he said, as the lady entered the parlor.

"I await his commands," was her reply. Even then the mansion was lighted by the flames of the burning town, and resounded with echoes of the widespread wretchedness and revelry.

"Madam, it irks me to see this distress," General Tryon said, as he entered the place and received her courteous salutation.

The stately, beautiful dame was still the hostess, doing such honors as the occasion permitted. Deep lines were seen upon her haggard countenance; she was passing through the direst tragedy; shadows haunted the place and the shadows had crept into her very soul. Still she was brave and courteous.

"What is your Excellency's will?" said Mrs. Burr with marvelous composure.

"I like not to burn churches and meeting-houses," he replied. "They shall be spared."

"I thank you for showing respect unto the things of God," she responded. There was a pause.

"Madam, have you pen and ink at hand?"

She made her way to the secretary and placed them before him. In the red, fitful glare he said while he wrote, "Madam, your mansion shall likewise be saved from the torch," and he handed her an order that named the Burr home as one marked to escape the ravages of the night.

"I thank you for this considerate treatment," she said with dignity.

General Tryon bowed and withdrew.

But the furies still plied their busy hands. Mrs. Burr and the few women clinging to her protection carried pails and pails of water, which they poured upon the roof and sides of the smoking, scorched mansion. Their hands grew sore, their limbs became weak, and their strength gave way through sheer exhaustion.

At last the horn sounded for the retreat of the marauders, and the enemy was seen to hasten toward the beach. The exhausted women breathed sighs of relief and cried for joy because the house with its precious contents remained unharmed. But alas! while the troops were departing a brutal horde of British cut-throats tarried behind and, the guard having been taken away, these demons entered the place, announcing their advent with savage yells.

"I have a protection from General Tryon," cried Mrs. Burr, as these creatures rushed upon her. Their answer was a curse. They seized the gold buttons that fastened her dress, tore her purse from her pocket, and overwhelmed her with abuse. Amid the screams of her dependants and the insults of the invaders she fled for safety to the meadows at the rear of her home. The house with its treasures and heirlooms was pillaged, but she thanked God that at least she and her friends were safe from personal violence.

From the distant meadows she soon saw clouds of smoke pouring from the familiar windows, the fire leaping from doorways and roof top; and the mansion, filled with everything that contributed to the elegance and comfort of living, was wrapped in smoke and flame and at last reduced to ashes. She uttered no complaint or lamentation. It was a part of the price which must be paid for liberty. She was equal to the task of making a supreme effort to save the home, and she was likewise equal to the more difficult task of rising superior to misfortune and of living without a murmur of regret in the humblest circumstances.

A few weeks after the burning of Fairfield Governor Hancock paid his friends a visit in their distress, and while together they were surveying the ruins of the house he remarked to Mr. Burr that the latter ought to re-build; at the same time offering to furnish the glass needed for a new house, provided Mr. Burr

would build a house precisely like his own in Boston. Mr. Burr accepted the offer and built a house the exact counterpart of Governor Hancock's! It is said that the Governor also furnished the frame for the new house.*

Mrs. Burr was educated according to the prevailing methods of her day in New England. The common school, the home atmosphere, the social life of a Connecticut town, and a limited acquaintance with certain prominent people of the colonies constituted our heroine's preparation for life's duties. But the innate force and nobility of Mrs. Burr's character unfolded with remarkable symmetry. Her charm of manner and her beauty and grace of person were but reflections of her lovely soul. A kind and sympathetic friend, she devoted her time and strength to the ministries of love and good will. As a member of the orthodox Congregational order, she gave freely of her services to the various needs of the church. Strong in her affections, lofty in purpose, brave in hope, unfailing in her patriotism, she was the true partner of Thaddeus Burr in his multiform cares and responsibilities. She sustained him through many dark hours, infusing fresh courage and determination into his heart, when events foreshadowed grave perils and the storm-clouds gathered thick on the horizon.

And what delightful associations broadened and deepened her entire life! At one time a guest in the Province House of Manhattan Island with General Tryon as a host, shining amid the gayeties of the English gentry of New York; now tarrying with her husband in the simple home of Governor Trumbull at Lebanon, discussing points of doctrine or the interesting characters of the French soldiers whom the Governor had been entertaining; now spending the winter months with Governor Hancock in Boston, sharing the intellectual activity of the New England capital with the enthusiasm of a receptive mind; now keeping open house in Fairfield, entertaining the great and the gifted of the land—soldiers, statesmen, poets, scholars, the Adamses, Quincys, Otis, Franklin, Roger Sherman, Silas Deane, Joel Barlow, Colonel Humphrey, President Dwight (who writes most admiringly of Mrs. Burr in his "Travels"), Lafayette, and last, but not least, General Washington.

* History of the Burr family by Charles Burr Todd.

THE FAIRFIELD CEMETERY, SHOWING THE STONES OF EUNICE DENNIE BURR AND OF HER HUSBAND, THADDEUS BURR.

The Burr mansion was the center of the social fellowship of the town and the county of Fairfield. Here gathered in delightful *comaraderie* General Silliman, Judge Sturges, Colonel Smedley, Major Tallmadge, Colonel Lamb, Colonel Dimon, Colonel Gold, General Abel, the Eliots, and Aaron Burr. The artists, Jonathan Trumbull and Copley, were also visitors here. But time would fail to describe the brilliant occasions associated with the hospitality of Eunice Dennie Burr.

Mrs. Burr died August 14th, 1805, in the seventy-sixth year of her age, and was buried in the old Fairfield burying ground, which lies in full view of the waters of the Sound. In the diary of her pastor, Andrew Eliot, there is a brief and pathetic record of her death and burial from which it is evident that deep and abiding was the impression which this remarkable woman made upon her generation.

The old cemetery at Fairfield has been entrusted to the custodianship of the Eunice Dennie Burr Chapter. The stones marking the burial places of Eunice Dennie Burr and Thaddeus Burr may be seen in the illustration ; the stone in the foreground next the white stone being that of Eunice Dennie Burr, at the right of which is the stone of Thaddeus Burr. The inscriptions are as follows :

In Memory of
Mrs. Eunice Burr
Relick of
Thadeus Burr, Esq.
who died August 14th
1805
in the 76th year
of her age.
(F. S.)

In Memory of
Thadeus Burr
Esquire
who died Febr 19th
1801
aged 65 years.

The gate at the entrance to the cemetery is the Lich gate, a gift of a chapter member who also generously contributed the sum

necessary for the building of a stone wall on three sides of the cemetery and for restoring the wall on the fourth side.

An honorable distinction has been given to the Fairfield Daughters of the American Revolution, in having the name of Eunice Dennie Burr to designate their chapter. Her name is an inspiration to the noblest achievement and to patient endurance and sacrifice. In the record of her loyal services to friends and associates, to church and town, to colony and state, we rejoice and would preserve it as one of the best examples of patriotism which has come down to us from a former age.

Frank Samuel Child.

The following are the authorities for the story of the attack on Fairfield and the burning of the Burr home :

Affidavit of Mrs. Burr.
"An Old New England Town."
Records of Connecticut.
"An Unknown Patriot."

ABIGAIL WOLCOTT ELLSWORTH

ABIGAIL WOLCOTT ELLSWORTH, for whom the Windsor Chapter was named, was born February 8, 1756, and was a daughter of William Wolcott, Esq., a patriot of the Revolution, and of Abigail Abbott, his wife, of South Windsor, Conn. At the age of sixteen, on December 10, 1772, Abigail Wolcott was married to Oliver Ellsworth who was eleven years her senior, and who afterwards became Chief Justice of the United States under Washington.

Mr. Ellsworth himself used to tell the following story concerning one of his visits at Mr. William Wolcott's on the elder daughter Eunice. Miss Abigail, who was too young to be considered one of the hostesses, kept on with her work in the corner of the room carding tow (the tangled hetchling from the flax), a material which was manufactured into coarse cloth for summer wear for farmers' boys. The young visitor from time to time saw the black eyes of Abigail peep up from the tow dust in a way that awakened his interest, and the next time he called he solicited the company of Abigail ; the sequel of which is that Abigail became Mrs. Ellsworth, and Eunice was left to a long life of single blessedness.

When Mr. Ellsworth was married his father gave him a farm in Wintonbury, now Bloomfield. Mr. Ellsworth's income was not large, and his young wife cheerfully aided him while he was "getting a start in the world." Milking the cows was not beneath the dignity of a woman and was even considered a part of her work. Mrs. Ellsworth's milking experience on one occasion shows her ability to adapt herself to circumstances. Mr. Ellsworth was away attending to the duties of his profession. Their first baby had not taken kindly to this world of care and trouble, and required much attention from her mother. When milking

CHIEF JUSTICE OLIVER ELLSWORTH AND HIS WIFE, ABIGAIL WOLCOTT ELLSWORTH.

From a painting by R. Earl, 1792.

By courtesy of William Webster Ellsworth, Esq., of the Century Publishing Co.)

time came, the mother drove the cow near the door, and attaching a string to the cradle so that she could rock it if it need be, she watched the cradle while she milked the cow.

But the humbler circumstances and surroundings of Mr. Ellsworth's life soon changed for the better. His ability as a statesman and a jurist could not long remain unrecognized. In the year following his marriage he was sent as a deputy of the freemen of the town of Windsor to the General Assembly at New Haven, and thereafter for several years he represented his town alternately at Hartford and New Haven.

Early in 1775, before the Revolutionary war opened, he was appointed, while a member of the Legislature, one of a committee of four, called the "Pay Table," whose duty it was to examine, liquidate, adjust, settle, and give all needful orders for the payment of military expenditures for the defense of the Colonies. The duties of this committee increased in quantity and gravity as the financial exigencies of the war became greater. Oliver Ellsworth's ability to meet the difficulties which arose, from the heavy drafts upon the Connecticut treasury, is evident from the fact that he was sent by the General Assembly "to lay the nature and necessity of the exhausted treasury" before General Washington, and to procure if possible a reimbursement of the money expended for the support of soldiers in Connecticut, that it might be again expended to defray the expenses of the army in Canada. His services were several times called for in financial crises of this sort.

In the same year he was appointed with others, by the General Assembly, "to incite and arouse the people west of the river to exert themselves for the protection of their country, and to encourage all expeditions and enlistments." Only a man of eloquence and influence would have been appointed to such a position at this critical time.

He served as a member of the Governor's Council of Safety from 1779 to 1784, when he was appointed a Judge of the Superior Court. After the close of the war he was elected to the Convention of 1787 which framed the Federal Constitution, and he was also a member of the State Convention which ratified that instrument. He represented his state as a senator in Philadelphia

from 1789 to 1796, when he was nominated by President Washington Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. In this office he is said to have been the best judicial pleader of the early years of the Republic, and it is said that, despite the depth of his logic, a child could follow the steps of his reasoning.

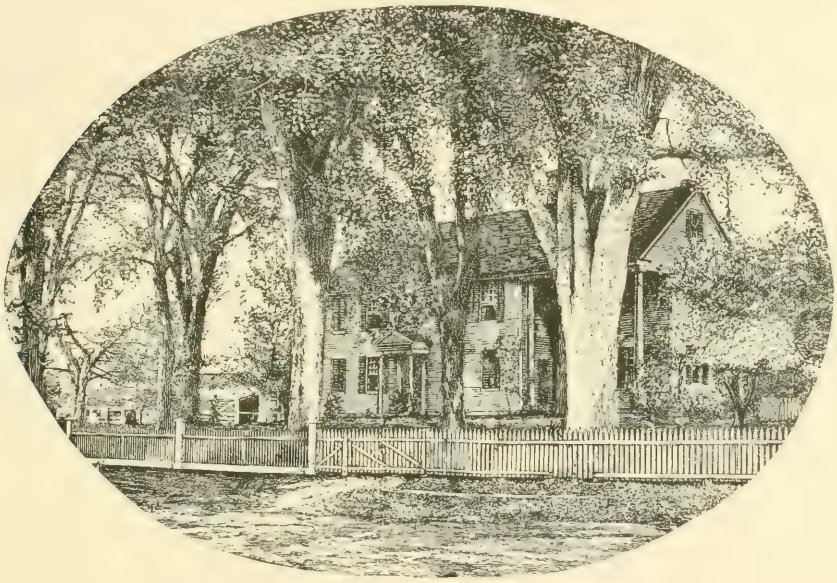
In 1775 Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth moved to Hartford where they remained until about 1782, when they removed to the now historic Ellsworth homestead, near the bank of the Connecticut river, two miles from the present Town Hall of Windsor. In this home, as in the earlier more humble home, the wife of Oliver Ellsworth still ministered to his punctilious toilet by providing the ruffled shirts, the polished knee buckles, the shapely silk stockings, and gave it the finishing touch by tying his queue with the neat black bow. She exercised such concern and thoughtfulness for her husband's needs that no anxiety regarding household cares ever disturbed his public life. His strong attachment to his home and native town is evident from the following quotation from one of his letters: "I have visited several countries and I like my own the best. I have been in all the states of the Union, and Connecticut is the best state. Windsor is the pleasantest Town in the State of Connecticut and I have the pleasantest place in the town of Windsor. I am content, perfectly content, to die on the banks of the Connecticut." In 1797 he was sent by the United States Government to France as Minister Plenipotentiary, and on his return, before entering the house to see his family, he stopped at the gate, and, lifting his heart to God in prayer, gave thanks for bringing him safe home.

In the drawing-room hangs a life size oil painting* of Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth, dressed in ye olden style. Mrs. Ellsworth's cap is almost overwhelming in size, and the sheen of her dove-colored satin gown is toned down by a demure kerchief crossing her breast.

In this home Mrs. Ellsworth entertained many notable personages with dignity and grace. She also knew how to meet an embarrassing situation. A gentleman from Pennsylvania, a friend of her husband's, called one day to pay his respects to Mr. and Mrs.

* Since this sketch was written the painting has been removed to the gallery of the Connecticut Historical Society of Hartford.

Ellsworth. She was carding tow at the time, and was obliged to go to the door in her working dress. When the gentleman asked if Mrs. Ellsworth was at home, she replied in the affirmative and added that Mrs. Ellsworth was very busy this morning and would be pleased to see him in the afternoon. When he returned in the afternoon Mrs. Ellsworth received him in a becoming gown,



CHIEF JUSTICE ELLSWORTH'S MANSION, WINDSOR, CONN.

(By courtesy of William Webster Ellsworth, Esq., of the Century Publishing Co.)

powdered hair, and fancy cap; the guest not recognizing in this stately lady the maid who opened the door in the morning.

Abigail Ellsworth was the mother of nine children. The two youngest were twins, William and Henry. All were carefully taught and trained. One son, William Wolcott, was governor of Connecticut from 1838 to 1842, and his twin brother, Hon. Henry L. Ellsworth, became the first United States Commissioner of Patents. The following is a list of the children of Chief Justice Oliver and Abigail Wolcott Ellsworth:

1. Abigail, called "Nabby" by her father, was born on the sixteenth of August, 1774, and was married on the twentieth of October, 1794, to Ezekiel Williams, of Hartford, Conn. They had six children.
2. Oliver was born on the twenty-second of October, 1776, and died on the twentieth of May, 1778.
3. Oliver was born on the twenty-seventh of April, 1781. He accompanied his father to France as secretary. He died on the fourth of July, 1805.
4. Martin (Major) was born on the seventeenth of April, 1783, and married, on the nineteenth of October, 1807, Sophia Wolcott, of East Windsor, Conn. They had six children. Major Martin Ellsworth died in November, 1857.
5. William was born on the twenty-fifth of June, and died on the twenty-fourth of July, 1785.
6. Frances was born on the thirty-first of August, 1786, and on the tenth of May, 1809, was married to the Hon. Joseph Wood, of Stamford, Conn. They had five children. Frances Ellsworth Wood died in 1868.
7. Delia was born on the twenty-third of June (January in the family records), 1789, and was married, on the seventh of January, 1812, to Hon. Thomas Scott Williams, of Hartford, Conn. She died on the twenty-fourth of June, 1840. There were no children.
8. William Wolcott (Governor), called "Billy" by his father, was born on the tenth of November, 1791, and married on the fourteenth of September, 1813, Emily, the eldest daughter of Noah Webster the lexicographer. She died on the twenty-third of August, 1861. There were six children born of this marriage. William Webster, the historical lecturer, is their grandson.
9. Henry Leavitt (Hon.) was the twin brother of William Wolcott and was called "Harry" by his father. He married on the twenty-second of June, 1813, Nancy Allen, who died on the fourteenth of January, 1847. He married for his second wife Marietta Bartlett, and for his third wife Catherine Smith who survived him. There were three children born to him.

There is a tradition that when George Washington, President of the United States, was in Hartford, on his way to Massachusetts, Chief Justice Ellsworth sent a message to him by his son Martin, a boy of six years, inviting him to breakfast the next day. The boy went down to Hartford in the old yellow coach which regularly passed his house. It was with much trepidation that the boy ventured to appear before so august a person as President Washington, for he expected to see a great soldier, but his fears were quieted when he was ushered into the room and found General Washington in a dressing gown covered with designs in black palm leaves "just like Father's," as he reported on his return home.

It is recorded by certain descendants that the tall silver coffee urn, some of the china, and the steel knives and forks which are

still preserved in the old homestead were used at this breakfast. The descendants also preserve a tradition that President Washington had a frolic with the children in the nursery, at this time, and that he sang to them the quaint old song called "The Darby Ram." A leaf from Washington's diary reads, "Oct. 21st 1789, by promise I was to have breakfasted with Mr. Ellsworth at Windsor on my way to Springfield, but the morning proved very wet, and the rain not ceasing until ten o'clock I did not set out till half after that hour. I called however and stayed an hour."

A great-granddaughter of Abigail Ellsworth made a record of the story as her grandfather Martin told it to her when she was a little girl of twelve years (the date is not given). "When President Washington came it was with outriders, and as the soldiers neared the house they separated into two lines and Washington passed through to the house. Old Kate, the colored servant, having been told that a great gentleman was coming, looked out of the window and said, when she saw Washington, 'I like the soldier better than the gentleman.' The neighbors and friends assembled to give him a reception, and after they had gone Washington seated himself near one of the south windows in the drawing room. Soon after my mother came into the room with the two younger children, one on each arm, and placed them in Washington's lap. He then sang 'The Darby Ram,'" the words of which are as follows:

As I was going to Darby
Upon a market day,
I spied the biggest ram, Sir,
That ever was fed upon hay.

Chorus—Oh: ho-key, don-key Darby Ram,
Oh: ho-key, din-key da,
Oh: ho-key, din-key Darby Ram,
Oh: ho-key, din-key da.

He had four feet to walk, Sir,
He had four feet to stand,
And every foot he had, Sir,
Covered an acre of Land.—Cho.

The wool upon his back, Sir,
It reaches to the sky,
And eagles built their nests there,
I heard the young ones cry.—Cho.

The wool upon his tail, Sir,
I heard the weaver say,
Made three thousands yards of cloth,
For he wove it in a day.—Cho.

The butcher who cut his throat, Sir,
Was drowned in the blood,
And the little boy who held the bowl,
Was carried away in the flood.—Cho.

Among other relics preserved in the family are certain letters written by Oliver Ellsworth to his wife and children, of which a few are given as illustrative of his affectionate interest in his family even though separated from them for months and even years by the duties of his office.

The following are letters written by Oliver Ellsworth, while in France, to his twin boys William and Henry.*

To Billy and Harry.

Daddy is a great way off, but he thinks about his little boys every day ; and he hopes they are very good boys and learn their books well and say their prayers every night, and then God will love them as much as daddy does. There are a great many fine things here and a great many strange things ; Oliver [the eldest son who accompanied his father] writes them down, and he will have enough to tell the boys twenty nights. The robbers† came around the house where daddy lives the other night and the gardener shot off his two-barrel gun and killed two of them ; and daddy believes if the robbers come into his room they will get killed, for he keeps a gun and two pistols charged all the time ; and when he comes home he intends to give his gun to Martin and his pistols to Billy and Harry. This letter is from our daddy.

*Copied from a sketch written by Mrs. W. Irving Vinal (a great-grand-daughter of Abigail Ellsworth) for the American Monthly Magazine.

† The reference to robbers, etc., is a reminder that the writer was in France during the revolutionary disturbances there.

The second letter, written in the form of verse, is as follows:

A Letter From Our Daddy.

The men in France are lazy creatures
And work the women and great dogs;
The ladies are enormous eaters,
And like the best toadstools and frogs.

The little boys are pretty spry
And bow when Daddy's paid them,
But don't think they shall ever die,
Nor can they tell who made them.

But Daddy's boys are not such fools
And are not learned so bad,
For they have mamma and good schools,
And that makes Daddy glad.

(Daddy won't forget them pistols.)

The same twin boys are affectionately referred to in an earlier letter written by Oliver Ellsworth to his eldest daughter, Abigail, when the twins were about a month old. The following is the letter entire:

Philadelphia, Dec. 16th, 1791.

Dear Nabby: Your welcome letter of the 7th of this month reached me a few days since. I am exceedingly glad to hear that the family are all well, and in particular your mamma and the two little ones "whom having not seen I love." Your idea that they will make two fine men is a very pleasing one to me and I devoutly wish it may be realized. I regret the loss of the persons who have died in Windsor since I left it, and especially of Perry Newberry who bid fair to be useful in life. But so it is, while some are coming onto the stage others are going off to make room for them, and it is of much less consequence what time we spend in the world than how we spend it. This life is but an embryo of our existence and derives its consequences only from its connection with future scenes.

The ladies of your acquaintance in this place are frequently asking me why you did not come again. I give them such good-natured answers as happen to occur, but have told no one, what I might have told with truth, that it was necessary for you this winter to become the mistress of a family.

Miss Wadsworth enjoys high health, which she takes much pains to preserve, walking frequently three or four miles before breakfast. The rest of her time she spends much as you do yours, in seeing and being seen. She has some advantages beyond what you had—a richer and more fashionable father, and perhaps a fonder one though that is more than I admit, notwithstanding she gets a kiss or two from him every time he comes in and goes out.

MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY OF OLIVER ELLSWORTH AND HIS WIFE ABIGAIL WOLCOTT ELLSWORTH.

If you find any leisure, which will probably be very little, I wish you would amuse yourself with books. It is mental improvement after all which alone can give sweetness to manners and durability to charms.

Ollie must write daddy a letter and Martin must put a line into it and Fanny and Delia must tell Ollie something to write to daddie about the babies. With best wishes for you all,

I remain your affectionate parent

OLIVER ELLSWORTH.

PARIS, Aug. 5, 1800.

Dear Mrs. Ellsworth:

I shall leave France next month, let our business which is yet unfinished, terminate as it may.

If it please God that I see my family and friends once more, I shall certainly love them better than ever.*

OLIVER ELLSWORTH.

A short time before her death Mrs. Ellsworth visited her daughter, Delia, who was living in Hartford. Mrs. Ellsworth died there August 4, 1818, much lamented by all her relatives and friends. She was buried in the ancient cemetery at Windsor, Conn., by the side of her honored husband who died November 26, 1807.

The inscriptions on the monument to Chief Justice Oliver and Abigail Wolcott Ellsworth, Windsor, Conn., are as follows:

(South side.)

To the memory of
OLIVER ELLSWORTH, LL.D.
a Judge of the Supreme Court
of the State of Connecticut,
A member of the Convention which
framed, and of the State Convention
of Connecticut which adopted
the Constitution of the United States,
Senator and Chief Justice
of the United States,
one of the envoys extraordinary
and ministers Plenipotentiary
who made the convention of 1800
between the United States
and the French Republic.

* From Styles' History of Windsor, Conn.

(East side.)

Amiable and exemplary in all
the relations of domestic, social,
and Christian character, preeminently
useful in all the offices he sustained,
where great talents, under the
guidance of inflexible, consummate
wisdom and enlightened zeal,
placed him among the first
of the illustrious statesmen who
achieved the independence of and
established the American Republic.

Born at Windsor, April 29th, A.D. 1745.
Died Nov. 26th, A.D. 1807.

(North side.)

Abigail Ellsworth
Relic
of the
Hon. Oliver Ellsworth
Born Feb. 8th, A.D. 1756
Died Aug. 4th, A.D. 1818

A friend of the poor
Affectionate and exemplary
she adorned her Christian profession
discharged well the duties of life
and yet,
"Nothing in her life became her
like her leaving it."

(West side.)

Filial affection
has
erected
this
monument.

Mary E. H. Power.

LUCRETIA SHAW

WIFE OF

NATHANIEL SHAW, JUN.

Agent of the Marine Committee, Continental Congress, Commissary of the Militia and Marine, Colony and State of Connecticut

LUCRETIA SHAW CHAPTER
NEW LONDON

LUCRETIA SHAW.

(From a painting by Copley.)

LUCRETIA SHAW

LUCRETIA SHAW, whose name the New London Chapter would perpetuate in recognition of her loyal life and early death in the cause of American Independence, still looks down from her place in the gallery of the Shaw Mansion after more than a century since her death. Gleaming in rich attire, of stately presence, and with gracious smile, preserved through the genius of the artist Copley, she has held gentle sway over the hearts of each succeeding generation.

Mrs. Shaw was the devoted and beloved wife of Nathaniel Shaw, Esq.,* an eminent merchant and a most efficient representative of the Continental Congress in naval affairs during the War of Independence. One of the earliest acts of Congress, after the Battle of Bunker Hill, was the authorization, under the hand of John Hancock, for the issue to Nathaniel Shaw, Esq., of a Commission as "Naval Agent" for the Continent. Long before this appointment Mr. Shaw had been conspicuously associated with the patriotic movements of the "Sons of Freedom." His name appears on the first Committee of Correspondence of the Town of New London, in which position he remained through the anxious years when the storm was gathering and also through

* "Nathaniel Shaw the elder was not a native of New London but was born in Boston in 1703. His father removed to Fairfield, Conn., about the time of his birth. Nathaniel Shaw, Sr., came to New London before 1730, and was many years engaged in the Irish trade. He married Temperance Harris, a granddaughter of the first Gabriel Harris one of the first settlers. They had a numerous family. Of the eight children only Mary, the youngest, had descendants. She died in 1775, aged 24 years. Her Mother died in 1797, aged 87 years. Her Father, Nat'l Shaw, Sr., died in 1778, aged 75 years."—*From Miss Caulkins' History of New London.*

the long uncertain period of the Revolution. Other changes were made, but his name always remained as one of the committee.

Before hostilities began he despatched his own pleasure craft, the "Queen of France," to the West Indies with the terse order, "Buy powder and return at once." This powder was a part of the scanty ammunition afterwards used at the Battle of Bunker Hill.

After the siege of Boston General Washington met Governor Trumbull at Norwich, to confer with him concerning the military resources of Connecticut and the financial ability of the State to contribute to the great cause of Independence. Thence passing on to New London Washington became the guest of Mr. Shaw, whose judgment in naval affairs was deemed paramount to all others in the Colony. At this time, and with the participation of Mr. Shaw, an important interview was held with Commodore Hopkins concerning the object and destination of the first naval expedition sent out by the Continental Government. In this fleet was Hopkins' flagship the "Alfred," at whose peak was first hoisted the American flag.*

The Colonial Records of the year 1776 contain numerous entries of the various duties in which Mr. Shaw was engaged. In January there is a record of his participation in the equipment of Hopkins' fleet. Following this, in February, it was ordered, "that teams and tools for the use of the fortifications at New London and Groton shall be provided by Mr. Nathaniel Shaw, Jun."

In March it was "voted that his Honour be desired to direct the Committee of the lead mine at Middletown, as soon as may be, to forward one ton of said lead to Mr. Nathaniel Shaw of New London for the use of the Colony."

In April an order was given "on Nathaniel Shaw, Jun., to deliver to Capt. Seth Harding eight of the swivel guns and fifteen hundred lbs. of powder and four hundred swivel shot, in part of what the said Shaw has provided for the Colony, and take receipt accordingly."

In May—"Voted, that an order be given on the Pay Table for £300 in favor of Mr. Nathaniel Shaw as commissary and provider of materials, teams, timber, etc., for the use of the troops

*Cooper's Naval History.

stationed at New London, and for carrying on the works there ;" also voted, "That Mr. Shaw, with others, is appointed a Committee to procure £1800, lawful money, and pay the same to his Honour the Governor for the use of the Northern Army."

In July, voted "That Mr. Nathaniel Shaw, Jun., is desired to provide supplies of provisions, arms, hammocks, cabouses, rigging, and every other needful article to furnish the Colony ships fit for the seas as soon as possible"; also voted, "That Mr. Nathaniel Shaw, Jun., of New London, is appointed agent for the Colonies for the purpose of [procuring] naval supplies, and for taking care of such sick seamen as may be sent on shore to his care."

These extracts are sufficient to show the varied activities of Mr. Shaw, concerning which Miss Caulkins in her History of New London says : "From this period during the remainder of the struggle, as an accredited agent of Congress and the Colony, Mr. Shaw furnished stores, negotiated the exchange of prisoners, provided for sick seamen, and exercised a general care for the public service."

All three of his commissions,—as naval agent for the Continent, as agent for the disposition and awards of naval prizes, and lastly as agent for the care of the prisoners of war, are signed by John Hancock and are still in existence, preserved by his kindred, in the Shaw Mansion.

He was also engaged on his own account, as were other prominent citizens of New London, in sending out private armed vessels to cruise against the enemy.

During the entire war Mr. Shaw was in direct correspondence with Congress through the marine committee who, by correspondence, gave him instructions and received from him reports, suggestions and advice. During the seven years of the war various changes were made in the marine committee, most of whose members were included in Mr. Shaw's correspondence ; thirty-two being signers of the Declaration of Independence. Their valued autographs, appended to their official letters, are still in the possession of the Shaw family.

But more than anything else, the Records of the Connecticut Council of Safety (appointed by the Legislative Assembly to

THE SHAW MANSION, NEW LONDON.

advise and coöperate with the Governor in meeting exigencies which might arise during its intermissions) show the high consideration which the Council had for his character and ability. Mr. Shaw was repeatedly selected to forward the difficult and important measures for which the disturbed condition of the country called. Being, through his private business, familiar with every detail of the marine service he was especially efficient in equipping and despatching vessels for naval operations. To him largely was given the difficult and trying duty of negotiating for the exchange of prisoners, to provide quarters and attendance for the sick and destitute, and to supply them with money, clothing, and provisions.

Nathaniel Shaw, Sr., built the Shaw Mansion, quarrying the stone from his own grounds. It is a family tradition that there was already an ample and commodious residence on his grounds, but that the mansion was built in response to an appeal of the Acadians who, in 1756, landed destitute in New London and who besought him to deliver them from charity, whose subjects they must be if he did not give them labor. Hence the origin of the stone mansion. Nathaniel the younger, in addition to his large inheritance, had accumulated very large properties from his business and investments, and was able to gratify his generous inclination to aid his former compatriots, the Acadians, and to supply them with constant employment as his father had done on their arrival.

At the opening of the Revolution Nathaniel Shaw and his wife, Lucretia Shaw, were in the very prime of life, Mr. Shaw being forty years old and his wife a little more than two years his junior. The relations of Mr. Shaw and his wife were most tender, and there existed between them not only an affectionate conjugality but also an earnest, patriotic coöperation. One of the fragrant traditions of their descendants is the romantic attachment of this distinguished couple. Letters which passed between them, when Mr. Shaw was absent at the Legislature or on business with Gov. Trumbull at Lebanon, have all the warmth of youthful lovers.

The times offered a field wide and extensive for the activities of this noble woman, whose social position and large wealth gave her every possible opportunity. Mrs. Shaw lived at the very focus of Revolutionary affairs, while the majority of the women of those times participated only through the services of brothers or

husbands or sons. In a few instances only were women able to perform some heroic act of daring, or to make direct personal sacrifice. Moreover, to most the events of the war came as tidings and not as the result of their own undertakings.

But Lucretia Shaw lived in the presence of statesmen whose deep-laid plans were known to her from their very inception, and carefully watched by her through their development to their very fulfilment ; not unrarely the plan itself having been conceived and its execution aided by her woman's wit. Such was Lucretia Shaw who, living in the midst of the great war movement, was also the mistress of a mansion always famous for its hospitality and the center at that time of a wide field of action. In colonial days distinguished strangers and official guests, visiting New London, were entertained at the Shaw Mansion. Before the outbreak of the war, New London being the center of local authority, the eminent Friends of Freedom were cordially received here, and after the war began its welcome was no less catholic.

Governor Trumbull was not only a fellow patriot, he was an intimate personal friend. His duties often called him from the war office at Lebanon to New London and, attended by his Council, he was always received at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Shaw. Their table was rarely without guests of note connected with the army or navy or council chamber. General Washington, General Greene, Governor Griswold, a Connecticut celebrity,— all the men of note in the state were frequent visitors. At the Shaw home in the course of a day one might have met all the patriots of local reputation : Huntington of Norwich, when home from Congress, Dyer and Elderkin of Windham, Johnson, the famous Lyme clergyman, and, in the early days before Bunker Hill, Nathan Hale, who was a constant visitor at the house of his genial trustee.

New London was on the great turnpike from Boston, via Providence and Newport, to New York and Philadelphia, and the constant expresses, from high quarters to high quarters, always stopped at the Naval Office in New London to receive and give the latest news ; hence with the frequent arrival and departure of war vessels and privateers, the incoming of cartels with exchanged prisoners, New London was both a naval center and an important post-town : thus Mrs. Shaw's home became a well known gather-

ing place. Every day registered an important event, or its promise or portent.

In the midst of these activities Mrs. Shaw lived the earnest and close friend of her husband ; ready to give with an open hand to want, and with ever a pitying eye for suffering. Her unfailing kindness and Christian charity found abundant field for action. She manifested in her ministrations and in her sympathy a perfect impartiality ; distinguished patriots and suffering, wounded soldiers and sailors were regarded by her as of the same household, and received in unstinted measure of her bounty. The more especial objects of her compassion were the prisoners returning from the floating gaols and garrison pens of British posts. They were usually physical wrecks, victims of every imaginable deprivation, who had to be carried in litters by the pitying townsmen from the vessels to the lodging places whither they had been assigned ; there to be cared for and, if possible, restored to vitality before seeking their homes, but who too often passed from this kindly haven to the "bourne from whence no traveller e'er returns."

The New London *Gazette* in an issue late in 1781, the year of the burning of New London, gives the following picture of the devotion of the townspeople to the unfortunate victims of the cruelties of war.

"It has been the more than hellish practice of these enemies to God and man, during this barbarous war, to stab promiscuously in the dark, to murder by secret ways, those they cannot kill openly, and for this purpose, our friends who have the misfortune to fall into their hands are immediately crowded into prison-ships and there confined till two-thirds perish with gaol fever, and the surviving, being affected (sic) there with the fever, are sent out to spread death and desolation through our borders. One hundred and thirty were landed here the 3d ult. (Dec. 1781) from New York in a most deplorable condition ; a great part of them have since died, and those of them that have survived are in such a debilitated state, that they will have to drag out a miserable existence ; numbers in this unhappy town, and in Groton, have lost their lives by taking them in, and great numbers of others have been brought to the very gates of death and still lie in a languishing condition. It is enough to melt the most obdurate heart (except a Briton's) to see these miserable objects continually landing here from every flag [of truce] that comes ; to see them poured out upon our desolated wharves, sick and dying, and the few rags they

Lost C.

have on covered with vermin, . . . their friends (if they have any) at a distance, and no public hospital or provision made to receive them! Thus it is that the compassionate among us are compelled by their dying groans to take them into their families at the expense of their lives, until their friends can come to their relief; and they are, for the most part, burdened with them for a long time, without the least recompense in this world; notwithstanding, whole families have been ruined by this means. The little part of this town that was preserved from fire, by bribing the firing parties on the 6th of September, is so crowded by those who have been burned out of house and home, that it is dreadful indeed to take these poor infectious, dying creatures in. In short if there is no redress of this intolerable evil, this town and Groton must be depopulated."

When Burke declared, in the English Parliament, his high opinion of the state papers of the American Colonists, whether they were the resolves of popular assemblies, the more formal propositions of legislatures, or their correspondence with the authorized agents of the States, he especially extolled their gravity, their sound reasoning, their loftiness of tone, and their literary excellence. Our forefathers during those momentous years manifested an elevation of spirit quite equal to the character of their cause. Their usually high moral characteristics seem to have risen to a loftier level, and their ordinary virtues suddenly to have been transformed into marvels of unselfishness and sacrifice.

The devotion of Mrs. Shaw to the cause of independence and her ministrations to the sick prisoners place her on the list of Revolutionary heroines, though she would have shrunk from receiving such an accolade; not counting herself worthy of the honor. The last act of her life, one that occasioned her death, was her personal attendance upon a number of sick prisoners, infected with contagious disease, whom, in the warmth of her pity, she had had transferred into the family residence. From them she took the gaol fever and, after a very short illness, her beautiful life was ended; her husband surviving her but two or three months.*

"Death ere thou slayest another,
Good and wise and fair as she,
Old time shall throw a dart at thee."

Jane Richards Perkins.

* Nathaniel Shaw the younger died in 1782, aged 47 years. His wife Lucretia died in 1781, aged 44 years.

MARY (CLAP) WOOSTER

WIFE OF

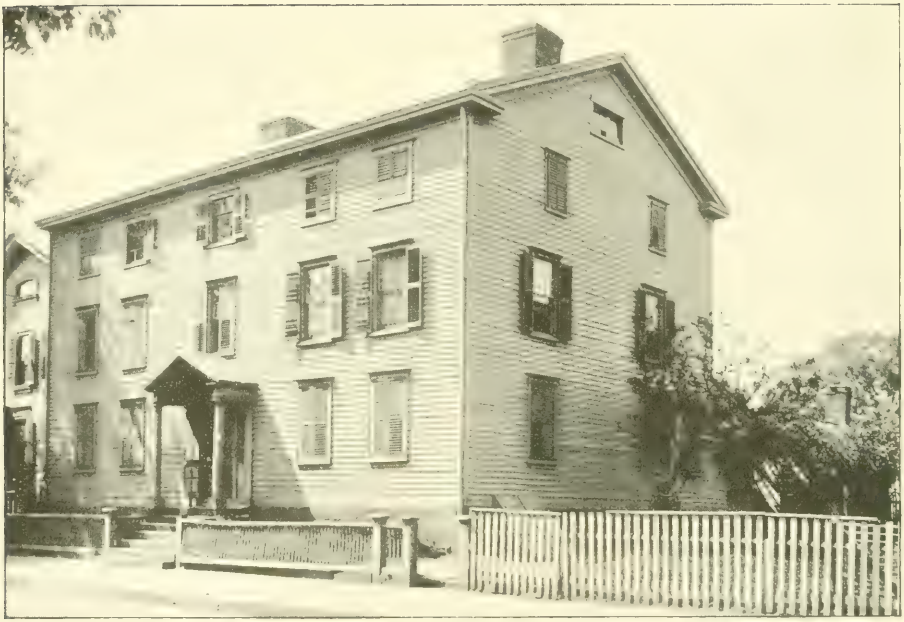
DAVID WOOSTER

First Major-General Connecticut Troops

Brigadier-General Continental Army

MARY CLAP WOOSTER CHAPTER
NEW HAVEN

MARY WOOSTER CHAPTER
DANBURY



GENERAL WOOSTER HOUSE ON WOOSTER STREET, NEW HAVEN.

(Plate loaned by Mrs. Frances Sheldon Bolton, editor "Mothers' Magazine.")

MARY CLAP WOOSTER

THE life of General David Wooster is part of our nation's history. A man loyal both to private and to public duty, a good citizen, an unselfish patriot, and a gallant soldier; not his native state alone, but our whole country may justly honor his memory. Another shares his fame; the brave woman whose life was linked with his, and who, as the historian tells us, "from the date of her nuptials till she followed him to the grave, clung to his fortunes with all a woman's unfaltering constancy and devotion."

Mary Clap Wooster was born in Windham, Connecticut, April 25th, 1729. The rare qualities of mind and heart for which through life she was distinguished were her rightful inheritance. That her father, the Rev. Thomas Clap, was no ordinary man we have abundant evidence. He was born in Scituate, Massachusetts, in 1703, was graduated from Harvard in 1722, was settled in the ministry at Windham, Connecticut, in 1726, and in 1739 became the fourth president of Yale. It is thus that Mr. Richard Woodhull, a tutor of the college under his administration, writes of him: "In whatever company he was, and whatever was the subject of conversation, he appeared evidently to understand it more clearly and more comprehensively than any other person present." President Stiles, who knew him intimately, commends him even more warmly, and the epitaph upon President Clap's monument testifies in the quaint language of the time to his distinguished ability and services.

Mr. Clap was twice married; his first wife, Mary Whiting, being a lineal descendant of Governor Bradford, as he himself was of John Howland, also of Mayflower memory. Mary Clap Wooster was, therefore, doubly a daughter of the Mayflower.

JOHN HOWLAND = ELIZABETH TILLEY
dau. of John Tilley, and according to the "White Bible" granddaughter of Gov. Carver.

GOV. WILLIAM BRADFORD = ALICE CARPENTER

Major WILLIAM BRADFORD = ALICE RICHARDS

DESIRE HOWLAND = Capt. JOHN GORHAM

ALICE BRADFORD = Rev. WILLIAM ADAMS

Lieut.-Col. JOHN GORHAM = MARY OTIS

ELIZABETH ADAMS = Rev. SAMUEL WHITING

TEMPERANCE GORHAM = STEPHEN CLAP

MARY WHITING = Rev. THOMAS CLAP

Rev. THOMAS CLAP = MARY WHITING
President of Yale College

MARY CLAP WOOSTER

Mary Whiting Clap died at the early age of twenty-four, leaving two children; one of whom became Mrs. Wooster and the other Mrs. Pitkin of Farmington. There is still in existence a manuscript memoir of Mrs. Clap, written by her husband as a loving tribute to her fair young life and to her rare nobility of character.

A house which stood upon the site of the long-familiar "College Street Church," the present College Hall of the University, was President Clap's New Haven residence, and in this house, on March 6th, 1745, the marriage of his eldest daughter Mary with David Wooster was celebrated. Wooster, then thirty-five years of age, was, at the time, in command of the sloop "Defense," the first war vessel built in Connecticut. Authorities tell us that "During the war between England and Spain in 1740 the Connecticut Assembly built, at Middletown, a sloop of war, of about one hundred tons, to guard the commerce and sea-coast of the colony, and, of this vessel, in May, 1741, Captain George Phillips was appointed Commander, and David Wooster of New Haven, Lieutenant; in 1742 Wooster was advanced to the position of Captain." Cruising along the coast from Cape Cod to Virginia as protection against Spanish pirates, the "Defense" occasionally ran into New Haven that its commander might pay a "stolen visit" to his affianced wife. He had chosen wisely and well, and the day which knit his fortunes with those of the woman he loved proved a happy day for both.

It is probable that David Wooster and his young bride made the first home of their married life in the house which, until recently, stood upon George street nearly fronting College street,

CORNER CUPBOARD, FORMERLY IN THE GENERAL WOOSTER HOUSE ON GEORGE ST.

(Photographed by Filley, by permission of the owner, Henry Tibbals, Esq.)

since a deed conveying this property to David Wooster bears date January 18, 1744–45.* Here they resided until 1769 when they

* In 1895 the George street house was removed and upon its site was erected the Zunder School building, named in honor of a valued New Haven citizen. In June, 1899, with permission from the New Haven Board of Education, a commemorative tablet was placed upon this building by the Mary Clap Wooster Chapter, D. A. R.

removed to the house still standing upon the north side of Wooster street, not far from Chestnut street.

Four children were given to General and Mrs. Wooster.

MARY, who was born January 20, 1747, and died October 20, 1748.

THOMAS, born August 29, 1752. He was a graduate of Yale in the class of 1768, was married to Lydia Shelton of New York, 1777, and lived in New Haven until December 12, 1791, when he removed to New Orleans. He had seven children. His fourth, Charles Whiting Wooster, was born in New Haven, 1785, and died in California, 1848. He was Rear Admiral in the Chilian navy in 1829. He married Frances Stebbins and left one son, Charles Francis Wooster, Lieutenant in U. S. Army, who died unmarried about 1855.

MARY, born 1754, died 1754.

MARY, born October 21, 1755. In 1772, she became the wife of Rev. John Cossins Ogden, a graduate of Princeton in the class of 1770, and an Episcopal clergyman, settled, at one time, in Hanover, New Hampshire. They had three children, all of whom died unmarried.

In heart and purpose David Wooster and his wife were one. With cheerful courage she sent him from her to do battle in the Colonial wars. She rejoiced in the honors paid him in London, and the signal marks of royal favor which he enjoyed after the capture of Louisbourg. She sympathized in his plans for a bond of universal brotherhood—those plans which in 1750 found expression in the establishment of Hiram Lodge with Wooster as first master. During the twelve years of comparative ease which Wooster enjoyed, as Collector of Customs in New Haven and captain upon half-pay of His Majesty's Fifty-first Regiment of Foot, she presided with grace and dignity over their hospitable home. She made it the resort of taste and learning, the center of all that was best in the best life of old New England. At the outbreak of the Revolution she was equally ready with her husband to resign wealth, refuse office and receive royal displeasure at the call of duty. Her patriotism burned steadily as his own under slights from Congress, which could not make an Arnold of Wooster. When money was needed for the troops, it was with his wife's knowledge and approval that General Wooster paid officers and men from his own private resources. "The pity of it" to be told, that in venerable age this heroic

woman suffered imprisonment for debt, the key of the jail even being turned upon her.

When General Wooster fell at Ridgefield and, mortally wounded, was borne to Danbury, Madam Wooster was summoned to his bedside. She came, indeed, too late for any sign of loving recognition, but we may hope that she found comfort in the knowledge that he had faced death with serenity, and in the privilege given of watching beside him as the brave spirit cast aside the mortal to "put on immortality."

Incidents quite unlike in character tell us that, in the public mind, also, husband and wife were inseparable.

In 1759, on the day that General (then Colonel) Wooster left New Haven to join the forces of General Amherst, he marched at the head of his regiment into the "White Haven," better known in later times as the North Church. It is said that the most eloquent passage of the sermon preached that morning, by Rev. Samuel Bird, was the tribute paid to Madam Wooster in the closing address to the soldiers and their commander.

It was doubtless because she was the widow of General Wooster that, twenty years later, Madam Wooster's house was pillaged by British soldiers and she herself subjected to dastardly insult. When warned that British troops were advancing upon New Haven we are told that she quietly provided for the safety of her household, sending one young girl, her niece, on horseback with an escort to Farmington. When urged, however, to make her own escape, she resolutely refused. "I am not afraid to meet British soldiers," thus her reply comes down to us; "I have been the wife of a man who once fought with British soldiers, and who dared, when duty called, to fight against them." So with one colored woman, Prissy by name, who would not desert her mistress, Madam Wooster remained to guard her house and property.

What kindly treatment Madam Wooster received at the hands of British soldiers is shown by the following extracts from Hinman's "Connecticut in the Revolution."

Sworn, July 26, 1779, before Samuel Bishop, Justice of Peace in New Haven.

"John Collins, formerly an officer in the Continental Navy, sick at the home of Captain Thomas Wooster, in New Haven, testified that on the fifth day of July, 1779, soon after the British army took possession of New Haven, a number of British soldiers entered Mrs. Wooster's home (the widow of General Wooster) and demanded of her, her silver and silver plate. She told them she had none in the house. They then demanded her pocket, which she refused. One of the soldiers seized her by the shoulder, swore she had plate, and he would kill her unless she delivered

CHAIRS AND OLD SILVER, ONCE OWNED BY MRS. WOOSTER.

(Photographed by Filley, by permission of the Misses Chapin.)

it. She then took a watch from her pocket and gave it to him, and laid some other trifles on the table, and attempted to escape at the door. They cried, 'Damn her; stop her;' and laid violent hands on her, and one leveled a gun at her breast, damned her, and swore if she moved a step he would shoot her dead. They then demanded her rings and her handkerchief from her neck. She asked them if they were not ashamed to treat a woman thus. One replied, 'Damn you, do you think you must wear a silk handkerchief when I have none?' As they were about to use violence to obtain them, Mrs. Wooster delivered them up. They

then turned their attention to Mr. Collins and made him a prisoner, when Mrs. Wooster escaped."

The Rev. Chauncey Goodrich, in a sketch entitled "Invasion of New Haven by the British troops, July 5, 1779," gives the following additional particulars.

"John Miles (who was the father of Mrs. Samuel Hughes) and his family were members of the Church of England, and their sympathies were with the English government. He took no active part in the War of the Revolution, having friends on both sides, and awaited the event. A guard was placed at his house, which was where the bookstore of Mr. T. H. Pease is, to protect the family. Still a soldier put his hand into the pocket of one of the ladies of the family and robbed her of her gold beads, and

MOURNING RING REV. THOMAS CLAP.

(Inscription on Ring, T. Clap, OBIEN 1767, æ. 65.)

took the ear-rings from the ears of others. Many of their friends came to the house for protection, and among them was the widow of General Wooster. As she came running along the street, her handkerchief flying from her shoulders, the soldiers in a most dastardly manner slapped her on the back with their swords and called her a d——d rebel, knowing that she was the widow of General Wooster. After the war was over, Mrs. Wooster was accustomed to spend the Fourth of July in each year, as long as she lived, at the house of Mr. Samuel Hughes. . . . . Here the friends of the family gathered to meet Mrs. Wooster on that day and talk over the events of the war."

It was in this raid upon Madam Wooster's home that President Clap's papers and manuscripts were seized and carried off. If the enemy supposed that these were seditious documents, detailed

COAT OF ARMS OF THE CLAP FAMILY.

(Embroidered by Mary Clap upon black satin. Drawn by Charles L. Camp by permission of the owner, Hon. Simeon E. Baldwin.)

plans, possibly, for the rebel army, it must have been a grievous disappointment to discover later that they were unoffending educational treatises and largely astronomical calculations. Madam Wooster wrote to the officer in command, explaining the nature of these papers and requesting their return, but was told, in reply, that they could not be found.

President Stiles also wrote a note of inquiry to General Tryon, saying that many of these letters and papers were of consequence to Yale College and asking aid in their recovery. After receiving a polite but unsatisfactory answer President Stiles wrote a second note, in which the fate of the unfortunate manuscripts is thus revealed to us :

"On the night of the conflagration of Fairfield, three whale boats of our people on their way from Norwalk to the eastward passed by your fleet at anchor off Fairfield (then in flames), and sailed through a little ocean of floating papers, not far from your shipping. They took up some of them as they passed. I have since separated and reduced them all to three sorts and no more, viz : Gen. Wooster's own papers, Gen. Carleton's French Commissions and orders to the Canadian Militia, and Mr. Clap's, a few of which last belong to this College. This specimen, sir, shows us that the rest are unhappily and irrevocably lost, unless perhaps Capt. Bosswell might have selected some before the rest were thrown overboard."

Madam Wooster survived her gallant husband more than thirty years. The records of her personal life during these years are scanty, but family tradition preserves the memory of her most marked characteristics ; her quick wit, vivacity in conversation, dignified bearing, unselfish spirit and courageous temper. To these natural gifts were added the feminine accomplishments of that day. She was famed, we are told, for her excellence in old-fashioned housewifery and for her skill in embroidery. The Clap coat of arms, wrought in silk by her own hands, still graces the walls of a New Haven home, and by the courtesy of its present owner we have been permitted to secure the sketch which accompanies this paper.

Financially embarrassed, largely because of what her husband and herself had done for their country in its hour of peril, Madam

Wooster seems to have retained to the last her most attractive qualities. That she lost nothing of her social instincts and patriotic impulses may be inferred from the following :

EXTRACT FROM THE CONNECTICUT JOURNAL, 1798.

"Celebration by the ladies of New Haven on their own account, July 4th, 1798.

"At five o'clock the ladies of all ages met at the New Gardens (foot of Court street) and drank tea under a bower provided for the occasion. Madam Wooster presided, and the following toasts were given :

"The Spirit of '76.
"The President of the United States.
"The Hero in the Shades of Mt. Vernon.
"The Rights of Woman, may they be respected by the men of all ages.
"May all that is amiable in Woman characterize the Daughters of America.
"The Worthy Ladies of the late and present Presidents.

"The gentlemen who have been accustomed to celebrate the Fourth of July will recollect with gratitude that the ladies, fully alive to the peace and honor of the nation, kindly lent their aid to heighten the splendor of that glad day, by an assemblage of as much beauty, elegance and patriotism as this city ever witnessed."

We have another and a sadder picture in the following letter by Madam Wooster's own hand, addressed, in the later years of her life, to the masonic fraternity of which her husband had been the founder. Its tone of patient dignity under sharp reverses of fortune has genuine pathos.

"RESPECTABLE GENTLEMEN :

"Being informed that the institution of the society of Free Masons was designed for benevolent purposes, and that the widows of deceased members were authorized by propriety to apply to you for relief when by misfortunes reduced in their circumstances, I hope you will not think it improper or unreasonable if I ask your assistance in my present situation.

"Many of you gentlemen were personally acquainted with my deceased husband, Gen'l Wooster, and all of you it is likely have a knowledge of his character and situation in life, therefore to say

much concerning that would but be repeating what you already know, and you doubtless have a record of the relation in which he stood to your society as first Master of your lodge in this state. How far these considerations ought to influence you to compassionate my distresses, I shall leave to your better judgment to determine, but trust they will have due weight with the judicious and benevolent among you. Since my misfortunes I very frequently recollect what Gen'l Wooster has often told me, that the order of Masons was a useful institution and that one great design of it was to help the needy and assist the families of those who belonged to the brotherhood and were in need of assistance, and often would say, 'If you should, by any means be reduced in your circumstances, my being a member of this society may be a benefit to you.' But this was told me in the days of prosperity and made no great impression on my mind at the time; for I then had not tasted so largely of the bitter cup of affliction, nor did I then even conceive it possible that I should ever realize by experience my present situation. So little do we think, when the prospect is flattering before us, and we are enjoying in abundance the bounties of Providence, how many avenues may be opened to let in the streams of sorrow upon the soul and disappoint our dearest hopes and frustrate our most sanguine expectations. But I wish not to engross your time by any needless reflections on the subject, although my misfortunes and losses have been so unexpectedly multiplied and various and such as excited the keenest sensibility and needed the strongest resolution to support. The British troops when in this place not only took from me all my household furniture, clothing and other loose property, but carried off and destroyed all my papers, which rendered it impossible for me to settle my affairs with any justness, without very great expense and trouble and consequently subjected me to very heavy losses, which together with the disappointments (which many of you gentlemen are acquainted with) have so far reduced my means of subsistence as renders it necessary for me to submit to the painful task of asking assistance from my friends. These considerations, together with the advice of judicious gentlemen to make an appeal to you, have induced me to offer you this petition, and if you should find it consistent

with the rules of your society to extend your benevolence to me, I shall with gratitude accept whatever sum your generosity and judgment may prescribe, and if you shall see fit to grant my request, I trust that the generous and humane mind will not be without a recompense although it will not be in my power to return any but a grateful heart."

Mary Wooster

TOMBSTONE MARY CLAP WOOSTER.

Madam Wooster had evidently hesitated to write this letter. Apparently the existing manuscript is a copy, submitted to friends for their judgment and we do not know whether the letter was sent to the "Respectable Gentlemen" addressed. If it were, let us hope that it received the recognition it merited.

The years sped on with their joys and sorrows. Loved and honored in the community that had been her home from childhood, Madam Wooster found many sunny places along her shadowed path. She lived to see the success of the cause for which her husband had given his life. She lived to see the return of peace and the birth of a great nation. On June 6, 1807, she fell asleep, and, as we wander to-day amid historic names in the old New Haven cemetery, we may reverently pause to read the inscription upon the stone which marks her grave.

"Mary Clap Wooster
daughter of
President Thomas Clap
and widow of Gen. David Wooster
of the Revolutionary Army
was born at Windham
April 25 1729
and died at New Haven
June 6 1807
Aged 78

Madam Wooster was a lady of
high intellectual culture and distinguished for
her refined and dignified
courtesy and beloved for her
many Christian virtues."

Virginia Hubbard Curtis.
(MRS. T. W. T. CURTIS.)

GENERAL DAVID WOOSTER.

(Copy of a portrait found by Rev. E. E. Hale in Germany, now in possession of a relative of General Wooster. Plate loaned by Alfred M. Wildman, Danbury, Conn.)

MARY WOOSTER

THE recital of the story of Mary Wooster's life awakens pity and admiration ; pity for her sorrows and losses, and admiration for her heroic spirit. She was nurtured in a home devoted to piety and learning, and became the wife of a man whose patriotism was not affected even by the most galling ingratitude, and under influences both favorable and unfavorable she unfolded a character of which her early associations and her strong individuality had given sure promise.

Mary Wooster's father, Thomas Clap, was descended from Richard Clap of Dorchester, England, who was born about 1575. Her mother, Mary Whiting Clap, was a descendant of Governor Bradford, a granddaughter of Rev. John Whiting of Hartford, and one of the thirteen children of the Rev. Samuel Whiting, the first minister in the church at Windham, to which he had been called in 1692. It is said that Mr. Whiting's first sermon in the town was preached on the first day of the week, the first day of the year, from the first chapter of the Bible, and from the first verse.

Mary Whiting at the age of sixteen became the wife of the Rev. Thomas Clap, her father's successor in the ministry at Windham. Her brief life ended eight years later, and two little daughters were left motherless. Mr. Clap married again, but no other children were born into his family. He was called in 1739 to the presidency of Yale College, retaining the chair until his death in 1767. Through his efforts the college was improved in its charter, library, and buildings. He was an eminent natural philosopher and astronomer and published several books, among which was *A History of Yale College.*

His two daughters grew to womanhood amid elevating and refining influences, inheriting the strong characteristics which were afterward so prominently developed. Mary, the eldest, was born at Windham, April 25th, 1729, and, like her mother, married early.

Captain David Wooster,* her husband, was a man more than

* David Wooster, b. 2 March, 1710, was commissioned a Lieutenant in 1739, Captain in 1745, Colonel in 1756, General in 1775.

twice her age, and eminently fitted to guide and strengthen her character. He was a scholar, a soldier, and a Christian gentleman. They were united in marriage on 6 March, O. S. 1745.*

Separation came very soon. Hardly a month had passed when Captain Wooster was called to the command of his vessel, *The Defense*, to convoy the transports of the Connecticut troops to Louisburg. There is every reason to believe that his bride would not have detained him if she could, but regretted rather that she could not share his dangers, as she shared his patriotism. Her pride in the honors conferred upon him in the mother country, whither he was sent with prisoners and trophies of war, can well be imagined. During his residence in a foreign land he realized the advantage of membership in an order for the promotion of a universal brotherhood, and when on his return he introduced into Connecticut the order of Free Masons, becoming himself the first Master of Hiram Lodge, No. 1, there was no lack of sympathy on her part.

To David and Mary Wooster four children were born:†

Mary, born January, 1747, died October 1748.
Thomas,‡ born 29 August, 1752, was graduated at Yale College, and married Lydia Sheldon§ of New York, February, 1777.
Mary, a second daughter, born May, 1754, died October, 1754.
Mary, a third daughter, was born 21 October, 1755. She married, October, 1772, an Episcopal clergyman, Rev. John C. Ogden.

During the seven years of the French and Indian War Mrs. Wooster was left alone with her two little ones; she doubtless suffered great anxiety and suspense during the absence of her husband, then a Colonel in the Colonial service of England, an absence broken only by occasional visits home. During the thirty-two years of her married life, the twelve years of peace succeeding the last Colonial War was the longest period vouchsafed her of unbroken domestic life with her husband and children.

* 1. History of Danbury. 2. Genealogy of the Woosters in America.

† Genealogy of the Woosters in America (descended from Edward Wooster of Connecticut. By David Wooster, M.D., F.R.A.).

‡ The son of Thomas Wooster and his wife, Lydia Sheldon Wooster, was Admiral Charles W. Wooster, U. S. N., who presented to Yale University the sword of David Wooster, drawn at the time he fell in the defense of Danbury, the sash upon which he was borne from the field, and his portrait, found by Admiral Wooster at Santa Yego, Chili.

§ For orthography of the name Sheldon, see History of Derby, by Orcutt, p. 672, sketch in the handwriting of Mrs. Maria Clap Turner, daughter of Thomas and Lydia Wooster; also Genealogy of the Woosters in America.

The early accumulations of Colonel Wooster, together with the property inherited by both himself and wife, in addition to his officer's salary, furnished them with ample means. Their style of living was of the olden time elegance, including a lavish hospitality. Their home was the resort of the cultured and learned, in which Mrs. Wooster, by her wit, her brilliant conversation, and her gracious presence, was the center of attraction. Old comrades of Colonel Wooster, even soldiers and sailors who had served under him, were welcome at their house and at their hospitable board. During this period of peace, Madam Wooster endeavored to have the comforts and repose of home life make up to her husband for his many years of hardships and privations as a soldier and sailor. With the Lexington alarm, however, came a war cloud which again shadowed her home and brought with it grave anxieties and grievous losses. At the first call Colonel Wooster, after having refused a high commission in the British army, offered his services to Connecticut in behalf of the Colonies, and at a special session of the General Assembly, in April, 1775, was appointed Major-General and Commander-in-Chief of the Connecticut troops. Willingly Mrs. Wooster sacrificed their personal property and a high position for her husband in His Majesty's service to the cause of the American Colonies, and meekly bore with him the injustice done him by Congress in its failure to bestow the promotion which his services in the Colonial Wars merited.

On the morning of the 26th of April, 1777, she parted for the last time but one with her husband who, after two years' service in the war, now hastened to defend from invasion by the British the town of Danbury, where were American stores and hospital supplies. General Wooster arrived with his forces too late to save the village from the torch of the invader, applied in the darkness of the early morning hours, April 27th, to every structure not branded with the white cross which protected the dwellings of Tory inhabitants. His heart fired with avenging justice he pursued the retreating enemy, but fell near Ridgefield, mortally wounded. Back to the ill-fated town they bore him, through its forsaken streets over which the smoke of burning homes hung like a pall, into the house where only a few hours earlier General Tryon had made merry. Madam Wooster was

House where Gen'l David Wooster Died.

Corner Cupboard in Old House in which Wooster Died. Shelves *Red*, Pillars and Dome *Blue*, Arch *White*, Outside *Old Green*.

Wooster Monument.

(Plate loaned by Alfred M. Wildman, Danbury, Conn.)

quickly summoned for a parting more sorrowful than any she had yet known. For four days she watched beside him, listening to the wanderings of his clouded mind and waiting for one look of recognition, until finally his eyes unclosed, the light of reason in them, and realizing her presence he gave her one look of undying affection and made one supreme effort to voice a farewell.* Through the deserted streets of the ruined town she followed him to his last resting place, far from home and kindred, and then returned alone to her desolated hearth.

Such a loyal, faithful wife could not fail to be a devoted mother, as her efforts in behalf of her son bear witness. In May, 1782, she pleaded before the Connecticut Legislature the cause of her son, who had early been drawn over the lines into British service, and her plea was successful.† Later, by letter dated May 8, 1789, she appealed probably in her son's behalf to General Washington, a little more than two months after his inauguration as President. It is evident from his answer, May 21st, 1789, that she recounted the misfortunes of her family caused by the Revolutionary War and that she asked for some appointment, apparently for her son, but there is no evidence in Washington's reply that her request was granted.

LETTER FROM GEORGE WASHINGTON TO MARY WOOSTER.

(From J. Sparks' Life and Writings of Washington, Vol. XI, page 393.)

"NEW YORK, 21 May, 1789.

MADAM:

"I have duly received your affecting letter, dated the 8th day of this month. Sympathizing with you as I do in the great misfortunes which have befallen your family in consequence of the war, my feelings as an individual would forcibly prompt me to do everything in my power to repair these misfortunes. But as a public man, acting only with a reference to the public good, I must be allowed to decide upon all points of my duty without consulting my private inclinations and wishes.

*1. Henry C. Deming's oration at the dedication of the Wooster Monument. 2. Danbury Traditions.

†In May, 1782, "Widow Mary Wooster pleads before the Legislature the case of her son, then in New York. He had been early drawn over the lines and into the British service. He had never taken up arms and of late had lived in New York, carrying on his trade as tailor, he had made money, and is now anxious to visit his mother and make Stamford his future home. He is ready to give pledges of his loyalty to the new government, and is by vote of the Legislature allowed to return"—*From History of Stamford.*

"I must be permitted with the best lights I can obtain, and upon a general view of characters and circumstances, to nominate such persons alone to office as in my judgment shall be the best qualified to discharge the functions of the departments to which they shall be appointed. Hitherto I have given no decisive answers to the applications of any candidates whatsoever. Nor would it be proper for me, before offices shall be created, and before I can have a general knowledge of the competitors for them, to say anything that might be construed as intended to encourage or discourage the hopes which individuals may have formed of success. I only wish, so far as my agency in this business is concerned, that candidates for office would save themselves the trouble and consequent expense of personal attendance. All that I require is the name and such testimonials with respect to abilities, integrity and fitness as it may be in the power of the several applicants to produce.

"Beyond this nothing with me is necessary or will be of any avail to them in my decisions. In the meantime I beg you will be persuaded, madam, that, let the result be whatsoever it may, I can have no interest to promote but that of the public: and that I remain in all personal considerations, with the highest respect,

Your most obedient servant."

Among other sacrifices made by General Wooster during the Revolutionary War, of which all record was destroyed, we have Madam Wooster's word for the following: When General Wooster, in command of the Connecticut troops, started on an expedition against the enemy, he had often said to her: "I cannot go with these men without money," and from his own private funds was accustomed to pay officers and men. The receipts for the money thus advanced were all destroyed when her house was sacked by the British in 1779, and Madam Wooster's finances were so reduced by the war that, after it, this loyal woman was imprisoned for debt, the keys of the jail even being turned upon her.

Undaunted still, this woman of heroic mould bore bravely her pecuniary reverses, in spite of which she retained much of her early vigor even in old age, and in her declining years was surrounded by friends whose love and respect brightened and cheered her to the last.

An incident in the latter part of her life gives evidence of her vigor and cheerfulness. On the last evening of the last century, when more than seventy years of age, she was present at an assembly in New Haven; the first she had attended since the

middle of the eighteenth century. She was very animated, and in the course of the evening when all of the musicians except the drummer boy were absent she asked him to play some of her favorite airs. While Washington's March was being given, a gentleman twenty years her junior, Mr. Isaac Beers, took her by the hand and promenaded with her up and down the hall, keeping step with the music. The occurrence created a pleasant sensation among the guests, who enthusiastically applauded the gallantry of her partner and the grace of the lady.

Madam Wooster died June 6th, 1807, at the age of seventy-eight, in New Haven, where all but a few of her years were spent. She rests near the burial place of her father, but her husband's grave is in Danbury. Two Chapters of Connecticut D. A. R. honor her memory. On April 27th, the anniversary of the day on which General Wooster was wounded, the Mary Wooster Chapter of Danbury places a laurel wreath upon his tomb in the cemetery called, for the martyred soldier who lies there, the Wooster Cemetery; and the loving, faithful wife is not forgotten. A floral tribute to the memory of Mary Wooster is laid near that of her husband by the Chapter which bears her name.

THE WOOSTER MONUMENT.

The monument is of Portland granite, forty feet in height, on a base eight feet square. It stands on a solid platform seventy feet square, at the corners of which are massive stone posts supporting an iron railing. The plinth is richly moulded with the name of Wooster in large, raised letters on the front or south side.

Above, a finely sculptured relief represents the General as falling from his horse at the moment he received the fatal ball. On the opposite side is a memorial inscription. On the east side are representations of various Masonic emblems, and on the reverse side is a Masonic inscription. On the part of the shaft, above the figure in relief, appear the State arms; and higher, a trophy composed of sash, sword, and epaulettes ornaments the main shaft.

A globe surmounts the whole, on which is poised the American eagle. On the north side is the following inscription:

DAVID WOOSTER,
First Maj.-Gen. of the Conn. troops
in the
Army of the Revolution:
Brig.-Gen. of the United Colonies:
Born at Stratford, March 2, 1710–11:
Wounded at Ridgefield, April 27, 1777,
while defending the liberties of
America,
and nobly died at Danbury,
May 2d, 1777.
Of his country Wooster said:

"My life has ever been devoted to her service from my youth up, though never before in a cause like this; a cause for which I would most cheerfully risk—nay lay down my life!"

On the east side is this inscription:

BROTHER DAVID WOOSTER,
Impressed while a stranger in a foreign land
with the necessity of some tie
that should unite all mankind in a
Universal Brotherhood,
he returned to his native country and procured
from the Provincial Grand Lodge of Massachusetts
a Charter,
and first introduced into Conn.
that Light which has warmed the widows' heart
and illumined the orphans' pathway.
Under this Charter in 1750,
Hiram Lodge No. 1 of New Haven was organized,
of which he was the first Worshipful Master.
Grateful for his services
as the Master Builder of their oldest Temple,
for his fidelity as a Brother,
and his renown as a patriot and a soldier,
the Free and Accepted Masons
have united with his native State and the citizens of
Danbury
in rearing and consecrating
this Monument to his memory.
Erected at Danbury, A.L. 5854, A.D. 1854, David Clark, G. Master.

Helen Meeker.

Authorities used in preparing this sketch are:
Clap Genealogy. Boston Library.
Genealogy of the Woosters in America.
Barber's History of Connecticut.
Chambers' Encyclopedia.
Henry C. Deming's Oration at the Dedication of Wooster Monument.
History of Stamford.
Washington's Correspondence.
American Monthly Magazine—Letter of a Yale College Student.

ELIZABETH PORTER PUTNAM

MOTHER OF

ISRAEL PUTNAM

DEBORAH AVERY PUTNAM

WIFE OF

ISRAEL PUTNAM

Brigadier-General Connecticut Troops

Major-General Continental Army

ELIZABETH PORTER PUTNAM CHAPTER

PUTNAM

DEBORAH AVERY PUTNAM CHAPTER

PLAINFIELD

"Israel Putnam had fought the Indians and the French for a score of years and in a score of battles. . . . . He had known what it was to have his comrades scalped before his face . . . . and to stand bound to the trunk of a tree with a torture fire crackling about him. . . . . From adventures [like these] he would go home to build fences with no consciousness of heroism, and still less with any anticipation of the world famous scenes for his part in which these experiences in the wilderness were training him."

Sir George Otto Trevelyan, Bart.

"His name has long been . . . . one of the talismanic names of the Revolution, the very mention of which is like the sound of a trumpet."

Washington Irving.

ELIZABETH PORTER PUTNAM

ELIZABETH PORTER PUTNAM was the daughter of Israel and Elizabeth (Hathorne) Porter and granddaughter of John and Mary Porter, the emigrant progenitors of the Porters of Essex County, Massachusetts.

On her mother's side she was the granddaughter of Major and Ann Hathorne, whose country seat was on the spot where the asylum now stands in Danvers, Massachusetts. Nathaniel Hawthorne, the celebrated novelist, was of the same lineage.

Elizabeth Porter was born in 1673, and died in 1746. When sixteen years and six months old she was married to Joseph Putnam of Salem (now Danvers), son of Lieutenant Thomas Putnam and grandson of the first John Putnam. Joseph was conspicuous in the days of witchcraft on account of his opposition to the trials. He did all in his power to show his disapproval of Rev. Samuel Parris and other leaders in the strange delusion. We can easily picture these as anxious days for the youthful wife; for history says that Joseph Putnam kept his fleetest horse saddled continually for six months, in order to escape at a moment's warning from any one who might attempt to arrest him.

After the death of his father the homestead, then regarded as a house of the better class in New England, was inherited by Joseph Putnam, and to this comfortable home he took his wife Elizabeth. He became a valuable member of society and she was a worthy helpmate. His father had left him a large estate, and for those times the Putnams were really opulent.

In these remote days it is impossible to gather out of the distant and misty past any particulars of Elizabeth Putnam's life, but we know that she reared a large and noble family of children.

Her children were as follows :

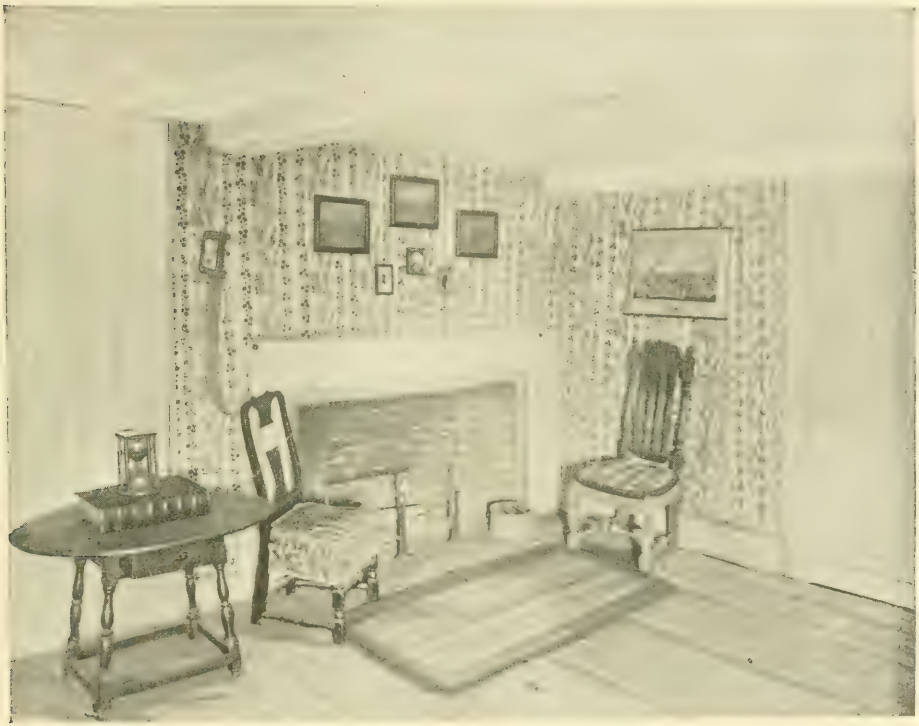
1. Mary, b. 2d Feb., 1690; m. Bartholomew Putnam.
2. Elizabeth, b. 12th April, 1696 ; m. 1714, Jona. Putnam (son of Capt. Jona.) ; she m. 2d, 1736, Capt. Benj. Houlton ; m. 3d, 1745, Edw. Carlton of Haverhill. Her grandson, Perley Putnam, was slain at Lexington, 19th April, 1775, and his brother Nathan wounded. Her granddau., Sarah Putnam, m. Henry Putnam, who was also at Lexington.
3. Sarah, b. 1697 ; m. 1716, Eleazer Brown.
4. William, b. 1700 ; m. Elizabeth Putnam.
5. Rachel, b. 1702 ; m. 1723, John Trask ; m. 2d, John Leach.

HOME OF ELIZABETH PORTER PUTNAM AND BIRTHPLACE OF ISRAEL PUTNAM.
(Rear view.)

6. Anne, m. Col. Jethro Putnam, Revolutionary soldier.
7. David, b. 1707. A colonel famous as a local cavalry officer *before* the Revolution. His descendants in Danvers live at the Putnam homestead.
8. Eunice, b. 1710 ; m. 1731, Thomas Perley.
9. and 10. Died in infancy.
11. Huldah, b. 1717 ; m. 1734, Francis Perley.
12. Israel, b. 7th Jan., 1718 ; m. 1738, Hannah Pope ; m. 2d, 1767, Deborah Avery Gardiner.
13. Mehitable, b. 1720 ; m. 1741, Richard, son of John Dexter.

Her descendants number hundreds living to-day ; and the intermarriages with Putnam cousins, whose children again intermarried with other Putnams, have given rise to the host of Putnams

claiming near relationship to her noted son, Gen. Israel Putnam. Among her many distinguished descendants may be mentioned the late Douglas Putnam of Marietta, Ohio, grand helper of Marietta College; the Hon. Frederic Ward Putnam, of Harvard University; the late George Palmer Putnam, founder of the



ROOM IN WHICH ISRAEL PUTNAM WAS BORN.

publishing house of G. P. Putnam's Sons. His son George Haven Putnam has written a valuable work on the history of book-making; another son, Herbert Putnam, is librarian of the Congressional Library at Washington, D. C.

Elizabeth Putnam's most famous son, Gen. Israel Putnam, was born January 7, 1718, and the very chamber in which he first saw the light may still be seen in the old house which stands only two or three minutes' walk from "Swan's Crossing" on the Salem

and Lawrence railroad. Large additions were made to this venerable farmhouse in 1744 and also in 1831, but the original structure has been preserved intact.

Opportunities for education were very limited in those days, but Israel Putnam had the usual education of the day. He possessed also a rich inheritance of individuality, and the fact that, later in life, he was able to maintain such influence and popularity among officers accustomed to polite and educated society argues well for the gentle influence of his mother during his early years.

BIRTHPLACE OF ISRAEL PUTNAM AS IT NOW APPEARS.

His father died in 1724 and his boyhood was spent at his birthplace under the special guidance of his mother, until her second marriage, 15th May, 1727, to Capt. Thomas Perley when he probably went to live at the home of his stepfather in Boxford, Massachusetts.

When old enough to take charge of the share of the farm left him by his father he returned to Danvers, built a small house not far from his birthplace, and at twenty-one years of age married Hannah, daughter of Joseph and Mehitable Pope of Danvers, who was his trusted helper until her death in 1765.

They had five sons and five daughters as follows:

1. Israel, Jr., b. 28th Jan., 1740.
2. David, b. 10th March, 1742.
3. Hannah, b. 25th Aug., 1744.
4. Elizabeth, b. 20th March, 1747.
5. Mehitable, b. 21st Oct., 1749.
6. Molly, b. 10th May, 1753.
7. Eunice, b. 10th Jan., 1756.
8. Daniel, b. 18th Nov., 1759.
9. David, b. 14th Oct., 1761.
10. Peter Schuyler, b. 31st Dec., 1764.

Two years after his marriage to Hannah Pope, this enterprising young man purchased about five hundred acres of land in Pomfret, Connecticut, and removed there with his family. His mother, Elizabeth Porter Putnam Perley, lived six years after his departure and was seventy-three years old when she died in 1746. But no definite facts concerning her last years have been discovered, and henceforth our interest in her is transferred to her distinguished son.

The sixteen years following Israel Putnam's settlement in Connecticut were spent in hard, persevering work upon the soil. It was during this period of his life on the farm that the famous wolf hunt occurred, so well described in the "History of Windham County."* The preservation of this adventure in history is of special importance not only because of the picture it contains of the home life of Connecticut settlers during the Colonial period, but because the account contains a graphic picture of the youth Israel Putnam as he was probably known to his mother.

"For years this creature (Pomfret's last wolf) ranged and ravaged the country. There was not a farm or door-yard safe from her incursions. Innumerable sheep, lambs, kids, and fowls had fallen into her clutches. Little children were scared by her out of sleep and senses; boys and girls feared to go to school or drive the cows home, and lonely women at night trembled for absent husbands and children. In summer she was wont to repair to wilder regions northward, returning in autumn with a young family to her favorite haunt in Pomfret. These cubs were soon shot by watchful hunters, but the more wary mother resisted every effort. She evaded traps, outwitted dogs, and made herself, in the words of her biographer, 'an intolerable nuisance.'

"The great increase of stock, following the sale and occupation of Belcher's tract, opened a new source of supply to this enterprising and keen-sighted animal. Israel Putnam's farm was only separated by a deep, narrow valley from her favorite hillside. This young farmer had devoted himself to the cultivation of his land with much skill and energy, and within two or three years had erected a house and outbuildings, broken up land for corn and grain, set out fruit trees, and collected many valuable cattle and sheep. This fine flock soon caught the fancy of his appreciative neighbor, and one morning some seventy sheep and goats

* A model local history, written by Miss Ellen D. Larned, honored member of the Elizabeth Porter Putnam Chapter, D. A. R. (p. 360).

were reported killed, besides many lambs and kids torn and wounded. Putnam was greatly exasperated by this loss and butchery. He was not one to submit tamely to such inflictions. From his boyhood he had been distinguished for his courage and reckless daring. He was a bold rider, a practiced and successful hunter. He had a bloodhound of superior strength and sagacity. His stock was very dear to him, and he at once resolved to rid Pomfret of this nuisance. For books, at this time, young Putnam cared little. 'The United Library Association' had no attraction for him, but he was very eager to enter into combination with others for the destruction of this 'pernicious animal.' With five of his neighbors he agreed to hunt the wolf continuously by turns till they had caught and killed her.

"How long they watched and waited is not known. The final hunt is believed to have occurred in the winter of 1742–3. A light snow-fall the night preceding enabled the watchful hunters to trace the wolf far westward over hill and valley, and thence back to her lair in Pomfret. The report of their success in tracking the enemy had preceded them, and men and boys, with dogs and guns, hurried out to meet the returning hunters and join in the pursuit and capture. The track led onward into the heart of that savage fastness never before penetrated by white man.

"John Sharp—a lad of seventeen, grandson of the first William Sharp of Mashamoquet—ran, boy-like, in advance of the others, following the trail up the icy crag as it wound on between overhanging rocks, gnarled stumps and fallen tree-trunks to a small opening among the granite boulders of the hillside—the mouth, apparently of a narrow cave or passage, tunnelling far down into the depths of the earth. A joyful shout from the lad announced the discovery of the wolf's hiding-place. The news soon spread through the neighborhood, bringing new actors and spectators. Great was the interest and excitement. The wolf was trapped, but how could she be taken? The day was spent in fruitless efforts to force her from her position. Hounds were sent in but came back cowed and wounded. Straw and brimstone were burned in the cavern's mouth without effect. Secure in her rock-bound fortress, the enemy disdained to parley or surrender. Night brought with it new fears and anxieties. The cave might have some outlet by which the wolf might steal away in the darkness. After all their efforts and anticipated triumph, it was possible that their foe might even now escape them.

"It does not appear that Putnam had joined in the hunt or siege, or that his absence was noted or regretted. The future world-renowned General was then a person of very little consequence. He was a young man and a stranger. He was not connected with any of Pomfret's old families. He lived in Mortlake, with whose

inhabitants Pomfret had as little concern as possible. He was not a member of the church, school committee, or library association. He was only a rough young farmer making his own way in the world, with a good eye for stock and a very superior bloodhound which in this moment of despondency was remembered and summoned to the rescue.

"But the obscure young farmer of 1743 had every distinguishing characteristic of the brave 'Old Put' of ''76.' A crisis brought him at once 'to the front.' Emergency and peril proved him a leader. With dog and gun he instantly obeyed the sum-

THE WOLF DEN.

mons. His coming changed the aspect of affairs. Doubt and fear vanished before his eagerness and impetuosity. Not a moment was to be lost. The wolf must be routed at once, whatever the hazard. If she would not come to them they must go to her. The passage must be stormed, and its hidden citadel carried. If dog and negro declined the hazardous service, Putnam himself was ready for the onset. Remonstrance and representation of danger were unheeded. Divesting himself of coat and waistcoat, with a rope fastened around his body and a blazing torch in his hand, he slowly crawled down the black, icy, narrow passage—'a mansion of horror,' unvisited before but by 'monsters of the desert'—and at its farthest extremity descried the glaring eyeballs of his terrified adversary. Drawn back by those without he descended a second time with torch and weapon, and with one

dexterous shot brought down the wolf as she prepared to take the defensive, 'and the people above, with no small exultation, dragged them both out together.' Pomfret's last wolf was destroyed, and her most famous hero brought to her knowledge."

The den is to-day one of the most interesting historical spots in Connecticut and the Mecca for many patriot pilgrims.

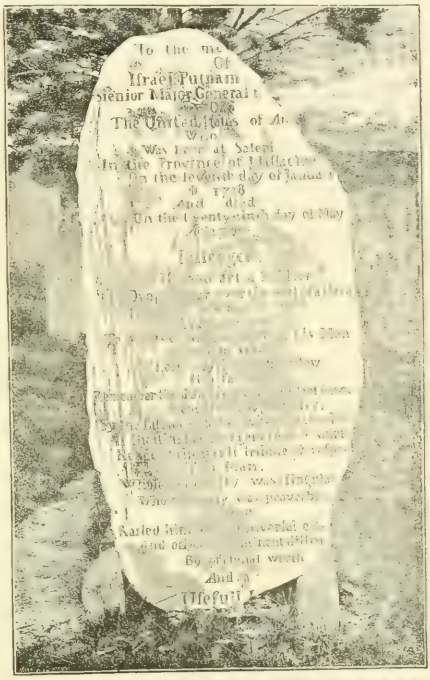
Immediately after its organization, in 1897, the Elizabeth Porter Putnam Chapter purchased the eighty acre tract in Pomfret in which the Wolf Den is located, and, with the kind coöperation of many friends, has become the possessor of the property without encumbrance. An old well has been restored and equipped with the old-fashioned well-sweep, and a new entrance effected to this scene of historic interest. Old Glory is kept waving over the Wolf Den and is the sole guardian of this lonely spot, moved by gentle breezes or buffeted by the storms and winds of winter, through long dark nights or peaceful days, in starlight or sunlight, and should ever guard, in this dense forest wild, a spot so dear to every true American heart.

Israel Putnam's military career began in the Colonial Wars. He was thirty-seven years old when Connecticut was called upon to furnish one thousand men to help rescue Crown Point and the region about Lake George from the French. Putnam was not only among the first to enlist, but raised a company of men from the neighborhood about his home and was appointed, with the title of captain, to the command of these recruits before he had seen a single day's military service.

With the exception of brief visits to Pomfret the seven years following were spent in campaigns in the wilderness. His biographers relate many adventures experienced and hardships borne during this period. The saving of the magazine at Fort Edward, at the imminent peril of his life, the flight from the Indians by skilfully steering his boat through the dangerous rapids of the Hudson where the savages dare not follow, at another time his capture by the Indians, the narrow escape from death at the stake, the weary march to Ticonderoga and thence to Montreal, and the many cruelties suffered in captivity make up a list of experiences any one of which would make him famous for courage and endurance.

In 1759 Putnam was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel and saw the capture of both Ticonderoga and Crown Point, and in 1760 the surrender of Montreal.

Then the scene shifted to the French possessions in the West Indies where success followed success for Putnam, and he returned home with the title of Colonel. Soon after he hung out his sign as an innkeeper, and a most entertaining host he must have been; full of tales of his remarkable adventures on land and sea.



SLAB TAKEN FROM PUTNAM'S GRAVE IN BROOKLYN, AND NOW IN THE POSSESSION OF THE CONNECTICUT HISTORICAL SOCIETY

He himself stated that he never felt any bodily fear, having no inheritance of "nervousness" such as many mothers of the present day bequeath to their children. We may therefore safely conclude that this hero, "whose generosity was singular, whose honesty was proverbial," owed much of the gentler side of his character, which made his marvelous bravery and sterling patriotism all the more marked, to his mother, ELIZABETH PORTER PUTNAM.

Abbie Page Daniels.

(MRS. FREDERICK J. DANIELS.)

Facts for this sketch were furnished by Mr. Eben Putnam, of Salem, Mass. Gleanings have been made from the "Life of Israel Putnam," by I. N. Tarbox, and from an article published by William Farrand Livingstone in New England Magazine for Oct., 1897.

DEBORAH AVERY PUTNAM

IF the people of Windham County were to be asked, "Who stands to the county in the attitude of Washington to the United States?" the reply would invariably be "Israel Putnam."

It is more difficult to decide who was the first lady of the county, so little is said of our women: but, written distinctly on history's page, we find the name by which she was best known, Madam Deborah Avery Putnam.

This eminent woman was the daughter of Samuel and Deborah (Crow) Lothrop, and was born at Norwich, January 9th, 1710.

The first representative of the Lothrop (or Lathrop) family in New England was Rev. John Lothrop, the great-great-grandfather of Madam Putnam. He came to Scituate, Mass., in 1634, and was later at Barnstable, Mass. His son Samuel married in 1644 Elizabeth Scudder, and removed with his family to New London, Conn., and in 1668 to Norwich, Conn. Their son Samuel, Jr., who was born in 1650, married in 1675 Hannah Adgate, and their son, the third Samuel, was born in 1685. Samuel Lothrop, the third, was the father of Deborah Avery Putnam. In 1715 he had married Deborah Crow, who was born in 1691. He died at the age of eighty-two, and his wife, Deborah Crow Lothrop, lived about one hundred and four years.

On September 21, 1738, when nineteen years of age, Deborah Lothrop was married to the Rev. Ephraim Avery. Three years earlier, the "Second Church at Pomfret" desired to settle a minister. Among other candidates was Ephraim Avery, who from the beginning had pleased the people, and they soon called him to be their first pastor. They had already built a meeting-house, and they offered the young man a salary amounting to about one hundred and twenty pounds.

Mr. Avery was the son of Rev. John Avery and Ruth Little his wife, and was born in Dedham, Mass., April 22d, 1713. Rev. John

Avery was the first minister at Truro, Massachusetts, and continued in that pastorate for forty-four years, until his death at the age of sixty-nine. He preached the ordination sermon for his son Ephraim.

To the "vacant land between Pomfret and Canterbury" (now Brooklyn) the Rev. Ephraim Avery brought his young wife. The seats in the meeting-house being distributed in those days with respect to dignity, the pastor was assigned the first seat in the new building, and a year later, by a vote of the church, a window was placed in his pew. From this pew, Sabbath after Sabbath, Deborah Avery listened to the earnest words of her husband, and through the week assisted him in his work.

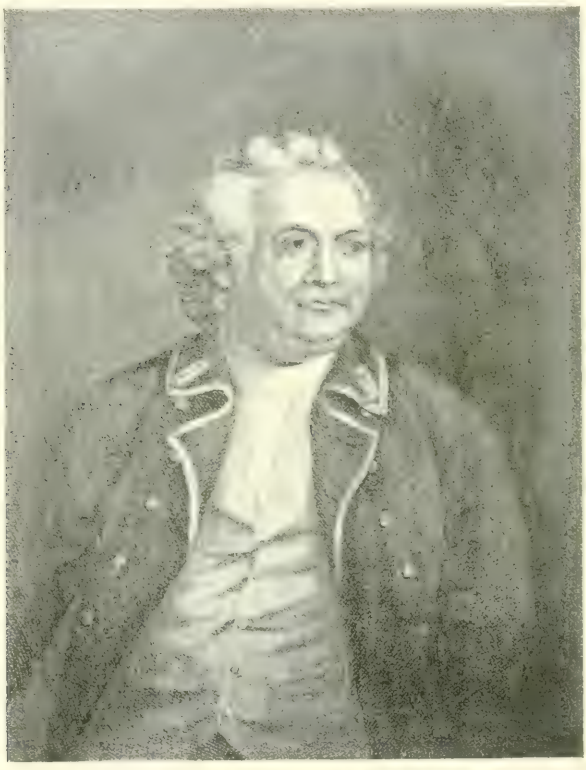
We have only to remember the important position occupied by the minister of that period to fully appreciate the high place held by Rev. and Mrs. Avery in the Pomfret Church. As has been said of another couple, they had the "complete monopoly of all the material, intellectual, and spiritual life of the people, with no competition." In the ministry at Brooklyn they continued for sixteen years; during which time nine children were born to them, three daughters and six sons, one of whom died in infancy.

The year 1754 was an eventful one for Deborah Avery. On the 13th of January her daughter Ruth was born. Later, a fearful distemper, malignant dysentery, raged with great violence in Brooklyn. Mr. Avery, as pastor, physician, and nurse, continued night and day his faithful attendance on the sick and dying. On the 10th of October occurred the death of Deborah Avery's five-year-old boy, Septimus Avery. The good pastor's self-sacrificing life was threatened a day or so later; he, too, was prostrated and on the 20th of October he fell a victim to the dreaded disease, leaving Deborah Avery a widow with seven children.

The good man was deeply mourned by his family and the church. Rev. Ebenezer Devotion, who preached his funeral sermon, paid a high tribute to his worth. He said, "He was calm, peaceful, patient, open-hearted, sociable, hospitable, cheerful, judicious, and very penetrating."

Of her children who survived, two sons, John and Ephraim, were graduated at Yale College. John, crippled by disease,

became a teacher; Ephraim followed his father in the ministry and became a successful pastor; Elizabeth became the wife of the Rev. Aaron Putnam of Pomfret; Deborah married Dr. Baker of Brooklyn, and Ruth married Dr. John Brewster, the first physician who settled on Hampton Hill.



PORTRAIT OF ISRAEL PUTNAM, BY TRUMBULL.

Not long after the death of her husband Deborah Avery became the second wife of John Gardiner (called Lord Gardiner), the fifth proprietor of Gardiner's Island. It is recorded of her at this time that "she was of an easy, agreeable disposition and beloved as a step-mother." She had two children by her second marriage, Hannah born in 1757 and Septimus born in 1759. Hannah

became the wife of Samuel Williams of Brooklyn, Conn., and died without children.

Deborah's second husband, John Gardiner, died in 1764, and three years later his widow, Deborah Gardiner, became the second wife of Israel Putnam and assumed the care of the Putnam family. Of Israel Putnam's seven living children, the youngest, Peter Schuyler, was then not quite three years old.

THE PUTNAM-AVERY INN.
(The Hotel at Brooklyn as it now is.)

The Putnam family had long been prominent in Massachusetts; and it was years before his marriage with Deborah Avery Gardiner, while Israel Putnam was a young and unknown farmer in Pomfret, that he became famous through the wolf adventure. He had also won a well-earned fame through his spirited leadership and daring deeds in the French and Indian War. But it is chiefly during the closing years of her life, when she was the wife of Israel Putnam, a general of the Revolution, that we are most interested in the history of Deborah Putnam.

She had long been a leader in the social life of Windham County. She was also connected with prominent people through

kinship and in many of her friendships which were strong and lasting, and marriage with her established Israel Putnam's social position.

Both having a large circle of friends, their hospitality was tested to its limit; but their enterprise saved them from financial difficulties; they moved from Putnam's home to the Avery estate in Brooklyn, and opened their house as an inn. Miss Larned, the historian, says: "That Brooklyn tavern with Putnam for its landlord and Mrs. Avery Gardiner Putnam as mistress became one of the most noted gathering places in Eastern Connecticut

PUTNAM'S PLOW.

and witnessed many a thrilling scene of the great Revolutionary drama." Over this house Mrs. Putnam presided with dignity, until her honored husband left the plow in response to the Lexington alarm.

The history of the Revolutionary period taken in its details often seems a record of defeats. It could hardly be otherwise considering the great disadvantages under which the American forces constantly labored. The soldiers, because of their brief terms of enlistment, could not be well drilled, and they were usually far out-numbered by the enemy. Besides, envy, jealousy, and ill-feeling were aroused in certain quarters. Israel Putnam, as Major-General in the army, was often assailed by the tongue of slander and criticism; yet he was always true to his inborn gener-

ous nature, and his large heart was never guilty of narrowness or injustice. His wife knew even then that he had enemies; but she also knew that he was brave and true, rendering vital service to his country. She encouraged him and secretly rejoiced in the absolute confidence placed in him by Washington; for Israel Putnam was always loyal to the American cause, and the enemy's offer of a bribe was no temptation to him—cheered and strengthened as he was by the courageous woman who stood so faithfully by him, following him in many of his campaigns, sharing with him many of the trials and privations, as well as the glories, of a soldier's life.

Hers was a life of activity. Utterly discouraging indolence, she and her daughters spent much of their time spinning flax for the soldiers' shirts. At one time they were assisted by the daughter of a British Major, who had applied to General Putnam for protection. Mrs. Putnam had received her as a member of the family and treated her with the greatest kindness. In her letters home the young lady, though strongly objecting to "working for the Yankee soldiers," expressed great admiration for her hostess.

To better understand the anxieties of Deborah Putnam's life during the Revolution let us recall the services of her husband, Israel Putnam, after she became his wife.

Putnam's mind, although untrained in the schools, was alert and discerning. Even when the first rumble of the Revolutionary thunder could but faintly be heard, he was certain that a storm was impending and began to make preparations. His energetic measures prevented stamped paper from being sent from New York into Connecticut. While the Boston Port Bill was in effect the people of Boston suffered from lack of provisions, but they were not obliged to wait long for the one hundred and thirty sheep which Putnam drove in from the land side for their relief—a gift from the Connecticut parish of Brooklyn. He was then "Warren's guest and everybody's favorite," and he assured the people of Boston that this flock of sheep was merely typical of the offerings which he and his neighbors were willing to make for their country.

His affection for his native state is evident from his quick response to her every call. After the Lexington alarm he returned

from Boston to Connecticut for counsel with the leaders at Hartford and then hurried back to the defense of Massachusetts, arriving in time to be present at the battle of Bunker Hill.

His aggressive policy at last prevailed, and his plans for the first great engagement with British regulars were accepted by the council of officers. Had he received the coöperation which his energy and ability deserved, all his plans would have been carried into execution and the result at Bunker Hill might have been a victory for the Americans. He was ranking officer on the field at Bunker Hill, while Colonel Prescott was in command at Breed's Hill, General Ward, the Massachusetts commander, being in Cambridge. When the noble General Warren arrived, Putnam, who had a strong affection for him, offered him the command of the forces at the fence, and Prescott offered Warren the command of the redoubt, but both were declined, and Warren served simply as a volunteer. After having toiled all the previous night, General Putnam's activity on the day of the battle was marvelous; he was always in command and always present at the post of greatest danger. At one time, he appeared at the rail fence, with balls flying about him; at another, near the redoubt, then at the entrenchments, and he repeatedly took hazardous rides across the Neck, watching for the reinforcements which were so much needed but did not come. At the last, when Prescott had ordered a retreat from Breed's Hill, Putnam shouted, "Make a stand here, boys. In God's name, fire and give them

PUTNAM'S SADDLE.

one shot more!" Then reluctantly he conducted the retreat, remaining with his men and encouraging them after the battle while certain of the subordinate officers retired at once to Cambridge.

From the many testimonials as to his valor and worth at this time, two are selected. A few weeks after the battle of Bunker Hill, Samuel B. Webb* wrote, "You will find that Generals Washington and Lee are vastly prouder and think more highly of Putnam than of any man in the army, and he truly is the hero of the day." Another distinguished patriot, Silas Deane, wrote from Philadelphia, "Putnam's merit runs through the continent; his fame still increases and every day justifies the unanimous applause of the Country. Let it be remembered that he had every vote of Congress for Major-General, and his health has been the second or third at almost all our tables in this city."

(From a French Print.)

In June, 1775, when appointments for the Continental army were made, Congress passed by at least five other generals and raised Putnam to the rank of Major-General; his appointment, of the five made at this time, being the only one which was unanimous and promptly conferred; the commissions of four other generals being for a time withheld.

During the summer of '75 and the following winter Putnam's headquarters were in Cambridge at the home of Ralph Inman (a

* Samuel B. Webb was first one of Putnam's aides, and afterwards Washington's aide with the title of General.

tory who had fled to Boston), and Putnam's family were living with him at the Inman house. The selectmen of Cambridge, who once dared to interfere with Mrs. Putnam's rides in the Inman coach, were taught a lesson by General Putnam which they did not soon forget, and Mrs. Putnam was not a second time forced to walk back to her husband's headquarters at the Inman house. General and Mrs. Washington were also in Cambridge during the summer and winter of '75 and '76, and frequent visits were interchanged between these two prominent families.

There were several military movements in which Putnam had taken an effective and conspicuous part before he took possession of Boston, in the name of the thirteen colonies, on its evacuation by the British. His next command was at New York. In the summer of '76, the brave commander, Gen. Nathaniel Greene, was stationed on Long Island; three days before the battle he was too ill even to be consulted, and General Putnam, without previous knowledge of the position, was transferred to the command of Long Island. Only defeat could be expected when five thousand untrained though brave colonists met twenty thousand British veterans. Governor Clinton, Chief Justice Marshall, and others, long ago made plain that, under the circumstances, success for the American colonies at the battle of Long Island would have been impossible; and all historians acknowledge that the strength of Putnam's resistance was remarkable and that the retreat was conducted in a masterly manner, John Fiske referring to it as "one of the most brilliant incidents in Washington's career."

A part of Putnam's force won special distinction at Harlem Heights, where, as General Greene said, "General Putnam behaved nobly." He also took conspicuous part at Chatterton Hill, at Fort Washington, and at Princeton. In May, 1777, he was placed in command at the Highlands of the Hudson, and from Peekskill he sent the following characteristic letter in reply to Clinton's haughty message demanding the immediate restoration of Edmund Palmer.

HEADQUARTERS, August 7, 1777.

Edmund Palmer, an officer in the enemy's service, was taken as a spy, lurking within our lines. He has been tried as a spy, condemned as a spy, and shall be executed as a spy, and the flag is ordered to depart immediately.

P. S.—He has accordingly been executed.

ISRAEL PUTNAM.

The selection of the heights of West Point for a fortification for the American forces displayed Putnam's acuteness, and his device for barring the ascent of British ships up the Hudson by means of a heavy iron chain and a boom stretched across the river is an example of his ingenuity.

ISRAEL PUTNAM'S HOUSE AT POMFRET.

(The house where the old soldier "fought his last battle" and "slept his last sleep.")

Deborah Putnam had accompanied her husband on this campaign, in which there was much to fill her with gladness and pride and many events to sadden her. Perhaps the greatest sacrifice which she made for her country was the life of her own promising young son, Septimus Gardiner, who was General Putnam's aide. She did not long survive her patriot son. On the 14th of October, 1777, Deborah Putnam died, and was buried (probably) in Col. Beverly Robinson's family vault at the Highlands of the Hudson in the Episcopal Church Cemetery. In a letter written soon after to General Washington concerning military affairs on the Hudson, General Putnam wrote in conclusion: "I have the

unhappiness to inform you that Mrs. Putnam, after a long and tedious illness, departed this life last Tuesday night." The following are extracts from General Washington's reply written in the midst of great cares and perplexities, yet the Commander-in-Chief does not pass by the grief of his trusted General.

EQUESTRIAN MONUMENT TO ISRAEL PUTNAM IN BROOKLYN.

CAMP NEAR PHILADELPHIA, October 19, 1777.

To Major-General Putnam:

Your favor of the 16th I received yesterday morning and was much obliged for the interesting contents. The defeat of General Burgoyne is a most important event and, as such, must afford the highest satisfaction to every well affected American. . . . . I am extremely sorry for the death of Mrs. Putnam and sympathize with you upon the occasion. Remembering that all must die, and that she lived to an honorable age, I hope you bear the misfortune with that fortitude and complacency of mind that becomes a man and a Christian.

I am dear sir, with great pleasure, yours,

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

We will not attempt to give further details of General Putnam's adventurous career after his wife's death, and will only refer to his command in the western part of Connecticut; his ride down the steep steps of Horse Neck; his furlough, followed by paralysis as he was returning to camp; and his consequent retirement for the remainder of his days.

He was cheered by admiring and devoted friends; by letters from his beloved Commander-in-Chief, assuring him that "the name of Putnam was not forgotten"; and by the knowledge of the glorious triumph of the cause he loved. In the words of Washington, "Putnam had a right to participate in that event, great as it is in itself and glorious as it probably will be in its consequences."

When the end came the brave soldier passed to his rest, "calm, resigned, and full of cheerful hope." The epitaph on his tombstone was written by one of the foremost scholars of the day, the first President Dwight of Yale College. It was re-engraved on the monument which, in 1888, was erected in Brooklyn by a grateful people to take the place of his battered tombstone.* The inscription is:—

* The original tombstone is now a treasured relic (under glass) in the State Capitol at Hartford. See illustration, page 135.

Sacred be this monument to the memory of
ISRAEL PUTNAM, ESQUIRE,
Senior Major-General in the armies of the United States of America,
who was born at Salem, in the province of Massachusetts,
on the 7th day of January, A.D. 1718,
and died on the 19th of May, A.D. 1790.

Passenger
if thou art a soldier
drop a tear over the dust of a Hero
who ever attentive
to the lives and happiness of his men,
dared to lead
where any dared to follow.
If a patriot
remember the distinguished and gallant
service rendered thy country
by the Patriot who sleeps beneath this Marble;
if thou art honest, generous and worthy, render
a cheerful tribute of respect to a man
whose generosity was singular,
whose honesty was proverbial;
who raised himself to universal esteem
and offices of eminent distinction
by personal worth and a useful life.

Mrs. Julia M. Andrews.

The Authorities used in preparing this paper were :—
Appleton's Cyclopedia of American Biography.
Increase N. Tarbox's Life of Israel Putnam.
American Archives, Fourth Series, Vols. II–III.
Force's Archives, Fourth Series, Vol. II.
Letters of Washington and John Adams.
Life and Writings of Washington.
Connecticut Historical Collections. Vol. I.
Address of Hon. Henry L. Deming, 1859.
Address of Hon. John Lowell, 1818.
New England Magazine, October, 1897.
Connecticut Magazine, May, 1899.

MARY SILLIMAN

WIFE OF

GOLD SELLECK SILLIMAN

Brigadier-General Continental Army

MARY SILLIMAN CHAPTER
BRIDGEPORT

MARY SILLIMAN.

(From a Portrait by Moulthrop of New Haven.)

MARY SILLIMAN

DURING the years when the mother country was encroaching upon the rights of the colonists, when murmurs of discontent were increasing everywhere, and the love of civil liberty was growing stronger with every act of oppression, a powerful influence was developing in American homes established amid the privations and dangers attending the growth of settlements in a new world. So potent had this influence become that the destinies of a nation were largely in its control—the influence of the patriot women of America whose unfailing courage and self-denial are more appreciated as research reveals to us their character.

The names of many women who contributed to the success of the Revolutionary cause have been forgotten, their deeds having been known only to their contemporaries, but Connecticut is fortunate in possessing large and definite knowledge of many loyal women, the records of whose lives add much to the history of the Revolutionary period, and whose names have been given in gratitude and reverence to the various chapters of a society formed for the "fostering of true patriotism and love of country."

Among these honored names, that of Mary Silliman is widely known. Born in 1736 she spent her childhood and youth in North Stonington, Conn., whose settlers in the early history of Connecticut had been especially trained in habits of watchfulness and self-defense, almost all the able-bodied men having been engaged in the early Indian wars. But during Mary Silliman's childhood security and peace reigned in the homes of these substantial farmers, given to the simplicity and hospitality of colonial days. The sweet serenity that characterized the life of Mary Silliman received its first impulse during this peaceful period.

She was the eldest daughter of the Rev. Joseph Fish, a graduate of Harvard College and the pastor of the North Stonington Church for nearly fifty years; "a man of clear, discriminating mind, an excellent preacher and an affectionate pastor," who, in spite of other calls to inviting fields, never forsook his little flock. Educated in the refined atmosphere of a clergyman's home, the daughters acquired the polite address, the finished manners, and the elevated style both in writing and conversation that were marked features of a colonial minister's family.

In after years her distinguished son said of her: "I do not remember to have seen a finer example of dignity and self-respect, combining a graceful courtesy with the charms of a cheerful temper and a cultivated mind, which made her society acceptable in the most polished circles."*

While honoring the character of Mary Silliman, the members of the Bridgeport Chapter would also ascribe honor to her ancestors whose influence shaped her life. Her mother, Rebecca Peabody, who died in 1783 at the Silliman Homestead on Holland Hill, was fourteen years old when *her* grandmother, Elizabeth Alden, daughter of John Alden and Priscilla Mullens, died. Therefore Mary Silliman learned the story of the Mayflower from one to whom it had been told by a daughter of the very people who landed on Plymouth Rock. Thus directly did the maiden learn of their high resolves and their willing sacrifices and, no doubt, she often listened with rapt attention to the charming story of the love-making of John and Priscilla which was beautifully woven into verse a century later by another descendant.

On the sixteenth of November, 1758, this favored daughter, then in her twenty-second year, was given in marriage by her father to the Rev. John Noyes. Very charming she must have looked on her wedding day in the gown of red and white brocade; a piece of which is still treasured by a great-granddaughter† who also has in her possession one of a set of a dozen chairs which were part of the wedding outfit, the seats of which were originally worked in figures illustrating the history of Joseph and his brethren.

* Life of Benjamin Silliman, by Professor Fisher of Yale College.
† Miss Henrietta W. Hubbard.

SAMPLE OF MARY SILLIMAN'S WEDDING GOWN.

(From a water color sketch by Martha Edwards Beach.)

Mr. Noyes was the son of the Rev. Joseph Noyes, pastor of the First Church in New Haven, and grandson of the first pastor of the Stonington Church. The intimacy that resulted so happily probably began in childhood days, for Stonington had been the

MARY SILLIMAN CHAIR.

(Belonging to the wedding outfit of Mrs. Mary Fish Noyes, afterwards the wife of Gen. Gold Selleck Silliman. By permission of Miss Henrietta W. Hubbard.)

home of this branch of the Noyes family from the first days of its settlement—staunch supporters, all of them, of civil and religious liberty and of higher education. John Noyes had been educated for the ministry, but was handicapped in his work by failing

health. "Greatly lamented," a record tells us, he died in 1767, leaving his widow with three sons. Resolutely she took up the care of their education, the thoroughness of which brought such ample reward. All three sons grew to honorable manhood and two of the three, John and James, became faithful ministers of the Gospel.

In addition to the exceptional educational advantages which New Haven afforded her children, was the congenial companionship of the cultured people about her which Mrs. Noyes no doubt enjoyed, for we learn that she remained there several years before returning to her father's home in Stonington. But she had won the esteem of one who soon followed her, Col. Gold Selleck Silliman, whose first wife, Martha Davenport, died August 1st, 1774, leaving one child, a son, William, then in his nineteenth year. Thus after eight years of widowhood and much "prayerful consideration" on May 21st, 1775, at the age of thirty-nine, Mrs. Mary Fish Noyes, again wearing the "red and white brocade," was married by her father to Colonel Silliman.

The Sillimans of Fairfield had built their homes two miles from the town of Fairfield, upon a beautiful height overlooking Long Island Sound which they called Holland Hill, in commemoration of their emigration from Holland; though they were only sojourners in Holland, having gone there at the time of the Reformation from Tuscany, where they bore the name of *Sillimandi*.*

Ebenezer Silliman, the father of Colonel Silliman, was a judge of the Superior Court of the Colony and a member of the Governor's Council. His own home, which he inherited from his father, is still standing in good repair, and, if it had not passed into other hands, might have sheltered at least eight generations of the family. "I have said ye are gods, but ye shall die like men," is the closing sentence of the inscription on the stone in the Fairfield burying ground which enumerates his high offices and virtues. He was the proprietor of large landed estates, and the education and high standing of the family made its members leaders in all social and public affairs.

Constant intercourse kept the people of Fairfield in touch with the life of Cambridge and Boston, and a generous hospitality

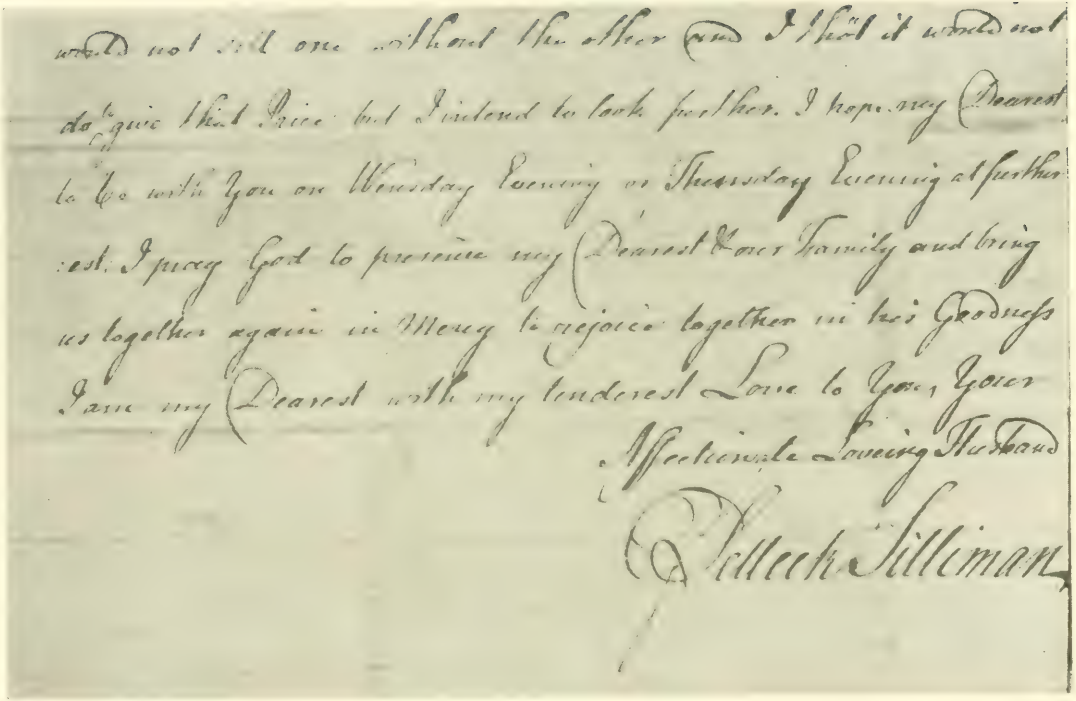
* Life of Benjamin Silliman.

brought together the intelligent men of the community. Beautiful mansions had taken the place of the rude houses of earlier times, and affluence and prosperity abounded.

The superior qualifications of the new mistress at the home of General Silliman placed her at once in sympathy with the best life of the locality, and made her a welcome addition to an elegant society, among the chief attractions of which were the beautiful

HOUSE ON HOLLAND HEIGHTS IN WHICH GEN. GOLD SELLECK SILLIMAN WAS BORN.

Mrs. Thaddeus Burr and her charming guest, Miss Dorothy Quincy, who in September of the same year (1775) was married to the Hon. John Hancock, President of the Continental Congress. The stirring scenes of the Revolution had begun. The story of the carnage at Lexington had been repeated at every fireside. Fairfield now became a center of military activity. The ferment and agitation of political strife brought to Mrs. Silliman new experiences and new trials, as she wrote in her journal kept during these eventful years at Holland Hill—a journal which shows not only her own resourceful nature, but which is



PORTION OF A LETTER WRITTEN BY GENERAL SILLIMAN, WITH HIS SIGNATURE, DATED NEW YORK, APRIL 29, 1776,

Whither General Silliman had gone to consult General Washington about pay for the Connecticut soldiers.

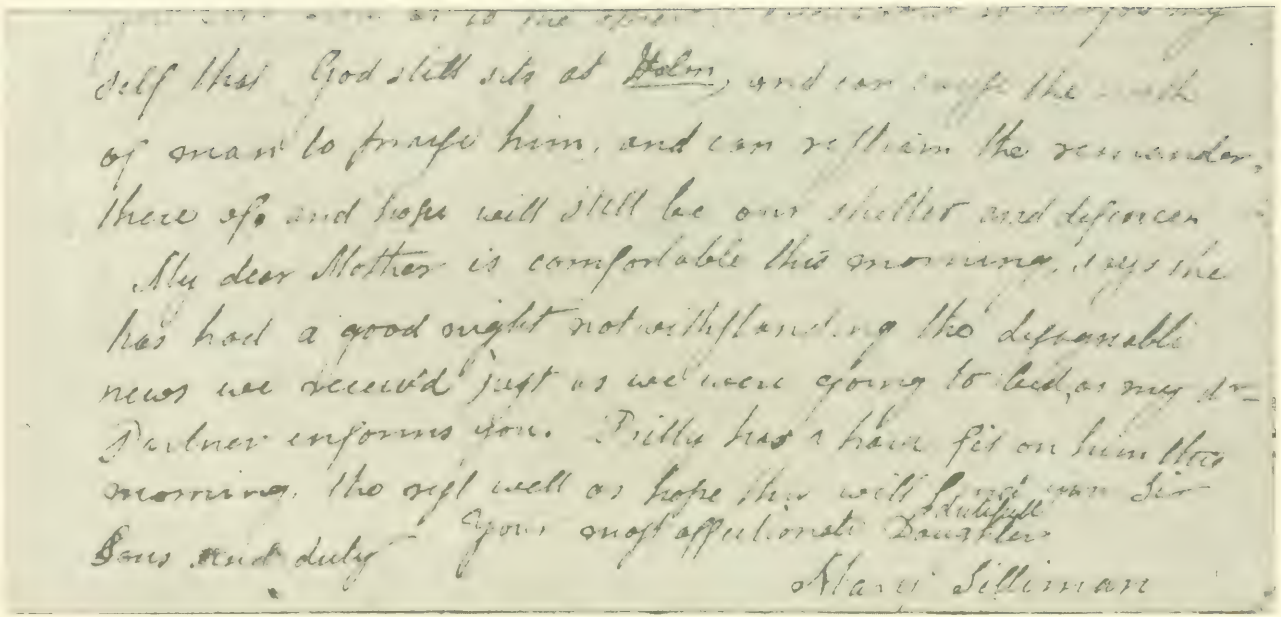
extremely interesting as a record of the exciting events of that troublous time.*

General Silliman had chosen the profession of law and had become prosecuting attorney for the county, but being also interested in military affairs he was made a Colonel of cavalry in the local militia (May, '75), then Brigadier-General (June, '76), and was charged with superintending the defense of the southwestern frontier of Connecticut, which, because of its close proximity to Long Island and New York, was a post requiring much vigilance and efficiency. In March, 1776, he took command of his regiment. Mrs. Silliman records his departure with that of "our dutiful son William" in most affectionate terms, at the same time breathing a prayer for their safety and guidance. With true heroism she permitted no word of fear or hesitation to escape her lips, although it was a time when lives and fortunes were held by slight tenure and when duty called for great sacrifices.

During the long periods of separation from her husband she managed her domestic affairs with calmness and firmness; finding in her own elevated soul refuge in the hours of anxiety and suspense and, through the strength thus gained, proving ever an inspiration and encouragement to her husband in the darkest hours of their country's need. She recounts the "love of a merciful God" who kept her loved sons in safety, "facing an unnatural enemy, a mighty host with hostile intentions;" and a glimpse into the serene and beautiful home life is given in the "strength and confidence" she gained on one particular occasion as they read together the encouraging words of the one hundred and eleventh Psalm.

After the General's narrow escape from capture in the retreat which followed the battle of Long Island, his command being the rear guard, she rejoiced that "not a hair of his head had been hurt," and the joy in her heart burst forth into a song of thankfulness after the battle of White Plains, that though God called him into the conflict on that "memorable 28th of October, he covered his head on that dreadful day, and amidst the shower of

*The original diary is now in the possession of a granddaughter, Mrs. James D. Dana of New Haven.



self that God still sits at Helm, and can [illegible] of man to frame him, and can restrain the remainder, there of; and hope will still be our shelter and defence.

My dear Mother is comfortable this morning, says she has had a good night notwithstanding the disagreable news we received just as we were going to bed, as my dr. Partner informs you. Billy has a bad fit on him this morning, tho' expect well as hope they will [illegible] Love to Sister Sam and duty to you. I am your most affectionate Daughter

Mary Silliman

FACSIMILE COPY OF MARY SILLIMAN'S SIGNATURE AND PENMANSHIP.

(Postscript to a letter written by General Silliman to his father-in-law, the Rev. Joseph Fish, dated October 1, 1777. "The disagreeable news" was an express from General Putnam that "sixty sail of transports" had arrived at New York, and that "they are only a part of a large fleet which is hourly expected," that "the bakers in the city had been ordered to work night and day to get a sufficient supply of bread," and that "great quantities of ammunition had been shipped," so that "something important" was "indicated.")

rattling bullets, not one so much as touched his garments." In the following December, however, when the General was enjoying a short visit with his family and the careful wife was repairing the worn coat, there was reason for even greater rejoicing, for a "spent ball" was found in the lining, a "ragged ball that might not be easily extracted from the flesh of him who was so unhappy as to receive it."

Under the date of October 26th, 1777, the following record is found: "Our dear son Gold Selleck was born on Sabbath morning." Two weeks after this event Madam Silliman was again made happy by a visit from her husband. Full indeed must the mother's heart and hands have been at this time with the management of the estate, the control of the servants, the needs of five boys to satisfy, and the honor and safety of her husband a constant anxiety. With wifely pride in the confidence placed in her husband by the Commander-in-Chief, and in the "marked courtesy" received from him, was mingled great anxiety for General Silliman's personal safety, even in the seclusion of his own home which in 1779 was made his headquarters; his attention at this time being directed more particularly to the coast in the vicinity of Fairfield.

The splendid resistance which he had made in conjunction with Generals Wooster and Arnold against the British in their efforts to destroy the military stores at Danbury in 1777, and his successful harassing of the enemy on their return to their boats at Compo, marked him by the British leaders as a most dangerous man to be at large. With the British in possession of Long Island, and bands of Tories along the coast, plans were easily made for his capture and successfully carried out by a party sent from New York by Sir Henry Clinton on the first of May, 1779.

In vivid terms Mrs. Silliman tells the story of the attack at midnight upon her home, of her terror as the great rocks were hurled against the doors to burst them open; of how she lay quaking with fear with her babe beside her, as she watched in the bright moonlight her husband trying to fire upon the invaders from the window; of their dash through another window into the house, "taking sash and all"; of their frightful appearance when, with bayonets fixed, they followed him into her bedroom; of her hus-

band's quiet remonstrance once and again against the intrusion, and of his tact in restraining to a degree their desire to plunder by expressing the hope that he was in the "hands of gentlemen."

THE HOME OF MRS. MARY SILLIMAN, HOLLAND HILL.

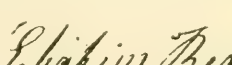
(In which Gen. Gold Selleck Silliman was captured on the night of May 6, 1779, by a party despatched in boats by Sir Henry Clinton.)

A moment having been reluctantly granted the General in which to take leave of his wife, he quickly slipped a bundle of valuable

papers under a table cover, and concealed the silver communion service of the church, of which he was a deacon. He overlooked "a pair of pistols inlaid with silver, and an elegant sword," which the leader of the marauders, a carpenter who had worked for the Sillimans, quickly seized and "flourished in a most reckless manner." We do not read that any outcry from Mrs. Silliman added to the distressing circumstances. On the contrary, it is recorded that the farewells were said with "great seeming fortitude and composure." The despairing wife saw her husband hurried off by a merciless foe to a fate perhaps worse than death. Hastening to the room occupied by the General's son William, Mrs. Silliman's terror was greatly increased to find that he, too, was gone.

Then followed three weeks of anxiety and cruel suspense, a time of "constant alarm, when, like the timorous roe," she writes, "I started at every sound." Afterwards, from the General's place of confinement at Flatbush, letters were permitted, after close inspection, to pass back and forth. Major William Silliman, having been released on parole, turned his attention to securing for Mrs. Silliman an asylum in case of an invasion of the town of Fairfield. Fairfield had by this time become a "hot-bed of resistance," and an invasion had long been dreaded—an event which, with a hostile fleet passing to and fro in the Sound, became every day more certain.

On the seventh of July Mary Silliman, from the roof of her home, saw the enemy land and, with a heavy heart, she realized that the time had come for the "valiant to fight and the feeble to flee." Her most valuable articles had already been carefully packed and made ready for sudden departure, and soon she was hastening on her way to the care and protection of her friend, Eliakim Beach, in Trumbull, accompanied by her little son, Selleck, whose merry mimicry of the boom of the cannon —constantly growing heavier—was in striking contrast to the doleful sound as it fell upon her ears. She called it a "dreadful night," and truly it must have been. From her refuge she could see the light of the burning town, and could imagine the bru-



SIGNATURE OF ELIAKIM BEACH.

BENJAMIN SILLIMAN, M.D., LL.D.*

Son of Mary Silliman.)

Professor of Chemistry, Geology and Mineralogy in Yale College.

* The Mary Silliman Chapter is indebted to the Hon. Benjamin Silliman for the gift of a fine steel engraving of the elder Professor Silliman from which the cut illustrating this article is made.

talities of the British, and the terror and misery of the inhabitants in their vain endeavor to protect themselves and their property. It was only because the invaders did not dare to venture where they might be exposed to attacks from behind stone fences and shrubbery, that the home of so prominent a rebel as General Silliman was spared. It served, therefore, as a refuge for the

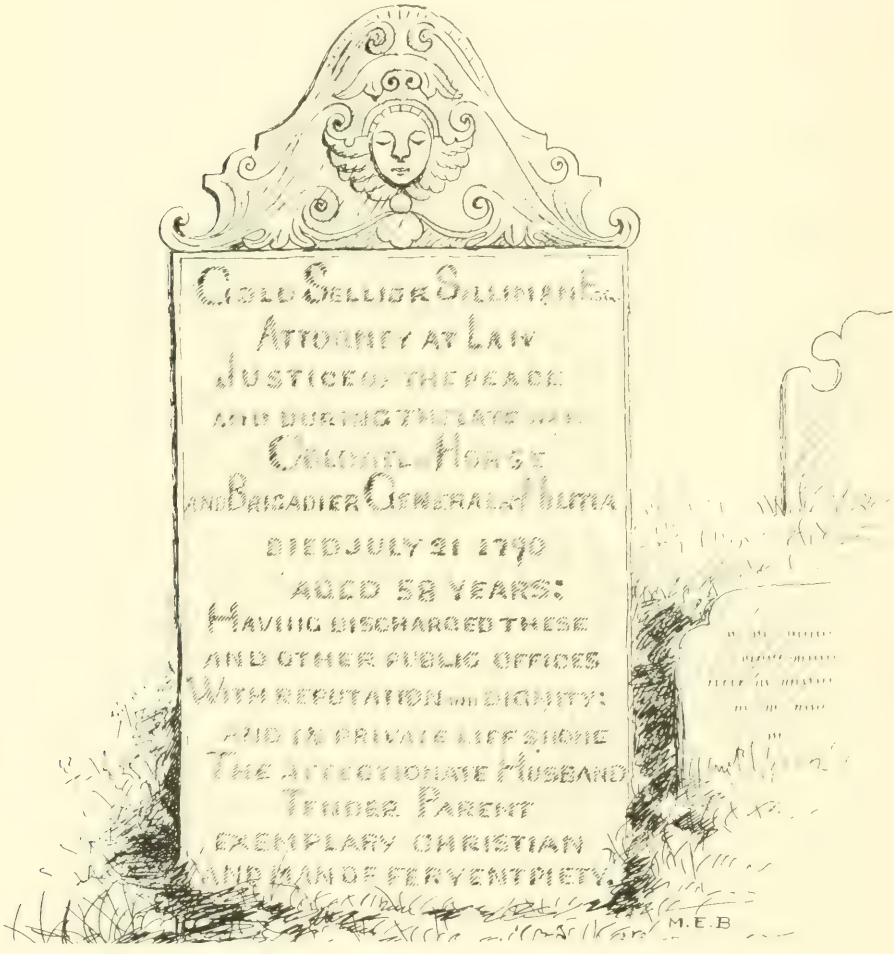
HOME OF ELIAKIM BLACH IN TRUMBULL.

(From a memory sketch contributed by A. B. Fairchild, Esq.)

homeless and wounded, and when on Saturday Mrs. Silliman returned for a short visit she found the house full of the distressed inhabitants.

One month later, on August 8th, before the separated and distracted families had recovered from the first shock of the disaster, and while Mrs. Silliman was still with her friends in Trumbull, another son was born, who became the distinguished scientist Prof. Benjamin Silliman of Yale College. Of his birth at such a trying time he afterwards wrote: "My mother's cheerful courage contributed to sustain her; and I ought to be (I trust I am) grateful

to my noble mother and to my gracious God, that the midnight surprise, the horror of ruffians armed for aggression, and the loss



TOMBSTONE OF GENERAL GOLD SELLECK SILLIMAN.

(From a pen and ink sketch by Martha Edwards Beach.)

of her husband, as perhaps she might fear, by the hands of assassins, had not prevented my life, or entailed upon it physical, mental, or moral infirmities."

Uncertainty as to the ultimate fate of her beloved husband sharpened our heroine's wits, and as soon as circumstances would permit, she made plans for his release by exchange of prisoners. But the Americans held no officer of equal rank who could be exchanged for General Silliman. After investigation and correspondence, and with the assistance of Governor Trumbull (who interested himself to the utmost, not only because of personal

BEACH RELICS.

(Chair, decanters, flip-glass and pewter platter owned by Eliakim Beach.)

friendship but also on account of the loss of so faithful an officer as General Silliman) it was decided to kidnap Judge Thomas Jones of the Supreme Court of New York, a noted Loyalist, who lived in a "castle"-like mansion at Fort Nick on the north side of Hempstead plain. It was not until November that Mrs. Silliman's plans were perfected. Captains Hawley, Lockwood and Jones, and Lieutenants Jackson and Bishop, with a sufficient number of assistants to man a whale boat, volunteered their services, and on the fourth of the month started on their dangerous expedition. Would the lives of these brave men be sacrificed

LOWBOY AND PORTRAIT OF MRS. HARRIET TRUMBULL SILLIMAN,

Wife of the first Professor Silliman and daughter of the second Governor Trumbull.

(Portrait painted by Col. John Trumbull, owned by Prof. Arthur W. Wright.)

in their friendly efforts? Would it be possible with the watchfulness of the enemy and the treachery of the Tories to get possession of one so well guarded? She could only await patiently and prayerfully the result.

They landed on the opposite shore fifty-two miles from the home of Judge Jones and, after carefully concealing their boats, they cautiously made their way by obscure paths until they finally reached the pretentious home of the Judge at nine o'clock Saturday evening, Nov. 6th. The revelry and gaiety within diverted the attention of the inmates from the approach of the adventurers. Captain Hawley dashed in the panel of a door, seized Judge Jones and a young gentleman named Hewlett who were standing in an entry apart from the guests, threatened the lives of the captives if any outcry was made, and was well on his way before an alarm had been given. Fifty miles were covered that night. The next day was spent in evading the enemy's light horse. In the evening of Nov. 8th the boats were reached and, with two more prisoners, six of their own men having been captured by the enemy's light horse, the party very soon reëmbarked at Newfield (now Bridgeport).

As soon as Mrs. Silliman heard of the arrival of the captured Judge, she sent him an invitation to take breakfast with her, which, under guard, he was allowed to accept. After the introductions were over Mrs. Silliman, with characteristic kindness of heart, graciously assured him that everything in her power should be done for his comfort and that, though the fortunes of war had brought him to her house under disagreeable circumstances, she could well sympathize with him and his family. The choicest viands obtainable were placed before him, and from the members of her family he received courteous attention, but to the good woman's disappointment she found him "insensible and void of complaisance and a sullen discontent sat on his brow." He was soon sent to Middletown for greater security and Mr. Hewlett, who had been released on parole by Captain Hawley, was exchanged for the General's son, William.

After Mr. Hewlett's return to his home Mrs. Silliman received from Mrs. Jones a "very genteel billet" "expressing great thankfulness for her politeness to *dear* Mr. Jones and begging her to accept as a mark of her appreciation a pound of green tea!" In

"hope deferred" the long dreary months passed, and spring was again approaching before the terms of an exchange were "arranged" to suit both sides.

On a bright morning in May, 1780, Mrs. Silliman saw with rejoicing heart the vessel bearing Judge Jones bound out of the harbor with a "fair wind," which in two or three days would return bringing General Silliman. But the General was already well on his way, having left Flatbush in advance of Judge Jones' departure. The two vessels met, and the exchange was made after the principals had breakfasted off the "fine turkey" which Mrs. Silliman had provided. At ten o'clock of the same morning, to the astonishment of the waiting ones in Fairfield, the safe arrival of General Silliman was announced by the signals agreed upon—the flying of the two flags and the firing of cannon at the Fort at Black Rock, the signals being easily seen and heard at Holland Hill.

The General's return was welcomed with great demonstrations of joy by the friends who had quickly assembled. On the porch of his home were gathered to receive him the wife whose noble exertions had been so successful; little Selleck, two and a half years old, "who never forgot his first sight of the unknown gentleman in his military garb;" "William, the only son of a departed mother; the three Noyes boys, sons of a departed father," and last of all "Benjamin, the little stranger," who, after fourscore years, in alluding to the circumstance, could only thank God for the signal mercies of which he was then unconscious."*

At last the war ended and peace smiled upon a new nation. After the death of Mrs. Silliman's father, which occurred in Stonington in May, 1781, her mother, the venerable Mrs. Fish, removed to Holland Hill, where she remained until her death in 1783, surrounded by the love and consideration of her grandchildren. Seven years later at "sunsetting" July 21st, 1790, after fervent prayer for his dear ones and strong expressions of faith in a glorious resurrection, General Silliman was called to his reward.

This bereavement brought upon the sorrowing widow a "world of trouble." The law business of her husband had been broken up

* Connecticut Journal, Nov. 1779. Dwight's Travels, Vol. 3. Diary of Mrs. Silliman. Life of Benjamin Silliman.

by the war, his farm neglected. "As he was not in the Continental line nor in active service at the time of his capture, he was never re-imbursed for the serious losses and expenses incident to his long imprisonment, and his life ended before he had extricated his affairs from embarrassment."* With two sons to educate and a family of servants to provide for, careful management was neces-

GENERAL SILLIMAN'S CHAIR.

(The "General Silliman Chair" was purchased at the auction of the General's personal property after his death by Ebenezer Burr of Fairfield, father of Ebenezer Burr of Fairfield, and grandfather of Ebenezer Burr of Bridgeport, the present owner.)

sary; but the earnest injunction of the dying husband to "take good care of the dear children" was most faithfully fulfilled, guided as she was by the divine impulse for which she daily prayed.

With the assistance of their pastor, the Rev. Andrew Eliot, Selleck and Benjamin were prepared for college, Benjamin entering at the age of thirteen. With generations of cultured ancestry and associations from infancy the most refined, it is not to

*Life of Benjamin Silliman.

be wondered at that these loving and dutiful sons, whose devotion to each other covered more than fourscore years, were ever a consolation and delight to the careful mother, who watched with the keenest interest the advancement made from year to year in their useful and honorable lives.

Not long ago at the unveiling and presentation to the New England Society of Brooklyn of a marble bust of the veteran lawyer, the Hon. Benjamin D. Silliman, a son of the elder of these two brothers, Dr. Richard S. Storrs delivered the address of the evening. He attributed their greatness and goodness to the fact that their blood was "rich with the Bible, the Westminster catechism, and Watts's hymns." He might also have shown that the germs of rare virtues had been implanted by their excellent mother, for whom they both ever expressed feelings of the most profound veneration and affection. "Blessed mother," wrote Prof. Benjamin Silliman after her death, "whatever I have of good in me, I owe, under God, mainly to her." Mrs. Hubbard, a daughter of Professor Silliman, writing after her father's death of his reverent love for his mother, said "till the last of his life, I never knew him to pass the spot where her body lay without raising his hat and remaining uncovered until he left the place."

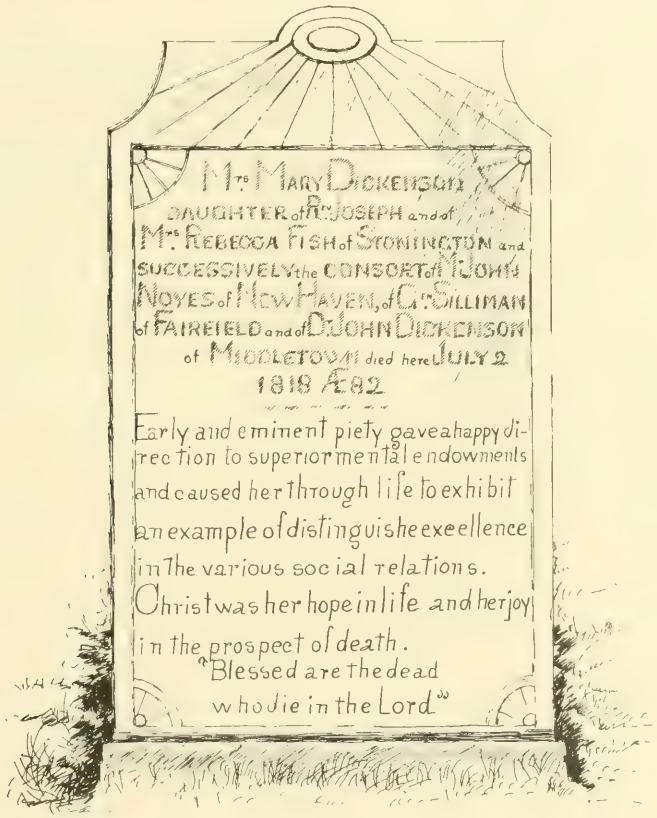
It was during the college days of her two sons (perhaps in 1794–5) that a portrait of Mrs. Silliman, who was then fifty-eight years old, was painted by Moulthrop of New Haven, an artist who was "successful in getting striking likenesses."* Of this portrait Professor Silliman said: "It always fills me with pleasure to look upon the benignant face that smiles upon us from the walls of the drawing room of our house. It is the veritable mother of my youth." "At the time when the portrait was painted, the cap was probably worn on important occasions only, as when she received her sons on their visits from college."† Of General Silliman there is no portrait extant, but among General

*A copy of this portrait was presented to the Mary Silliman Chapter soon after its organization by the Hon. Benjamin Silliman, now dean of the New York bar and Yale's oldest living graduate. The portrait came to Mr. Silliman from his cousin, Mr. Joseph F. Noyes of Wallingford, to whom it had been given by Professor Silliman, who retained for himself a finished copy made by Gerard Flagg.

†Miss Hubbard.

Silliman's descendants there is a belief that the Hon. Benjamin D. Silliman of Brooklyn resembles him in appearance.

In imagination we have seen Mary Silliman in the bloom of youth, the great mystery of life unfolding before her, standing with consecrated soul beside the one whose joys and sorrows


Mrs MARY DICKENSON
DAUGHTER of Mr JOSEPH and of
Mrs REBECCA FISH of STONINGTON and
SUCCESSIVELY the CONSORT of Mr JOHN
NOYES of NEW HAVEN, of Gen SILLIMAN
of FAIRFIELD and of Dr JOHN DICKENSON
of MIDDLETOWN died here JULY 2
1818 Æ 82
Early and eminent piety gave a happy di-
rection to superior mental endowments
and caused her through life to exhibit
an example of distinguished excellence
in the various social relations.
Christ was her hope in life and her joy
in the prospect of death.
"Blessed are the dead
who die in the Lord"

TOMBSTONE OF MARY SILLIMAN DICKENSON IN WALLINGFORD.

she had pledged herself to share. Later, when time and experience had matured and heightened her charms of mind and heart, we have followed her through the eventful years of her union with one of Connecticut's distinguished sons and through a second widowhood. Again at sixty-nine years of age, when sorrow and care had left their ennobling mark, this remarkable woman

was sought a third time in marriage. In 1804 she became the wife of Dr. John Dickenson of Middletown, Conn., who died in 1811. Thereafter she lived principally in Wallingford, in the family of her son, Rev. Joseph Noyes, surrounded by children and grandchildren to whom "she was ever an angel of love," and rejoicing in the knowledge that upon not one of her blood rested any moral stain. Among other witnesses to her loyal and affectionate nature is her long-continued correspondence with the cherished friends of her girlhood home in Stonington.

At the age of seventy-eight an attack of pneumonia prostrated her, from which she never fully recovered. In June, 1818, she visited her son Rev. John Noyes in Newfield (Bridgeport), and spent a few days in New Haven. On her return to Wallingford she grew more feeble and continued to decline until July 2d, when she passed gently into eternal life, and on the fourth of July she was laid to rest in the cemetery in Wallingford. A headstone marks her burial place in Wallingford, and a monument was erected to her memory in Stonington ; a copy of the inscription on the monument is given herewith :

> "MARY, daughter of Rev. Joseph and Rebecca Fish, wife of Rev. Joseph Noyes, 1758 ; Gen. Gold S. Silliman, 1775 ; Dr. J. Dickenson, 1804 ; died at Wallingford, Conn., July 2, 1818, aged 83. Cheerful piety graced her life and sustained her in death."

The custom is observed by the Bridgeport Chapter of placing on Mary Silliman's grave each Memorial Day a wreath of flowers as a symbol of the fragrance of this sincere Christian life which has shed its sweetness along successive generations. For the Daughters of the American Revolution there can be no finer example of patriotic womanhood than that of Mary Silliman. Of her and her noble husband, Gen. Gold Selleck Silliman, it may be said, as of many other devoted sons and daughters of Connecticut

> "Living, they laid *together* the first stones of the nation,
> And dead, they build it yet."

Martha Edwards Beach.

MARTHA PITKIN WOLCOTT

REPRESENTED BY HER GRANDSONS

OLIVER WOLCOTT

Major-General Continental Army

Signer Declaration of Independence

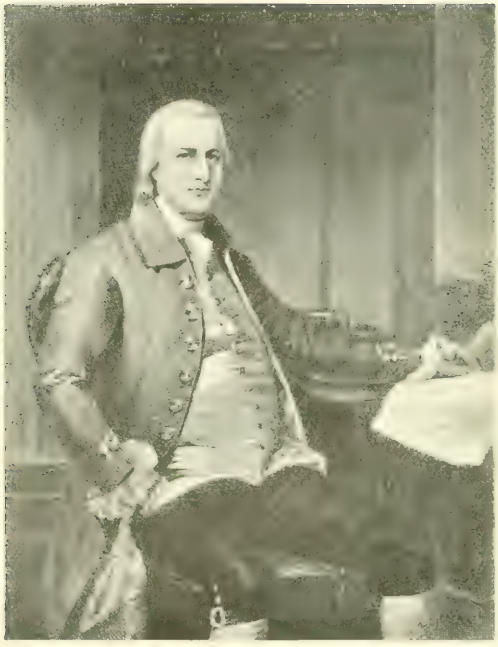
ERASTUS WOLCOTT

Brigadier-General Connecticut Militia

Member Council of Safety

MARTHA PITKIN WOLCOTT CHAPTER

EAST HARTFORD AND SOUTH WINDSOR



MAJOR-GENERAL OLIVER WOLCOTT.

Grandson of Martha Pitkin Wolcott.

(From a painting by Earle, 1782.)

MARTHA PITKIN WOLCOTT

THE East Hartford and South Windsor Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution bears the name of Martha Pitkin Wolcott. Although the useful life of Martha Pitkin Wolcott ended many years before the Revolutionary War, the ability, patriotism, and prominence of her family in the early history of Connecticut, and the distinguished services of her descendants in the Revolution, render her name a most suitable one with which to honor the chapter organized to carry on the work of the Daughters of the American Revolution in the old towns of East Hartford and South Windsor, in both of which she lived.

William Pitkin, the first of the name in this country, came to Hartford in 1659, and in the following year began teaching school. In 1664 he was appointed attorney for the Colony. He was a member of the General Court for many years and a prominent and influential man. In 1661 he bought land on the east side of the Connecticut River, and in the same year his sister Martha came to visit her brother in the wilderness in the hope of persuading him to return with her to England. Her brother Roger was an officer in the Royal Army, and it is said that, when Martha Pitkin found her scholarly brother William laboring like a servant on his plantation, she exclaimed : " I left one brother serving his king, I find my other brother serving swine." She was twenty-two years of age, beautiful, accomplished, and witty ; and we can readily believe that her coming must have cheered and brightened the little colony struggling, through many hardships, to make a home in a new country. Dr. Thomas Robbins records in his diary, " This girl put the Colony in commotion. If possible she must be detained ; the stock was too valuable to be parted with. It was a matter of general consultation, what young man was good enough to be presented to Miss Pitkin. Simon Wolcott, of

Windsor, was fixed upon and, beyond expectation, succeeded in obtaining her hand."

If this question became "a matter of general consultation," it is quite natural that the family of Henry Wolcott should be first considered. Henry Wolcott held an estate in England yielding a fair income, which he had freely used for the benefit of the expedition to the New England Colonies, which he had joined, not as an adventurer, but upon "a mission of civilization and Christianity." He was one of the first persevering settlers of the town of Windsor, a member of the first General Assembly held in Connecticut, and in 1643, he was elected to the House of Magistrates, as the State Senate was then called—a position which he held during his life. It is recorded that "after the pastor, he was the most distinguished man in Windsor."

We have also the tradition that two of the sons of Henry Wolcott were charmed with the visitor at Mr. Pitkin's house, and, rather than suffer from family quarrels and estrangement, that they decided to settle by lot the question as to which should ask for the hand of Martha Pitkin. The lot fell to Simon, the youngest and handsomest of the five brothers. The story is pleasingly told in a poem by Charles Knowles Bolton, from which the following is an extract :

"He took his brother's hand and said :
'Where we may not go on together
You shall go first, and all my prayers
Shall plead for you.' Then neither spoke.
The smell of pine trees filled the air,
And flowers beyond held waiting cups
Toward the gray sky.

"'No,' said his brother,
'No, Simon, you have loved as I,
And which of us could serve her best
For this world's happiness and that
To come, God knows, and his own will
Shall make decision. I will hold
This sweet wild rose and this poor weed
Behind me, one in either hand,
And he whom God knows would be best
For her, may he win her as he
Shall choose the rose.'

"The moon came full
Above the ominous clouds,
And from the boughs that swayed and swung
Across the narrow way, the birds
Looked out and twittered in the light.
The first house that foretold the town
Beyond, stood dim beside the road;
No face looked out as these two men
Rode by, one wavering 'twixt joy
And pity, with the wild sweet rose
That he had drawn pressed close upon
His beating heart, and one benumbed—
A weed left in his outstretched hand."

Whether this scene is fact or fiction, the unpoetic records say that Simon Wolcott married Martha Pitkin, "late of England," October 17, 1661. Her life in the new world was one of hardships. In 1671 Simon Wolcott sold his place in Windsor and removed to Simsbury, where he had received a grant of land. This change proved most unfortunate, as the settlers were driven from the place by the Indians and their property destroyed. Even Mrs. Wolcott's pewter dishes, which her husband concealed in a swamp, could never be found. Mr. Wolcott fled with his family to Windsor, where he remained a few years, but rents were high and difficult to obtain, and he may have thought his growing debts more intolerable than the possible depredations of Indians on the east side of the river where he owned land. In either case, he ventured to move to his possessions on the east side in 1680.

The children of Martha Pitkin and Simon Wolcott were:

1. Elizabeth, b. 19 August, 1662; m. Daniel Cooley of Longmeadow, Mass.
2. Martha, b. 17 May, 1664; m. 6 January, 1686, Thomas Allyn of Windsor, Conn.
3. Simon, b. 24 June, 1666; m. 5 December, 1689, Sarah (dau. of Capt. John) Chester of Wethersfield, Conn.
4. Joanna, b. 30 June, 1668; m. 2 September, 1690, John Colton of Longmeadow, Mass.
5. Henry (Lieut.), b. 20 May, 1670; m. (1) 1 April, 1696, Jane (dau. of Thos.) Allyn of Windsor, (2) m. Rachel Talcott.
6. Christopher, b. 4 July, 1672, unmarried.
7. May, b. 1674; d. 1676.
8. William, b. 6 November, 1676; m. 5 November, 1706, Abiah Hawley of Windsor.
9. Roger (Gov.), b. 4 January, 1679; m. 3 December, 1702, Sarah (dau. of Job) Drake of Windsor, Conn.

In the private journal of Roger, the youngest son of Simon and Martha Pitkin Wolcott, we find this record of their family life in South Windsor:

"In the year 1680 my father settled on his own land on the east side of the river, everything was to begin, few families were settled there. We had neither Minister nor school, by which it hath come to pass that I never was a Scholar in any school a day in my life: My parents took great care and pains to learn their children and were successful with the rest but not with me by reason of my extreme dullness to learn. On Sept. 11, 1687, dyed my hon^{d} father in the 62^{d} year of his age: it was just before the coming of Sir Edmund Andross. It was generally expected that persecution for religion would soon ensue: it filled him with agonizing fears and excited his fervent prayers for deliverance, but God took him away from the evil he feared to come."

Though Martha Wolcott was left with six of her children to provide for, the land uncleared, the estate in debt, the journal adds "but we never wanted"—a short sentence which speaks volumes for the faithfulness and energy of the widowed mother.

Roger, who makes the above record, was only eight years old when his father died, but his education had not been neglected through all the disasters and privations of the family. Though he placed himself on record as a child of extreme dullness, he surmounted this obstacle by great exertion and became the most distinguished of Martha Pitkin Wolcott's sons. Again he says in his journal:

"In 1707 I took my first step to preferment, being this year chosen selectman of the town of Windsor. In the year 1709 I was chosen a Representative for that town in the General Assembly. In 1710 I was put on the Bench of Justices. . . . In the year 1711 I went on the expedition against Canada, Commissary of the Connecticut Stores. . . . In 1714 I was chosen into the Council. On the 13th day of October 1719, dyed my honoured mother Mrs. Martha Clark in the 80th year of her age. She was a gentlewoman of bright natural parts, which were well improved by her education in the City of London. She came to New England in 1661, the same year she was marryed to my father. The rest of her useful life she spent in the wilderness doing good and setting an example of piety, prudence, charity and patience. In the year 1731 I was appointed judge of the County Court. In the year

1732 I was appointed one of the Judges of the Superior Court. . . . In the year 1741 I was chosen Deputy Gov^r of this Colony and appointed Chief Judge of the Superior Court. In the year 1745 I led forth the Connecticut troops in the expedition against Cape Breton and rec^d a Commission from Gov^r Shirley and Gov^r Law for Major-General of the Army. I was now in the 69th year of my age and the oldest man in the army except the Rev^d Mr. Moody. . . . In the year 1750 I was chosen Governor of the Colony of Connecticut."

HOME OF MAJOR-GENERAL OLIVER WOLCOTT.

(Built in 1754 on South Street, Litchfield. In the rear of the house the statue of George III. was melted into bullets.)

Roger Wolcott, when he became Governor of Connecticut, was in his seventy-second year, having spent the most of his life in the faithful service of his country. Though burdened with the duties of public life he found time for much reading and for the composition of poems, some of them of great length. Like the times in which he lived they were of a very serious nature, expressing

more piety than poetry perhaps, but remarkable as "quaint relics of a by-gone age." He was the pioneer of American poets.

It is in the services of Roger's sons, Generals Erastus and Oliver Wolcott, who were the grandsons of Martha Pitkin Wolcott, that we find her representation in the Revolutionary period. Few families contributed to the cause two generals of distinguished merit, both of whom were eminent statesmen, one being a signer of the Declaration of Independence.

The list of the children of Gov. Roger Wolcott and Sarah Drake, his wife, is as follows :

1. Roger (Maj.), b. 14 September, 1704 ; m. (1) Mary Newbury of Windsor, (2) Eunice Ely (widow), of W. Springfield ; d. October 19, 1759.
2. Elizabeth, b. April 10, 1706 ; m. 4 August, 1727, Capt. Roger Newbury Esq., of Windsor.
3. Alexander, b. 20 January, 1707 (8) ; d. 8 October, 1711.
4. Samuel, b. 9 January, 1709 (10) ; d. 27 December, 1717.
5. Alexander (Dr.), b. 7 Jan., 1711 (12) ; m. (1) December 4, 1732, Lydia Atwater of N. Haven ; (2) 17 March, 1739, Mary (wid. Fitz John) Allyn of N. Haven ; (3) 3 April, 1745, Mary Richards of N. London ; d. 25 March 1795.
6. Sarah, b. and d. December 10, 1712.
7. Sarah, b. 31 January, 1715 ; d. 5 January, 1735.
8. Hepzibah, b. 23 June, 1717 ; m. 10 Nov. 1737, John Strong of E. Windsor.
9. Josiah, b. 6 February, 1718 (19) ; d. 29 June, 1802.
10. Erastus, b. 8 February, 1721 ; d. 11 May, 1722.
11. Epaphras, b. 8 February, 1721 ; d. 3 April, 1733.
12. ERASTUS (Gen.), b. 21 September, 1722 ; m. 10 February, 1746, Jerusha Wolcott (dau. of John), of So. Windsor ; d. 14 September, 1793.
13. Ursula, b. October 20, 1724 ; m. 10 November, 1743, Gov. Matthew Griswold of Lyme.
14. OLIVER (Gov.), b. 20 November, 1726 ; m. 21 January, 1755, Lorraine (or Laura) dau. of Capt. Daniel Collins of Guilford ; d. at Litchfield, Conn., 1 December, 1797.
15. Mariann, b. 1 January, 1729 ; m. 5 December, 1758, Thomas Williams, Esq., of Brooklyn, Conn.
16. ———, d. December, 1729.

The Revolutionary history of Erastus Wolcott (Roger's son) is briefly summed up by Stiles as follows :

He was "repeatedly representative to the General Assembly ; & speaker of the Lower House ; Justice of the Peace ; Judge of Probate ; Chief Judge of the County Court ; Representative in

United States Congress; Judge of Superior Court; Brigadier-General of Connecticut troops in the Revolutionary War; in the spring of 1775 was sent, with Rev. Dr. Samuel Johnson, from the Connecticut Legislature to treat with Gen. Gage, then in command of the British troops at Boston, and to ascertain, as far as possible, the designs of the British, with a view to an immediate preparation for the worst events, an interview in which they gained only specious and delusive promises of peace. He was commissioned Colonel in 1775, and in 1776 he was appointed to the command of a regiment of Militia, with which he joined the army then investing Boston, under Washington; from thence he proceeded to New London, where he superintended the erection of fortifications and, with his regiments, garrisoned Forts Trumbull and Griswold during the summer; appointed in December, 1776, a Brigadier-General, he served at and around Peekskill, N. Y. He was a firm patriot and able advocate for the liberties of his country; and Yale College, in recognition of his personal worth and public services, bestowed on him an honorary degree. . . . He was noble hearted and generous; with no ambition for public life, accepting such offices as were offered him from a simple and sincere sense of duty."

Oliver Wolcott, another son of Roger, became prominent in Revolutionary history. Like his father and brother he also served his state in many public offices. In 1776 he was a member of the Continental Congress and signed the Declaration of Independence. During this session of Congress, when on his return to his home in Litchfield he carried thither the gilded, leaden statue of King George III., which years before had been erected in the city of New York. On the opening of hostilities it had been broken in pieces by the populace of New York, and, under the direction of Oliver Wolcott, with the assistance of his family and "sundry persons" in Litchfield, it was converted into bullets for the army.

In 1777 Oliver Wolcott was appointed Brigadier-General by the General Assembly of Connecticut. After sending several thousand men to aid General Putnam on the North River he headed a corps of between three and four hundred volunteers, joined the Northern Army under General Gates, took command of a Brigade of Militia, and aided in reducing the British Army under General Burgoyne.

During the winter of 1779-80, a period of great suffering from famine and cold, no one exhibited more heroism than Oliver Wolcott, the signer of the Declaration of Independence, of whom Barlow wrote :

> " Bold Wolcott urged the all-important cause,
> With steady hand the solemn scene he draws ;
> Undaunted firmness with his wisdom joined,
> Nor kings nor worlds could warp his steadfast mind."

His "undaunted firmness" was proved during that terrible winter, concerning which his son writes :

" Every dollar that could be spared from the maintenance of the family was expended in raising and supplying men ; every blanket not in actual use was sent to the Army, and the sheets were torn into bandages or cut into lint by the hands of his wife and daughters. . . . From the beginning to the end of the Revolutionary War he was constantly engaged, either in the Council or in the field."*

From 1786 to 1796 he served his state as Lieutenant-Governor. In 1796 he was chosen Governor and held the office till his death. "The State had no truer servant and no better citizen." His son Oliver became the third governor of the Wolcott name, and his son Frederick was twice offered the governorship, but was obliged to decline on account of ill-health.

Ursula Wolcott, a daughter of Roger, appears to have resembled her grandmother in character. She married Matthew Griswold of Lyme, who became Governor of Connecticut. Of her descendants we find this remarkable record, "the list comprises no less than twelve Governors, thirty-six high Judges and a galaxy of men eminent in other professions."

Only a few names have been mentioned in one line of the descendants of Martha Pitkin Wolcott. Others in this line, and in the different branches of the family, were eminent in the professions and faithful servants of their country in the Revolution. To the present day her descendants manifest the traits which distinguish their early ancestors. Among those of the present day who have filled prominent positions in the affairs

* Wolcott Memorial (p. 153). By Samuel Wolcott.

of state may be mentioned Roger Wolcott, Governor of Massachusetts, and Edward Wolcott, United States Senator from Colorado.

The monument erected to the memory of Simon Wolcott in Windsor bears this inscription :

" Here lyes waiting For ye
Resurrection of ye iust
Mr. Simon Wolcott.

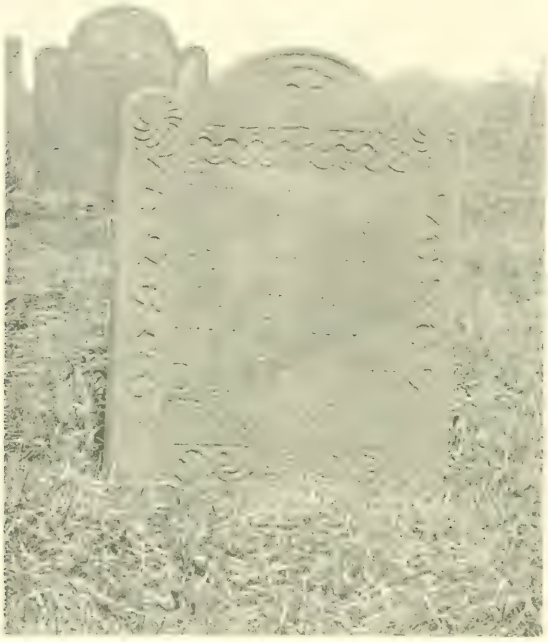
Also Martha Pitkin
Wife of Simon Wolcott
Born 1639 Dyed oct^r 13, 1719."

MONUMENT TO SIMON WOLCOTT.

(In the cemetery at Windsor.)

Though this inscription appears to indicate the burial-place of Martha Pitkin Wolcott, and many have been misled by it, her grave is in the old cemetery in South Windsor, where also may be found the grave of her grandson, Brigadier-General Erastus Wolcott. From the Wolcott Memorial we learn that "the widow of Simon Wolcott married Daniel Clark of Windsor. A headstone

marks her grave in the old churchyard in South Windsor, and her name has also been inscribed on the durable monument of her first husband in the Windsor churchyard."



BURIAL PLACE AND GRAVESTONE OF MARTHA PITKIN WOLCOTT CLARK, SOUTH WINDSOR.

The headstone in South Windsor bears the following inscription:

"Here lyeth: sleep
ing in Jesus: yr Bo
dy of Mrs Mar-
tha Clark Alies
Wolcott Who
Died Octr yr 13
1719 Aged 80 Years"

Martha Pitkin Wolcott has been called a grandmother of the Revolution. It is to the women of her time, who faced danger courageously, endured privation patiently, looked forward hopefully, and educated their children and grandchildren, by precept and example, to be God-fearing patriots, that we owe what is best in our history. The sons and grandsons of these women, inheriting their virtues and profiting by their example and instruction, became the soldiers of the Revolution—heroes whom the nation will delight more and more to honor with the passing of each generation.

Elizabeth E. W. Sperry.
(MRS. LEWIS SPERRY).

The authorities used in compiling this sketch were:
Wolcott Memorial. Samuel Wolcott.
Ancient Windsor, Stiles, p. 826.
Magazine of American History, March, 1884, pp. 234–237.

In Memoriam

Mrs. Sperry, the writer of the preceding sketch of Martha Pitkin Wolcott, died at South Windsor, August 3, 1900. She was a direct descendant of Martha Pitkin and Simon Wolcott through Lieut. Henry, Capt. Gideon, Samuel, and Samuel's seventh child Elizabeth Wolcott, who was the grandmother of Mrs. Sperry, and who married Deacon Erastus Ellsworth of New York, late of East Windsor Hill.

Mrs. Sperry's mother, Mary Lyman Ellsworth, married Dr. William Wood, son of Rev. Luke Wood of Waterbury, Conn. For many years, and until his death in 1884, Dr. Wood was a successful and much esteemed physician in South Windsor and vicinity, and was more widely known as an ornithologist. He left a collection of birds of rare value, which is now preserved at Wadsworth's Athenaeum, Hartford.

Mrs. Elizabeth Ellsworth Wood Sperry was born August 31, 1849, at South Windsor. She was married November 7, 1878, to Hon. Lewis Sperry of South Windsor, who represented the first district of Connecticut in the fifty-second and fifty-third Congresses, and who is now a practicing lawyer of the firm of Sperry & McLean of Hartford. Hon. George P. McLean of this firm was elected Governor of Connecticut in November, 1900, and at the present writing (January, 1901) has entered upon the duties of his office.

Mrs. Sperry had two children, a daughter Mary Elizabeth Sperry, and a son Ellsworth Sperry, who survive her.

Her Revolutionary ancestry is of marked distinction, and extends in five different lines to patriots through her father, Dr. Wood, as well as through the Wolcott and Ellsworth branches. She inherited much of the intellectual and moral strength of her noted ancestors, and was beloved by all who knew her for her rare qualities and grace of character. In every relation she was always the Christian gentlewoman—quiet and unassuming in manner and absolutely faithful in the discharge of every duty. In her friendships she always inspired others to do their best, and "being dead she still speaketh."

RUTH HART

WIFE OF

SELAH HART

Brigadier-General Connecticut Militia

Lieutenant-Colonel Continental Army

RUTH HART CHAPTER

MERIDEN

THE RUTH HART HOMESTEAD, KENSINGTON.

RUTH HART

DURING Colonial days, one hundred and fifty-seven years ago, a daughter came to gladden the hearts of Matthew Cole and his wife, Mary Newell. They named her Ruth.

The entire century through which Ruth Cole Hart lived was one of conflict and change, and is especially remarkable for the political changes which occurred in America. During the thirty-three years of her youth Ruth Cole was a subject of King George II., and of King George III. Then followed fifteen years of strife, bloodshed, and turmoil; beginning with the war of the American Revolution, which lasted eight years, and which was followed by seven years of differences in political opinions among the patriots, ending in the adoption of the Constitution, with George Washington as President of the new Republic. The remaining fifty-four years of Ruth Hart's life were spent under the successive administrations of ten Presidents: Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Adams, Jackson, Van Buren, Harrison, and Tyler.

Beside the struggles at home, there had been excitement abroad; fierce and bitter conflicts in Europe; the Colonial Wars of Great Britain and France; the French Revolution; the rise, growth, and fall of the Empire of Napoleon; and in 1812 our second war with Great Britain.

Happily her last days were peaceful; repose succeeded turmoil; quiet reigned until the end of her century-long life.

Ruth Cole was born October 29, 1742. From the old records of the Kensington Church the following quotations are taken: "Selah Hart married Ruth Cole, December 22, 1763." "Ruth Hart united with the church, 1771." In the very beginning of the war her husband, Selah Hart, joined the patriots, and within the

first year was commissioned captain, and colonel, and later a brigadier-general. He was taken prisoner in 1776 near New York, and for many months was mourned by her as dead. After his release he entered the army again with the rank of brigadier-general and served through the remainder of the war. He lived to be seventy-four years old, but Ruth Hart, his wife, survived him thirty-eight years. She had no children and devoted her long life to others, especially to educational and church interests.

In the Centennial sketch of the Society of Kensington by Edward Robbins, son of Rev. Royal Robbins, special prominence is given to Mrs. Ruth Hart. Mr. Robbins says :—

"She was a woman of strong native powers of body and mind which her active and industrious habits through her life served to strengthen, the use of which she retained to an extraordinary degree almost to its close. She was distinguished for her piety and benevolence. From the circumstance of her husband being a Revolutionary officer, she received, with one exception, the largest pension of any person in the State."

Ruth Hart's declaration for pension was dated December 4, 1836, her age at that time being ninety-four years. Her pension amounted to five hundred and seventy-five dollars yearly, which she used towards various public and philanthropic objects. To her own Ecclesiastical Society she gave at one time one thousand dollars for the purpose of remodelling its house of worship. To Yale College she gave five hundred dollars as a scholarship for supporting pious and indigent students. To the American Educational Society, on one occasion, she gave one hundred dollars.

From the old records of Kensington Church the following is quoted : "At an annual meeting of Kensington Congregational Society, December 26, 1837, it was voted to appropriate slip No. 42 for the use of widow Ruth Hart for the ensuing year." Her will, a portion of which is given herewith, is dated "this twenty-sixth day of April, A.D. 1841." She was then ninety-nine years old, but her signature shows a strong, firm hand.

On January 15, 1844, Ruth Hart passed away, aged one hundred and one years, two months and sixteen days, and was laid at rest beside her husband, General Selah Hart, in the cemetery a short distance northwest of their home.

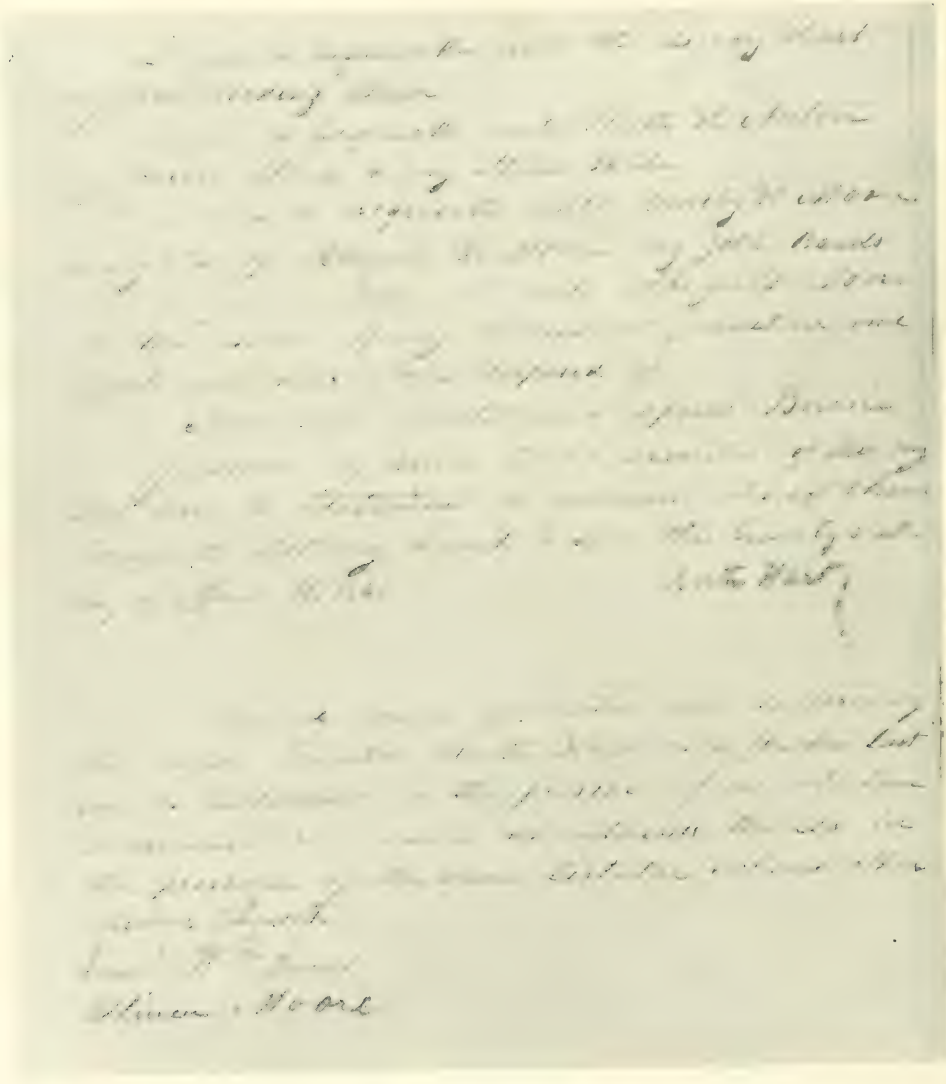
The Hart Homestead, long occupied by a granddaughter* of Cyprian Hart, is one-half mile from Berlin Station, charmingly located amid stately trees. The commission of General Hart (see p. 202) still hangs on the wall of the north front room. Ruth

RUTH HART RELICS.

(Chair, Cane, Bible, Funeral Sermon.)

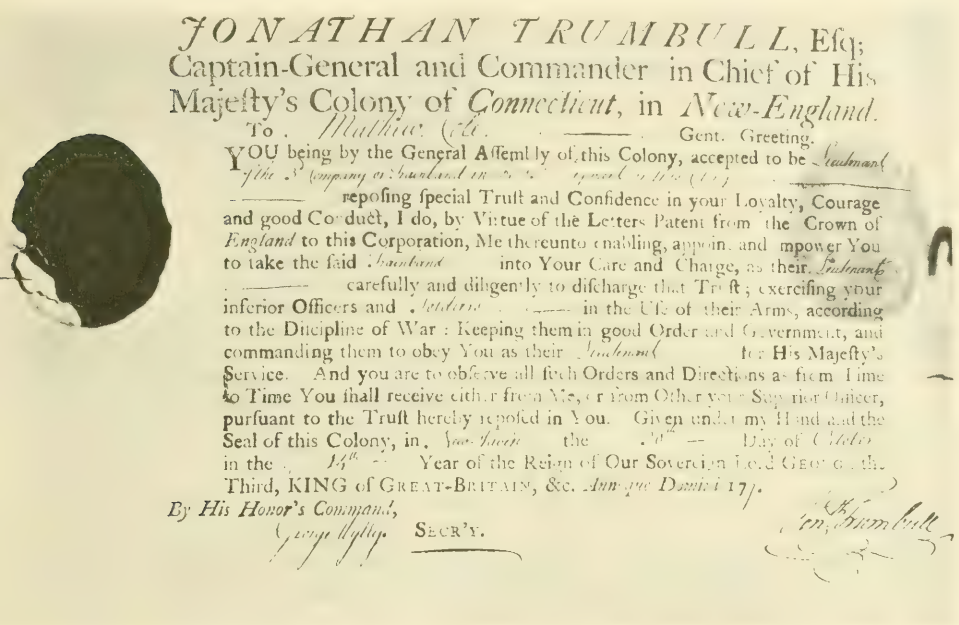
Hart's chair stands on a rug of olden time. Her Bible and cane, supports of her declining years, are constant reminders of this remarkable woman to the present owner, who was so fortunate as to have passed a part of her childhood days with Ruth Hart.

* The granddaughter of Cyprian Hart died in November, 1900. The Ruth Hart homestead will probably remain in the family.



PORTION OF RUTH HART'S WILL AND HER SIGNATURE.

Ruth Cole was a descendant of James Cole and of Stephen Hart. James Cole was born in Essex County, England. He was left a widower with a son John and a little daughter Abigail. Mrs. Ann Edwards, widow of Rev. Richard Edwards, a Puritan minister of London, was his second wife. She had one young son, William Edwards, who was the progenitor of Jonathan



JONATHAN TRUMBULL, Esq;
Captain-General and Commander in Chief of His Majesty's Colony of *Connecticut*, in *New-England*.

To . *Matthew Cole* . ——— Gent. Greeting.

YOU being by the General Assembly of this Colony, accepted to be *Lieutenant* of the 3d Company or Standard in the 1st Regiment in the County of ———, reposing special Trust and Confidence in your Loyalty, Courage and good Conduct, I do, by Virtue of the Letters Patent from the Crown of *England* to this Corporation, Me thereunto enabling, appoint and empower You to take the said *Standard* into Your Care and Charge, as their *Lieutenant* . ——— carefully and diligently to discharge that Trust; exercising your inferior Officers and *Soldiers* . ——— in the Use of their Arms, according to the Discipline of War: Keeping them in good Order and Government, and commanding them to obey You as their *Lieutenant* for His Majesty's Service. And you are to observe all such Orders and Directions as from Time to Time You shall receive either from Me, or from Other your Superior Officer, pursuant to the Trust hereby reposed in You. Given under my Hand and the Seal of this Colony, in *New-Haven* the 30th — Day of *October* in the 14th — Year of the Reign of Our Sovereign Lord GEORGE the Third, KING of GREAT-BRITAIN, &c. *Annoque Domini* 1773.

By His Honor's Command,
George Wyllys SEC'RY.

Jon. Trumbull

MATTHEW COLE'S COMMISSION AS LIEUTENANT.

(Dated 1773.)

Edwards, the eminent theologian and metaphysician. Soon after his second marriage James Cole with his wife, daughter, and step-son emigrated to New England, joining the party which, under the leadership of Rev. Thomas Hooker, left Cambridge, Mass., October, 1635, for the Connecticut Valley.

James Cole was one of the original proprietors of Hartford; his name appears on the lists made by Hinman and by Porter of the original settlers; also upon the monument erected by the

Ancient Burying Ground Association of Hartford, in memory of the original settlers.

James Cole had a lot on the corner of two streets, called in the old records, one "the road from Moodys to the ox-pasture" or "the road to Wethersfield, which is now Main street." The other was called "the road to Wethersfield or the road from William Hill's to the ox-pasture." The latter was afterwards called Cole street. The most prominent families among the first settlers were located on the east side of this street. It retained the name of Cole street until 1851, when it received its present name of Governor street, because five governors of the colony and state had lived thereon. Adjoining Mr. Cole's lot on the north was the lot of Thomas Judd, and next to Thomas Judd's was the estate of George Wyllys, a governor of the colony, on whose estate stood the famous Charter Oak. James Cole died in 1652.

John Cole, son of James Cole and of his first wife, followed his father to New England, and was made a freeman in 1653. After his father's death he was appointed constable and lived in Wethersfield Lane, where his father lived.

John Cole's son John settled in Farmington and married Mehitabel Hart, third daughter of Deacon Steven Hart of Farmington. Their sons settled in Kensington. Ruth Cole, the subject of this sketch, was a descendant of one of the sons through Matthew Cole, her father, who married Mary Newell. In October, 1773, Matthew Cole was commissioned a lieutenant, and in December, 1775, a captain of the Third Company or Train-band in this Colony.* His daughter Ruth was at this time the wife of Selah Hart, whom she married in 1763.

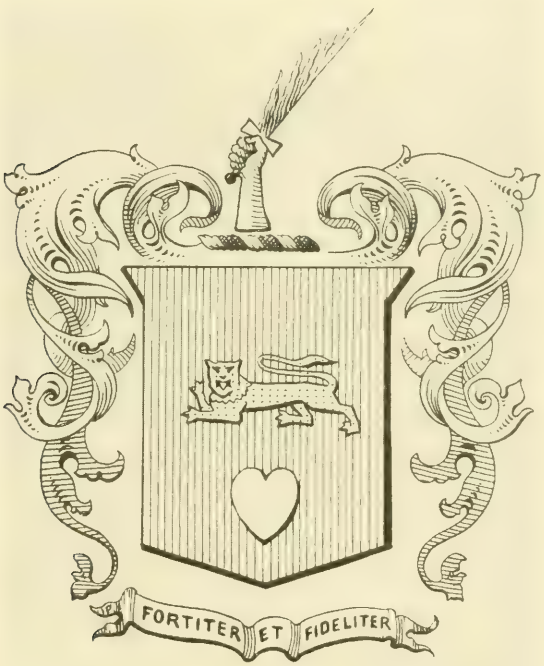
Mary Newell, the mother of Ruth Hart, was a descendant of Thomas Newell,† one of the original proprietors of Farmington.

* Matthew Cole had a nephew of the same name as himself. Whether the commission pictured in the illustration on page 193 belonged to Matthew Cole, Senior, or to his nephew, has not thus far been definitely proved.

† Thomas Newell's wife was Rebekah Olmsted. Thomas Newell died in 1689, leaving an estate of seven hundred pounds. His son, Ensign Samuel Newell, married Mary Hart, daughter of Thomas Hart, Esq., and of Ruth Hawkins. Anthony Hawkins, father of Ruth Hawkins, was a distingushed man in Farmington. His wife was a daughter of Governor Welles.

Thomas Newell, son of Samuel and Mary Hart Newell, married Mary Lee. Their daughter Mary married Captain Matthew Cole, whose daughter Ruth is the subject of this sketch.

Deacon Steven Hart, the ancestor of Ruth Cole through Mehitabel Hart, her grandmother, was also the ancestor of Selah Hart. Steven Hart came to Massachusetts about 1632, from Braintree, Essex County, England. He was one of the fifty-four settlers of Newtown, Mass., now Cambridge. He took the freeman's oath at



HART FAMILY COAT-OF-ARMS.

(Arms—a lion passant, gardant, or in base; a human heart, argent. Crest—a dexter cubit arm, holding a flaming sword, all proper. Motto—Fortiter et Fideliter.)

Cambridge on May 14, 1634, came to Hartford with Rev. Thomas Hooker's Company in 1635, served as a deacon of Thomas Hooker's church in both Cambridge and Hartford, and was one of the principal settlers of Tunxis or Farmington.

In the settlement of Farmington, Steven Hart seems to have taken the lead. The land was purchased of the Tunxis Indians,

PORTION OF STEVEN HART'S WILL, DATED 1682.

and in 1645 the town was incorporated under the name of Farmington. About this time Roger Newton, who married a daughter of Rev. Thomas Hooker, began to preach there, and in 1652 was ordained as pastor. Steven Hart was chosen first deacon, and was one of the seven "pillars" of the church. John Cole is also mentioned as one of the "pillars."

In 1647 Steven Hart was one of the "Deputyes" of the General Court of Connecticut, and thereafter for many successive years until 1660. He died in March, 1682. The following copy of the will of Steven Hart, dated March 16, 1682, reads:

"I give to my grandson Thomas Porter and my son-in-law, John Cole, my plowing land and medow and swamp, which was sometimes part of Andrew Warner's farm and abutts upon my son Steven Hart's land on the north" . . . "and as for the rest, as above sayd, I give to my beloved sons, Steven and Thomas Hart, and my beloved daughters, Sarah Porter and Marie Lee, and my son-in-law, John Cole, whom I make executors of this my last will and testament."

The name Hart appears seven times in this document; and John Cole, who is mentioned in this will, was the ancestor of Ruth Hart.

Captain Thomas Hart, also mentioned in the will of Steven Hart, was great-great-grandfather of Ruth Cole, and inherited a part of his father's homestead opposite the meeting-house. He was captain of the Train-band in 1695; represented Farmington in the General Court twenty-nine sessions, beginning in 1690; was several times clerk and speaker and a candidate for the Upper House. He was a member of the Council of Safety in 1697; filled the more important town offices and executed important trusts. He died in 1726, aged eighty-three years, and was buried with military honors. His estate was large, comprising two thousand acres.

General Selah Hart of Kensington, the husband of Ruth Cole, was a descendant of Steven Hart, in the line of Steven Hart's oldest son, as follows: Stephen[1], John[2], John[3], Nathaniel[4], and Selah[5].

John Hart, the eldest son of Deacon Steven Hart, was born in England. He was one of the first settlers of Tunxis; among the

estates on the list of the eighty-four proprietors of 1672 is numbered the estate of John Hart. At the session of the General Court, October, 1660, he had been elected one of the committee to examine "Thirty Miles Island" with a view to settlement. In 1666 his house near the center of the village of Farmington was fired at night by the Indians. This resulted in the death of all the family except the oldest son, John, who was absent at Nod, now Avon. The Tunxis town records were destroyed at the same time. The act of firing Mr. Hart's house was ascribed to the Farmington Indians, Mashupano and his accessories, who as indemnity paid each year, for seven years, a heavy tribute, "eighty faddoms of wampum, well strung and merchantable."

Captain John Hart, eldest son of John, married Mary Moore, 1695. He was commissioned ensign by the General Court previous to October, 1703, when he was commissioned lieutenant, and afterwards he was promoted to the rank of captain. He was four successive years a deputy from Farmington to the General Court, and was appointed in May, 1705, one of the auditors of the Colony.

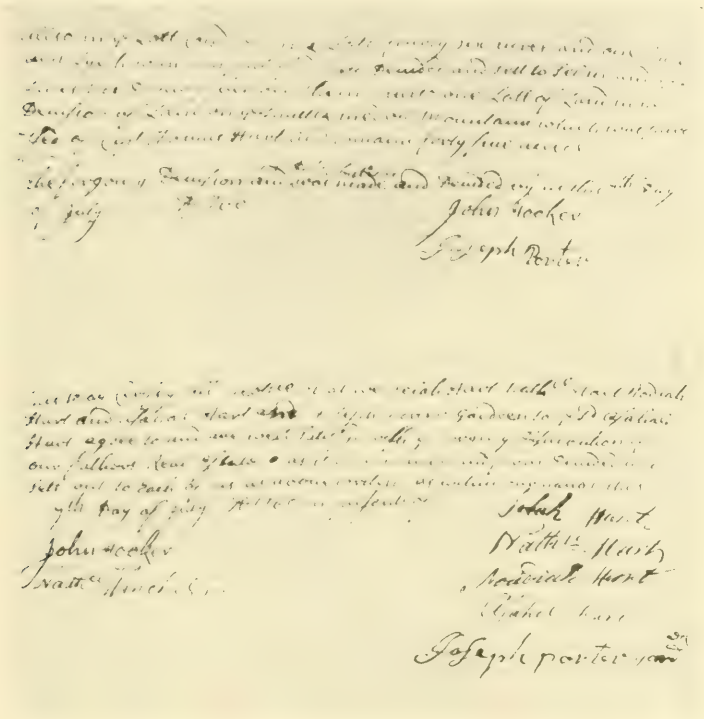
Nathaniel Hart, youngest son of Captain John Hart and his wife Mary Moore, married Abigail Hooker, daughter of John Hooker, Esq., and of his wife, Abigail Stanley. Nathaniel Hart died October 24, 1758. The four sons that survived him were Selah, Nathaniel, Noadiah, and Asahel.

On the opposite page is a portion of a copy of an old document in which the name Hart appears nine times. It is the division and distribution of all Nathaniel Hart's lands and real estate to his four sons. "The divisions and distributions [were] made and divided the 7th day of July, 1760, by John Hooker and Joseph Porter," and the acceptances of the same were by the four sons, Selah, Nathaniel, Noadiah and Asahel, whose signatures are affixed to the document.

General Selah Hart, the second son of Nathaniel, was born in Kensington, May 23, 1732. He married first, Mary, daughter of Stephen Cole and of his wife Abigail Hart; after the death of Mary Cole, his wife, Selah Hart married, December 22, 1763, Ruth Cole, daughter of Matthew Cole and of his wife Mary Newell. General Hart had but one child, Mary, who died young and who

was the daughter of his first wife Mary Cole. He adopted as his son, Cyprian, the sixth son of his brother Nathaniel.

That Selah Hart inherited the integrity and ability of his ancestors is evident from the records of church and state. In 1763 he joined the church of Kensington, served as deacon and treasurer



DIVISION AND DISTRIBUTION OF THE REAL ESTATE OF NATHANIEL HART.

(Showing the signatures of the four sons of Nathaniel Hart.)

for many years—even until his death. He was moderator of the first town meeting in Berlin, June 13, 1785, and he represented Farmington in the General Assembly four times. In October, 1762, he entered upon his military career, having been appointed by the General Assembly an ensign of the Seventh Company or Train-band, in the Sixth Regiment. In 1763 he was appointed

a lieutenant, and in 1764 a captain. His Revolutionary record begins in 1775, when Selah Hart was appointed one of the committee to provide ammunition for the Connecticut Colony, soon after which he received, according to the records, the following official commissions, orders and reports :

May, 1776. "This Assembly do appoint Selah Hart to be Lieutenant-Colonel of the Fifteenth Regiment Militia, in place of Fisher Gay promoted."

June, 1776. "This Assembly do appoint James Wadsworth, Jun^{r}, Esq^{r}, to re-inforce the Continental Army of New York." (Selah Hart's company belonged to James Wadsworth's brigade.)

October, 1776. "This Assembly do appoint Selah Heart to be Colonel of the Fifteenth Regiment in place of Fisher Gay deceased.

"Noadiah Hooker to be Lieutenant-Colonel in place of Selah Hart promoted."

Selah Hart was taken prisoner near New York September 15, 1776—exchanged 1777, and the records give the following particulars :

"Immediately after their victory on Long Island, the British made dispositions to attack New York. Under an apprehension that the place was indefensible, it was decided in a Council of General Officers that it was inexpedient [for the patriots] to attempt to hold possession. Accordingly the American Army was withdrawn with an inconsiderable loss of men ; but all heavy artillery and a large portion of the baggage, provision, and military stores, were unavoidably abandoned. On the 15th of September, 1776, the British troops entered and took possession of the city. The regiment commanded by Colonel Selah Hart was cut off and he was captured by a body of the enemy's forces, which had ascended the Hudson and landed above him."

May, 1777. "Lieutenant-Colonel Selah Hart hath preferred his Memorial to the Assembly and Council, viz :

Whereas Lieutenant-Colonel Selah Hart of Farmington hath preferred his memorial to this Assembly, for himself and about thirty-eight other continental officers captivated [captured] by the enemies of the United States of America and confined by them on Long Island, shewing to this Assembly that said officers and their families are reduced to great distress by means of said officers being held in captivity, the most of them ever since the sixteenth

of September last, since which they have received no wages, or allowances from the United States, or either of them, and that they have spent all their money, are considerably in debt, and have no means of subsistence; that they are unable to procure hard money; that paper money or bills will not pay them; praying for relief, &c., as per memorial and a list of said officers names lodged in the files of this Assembly appears.

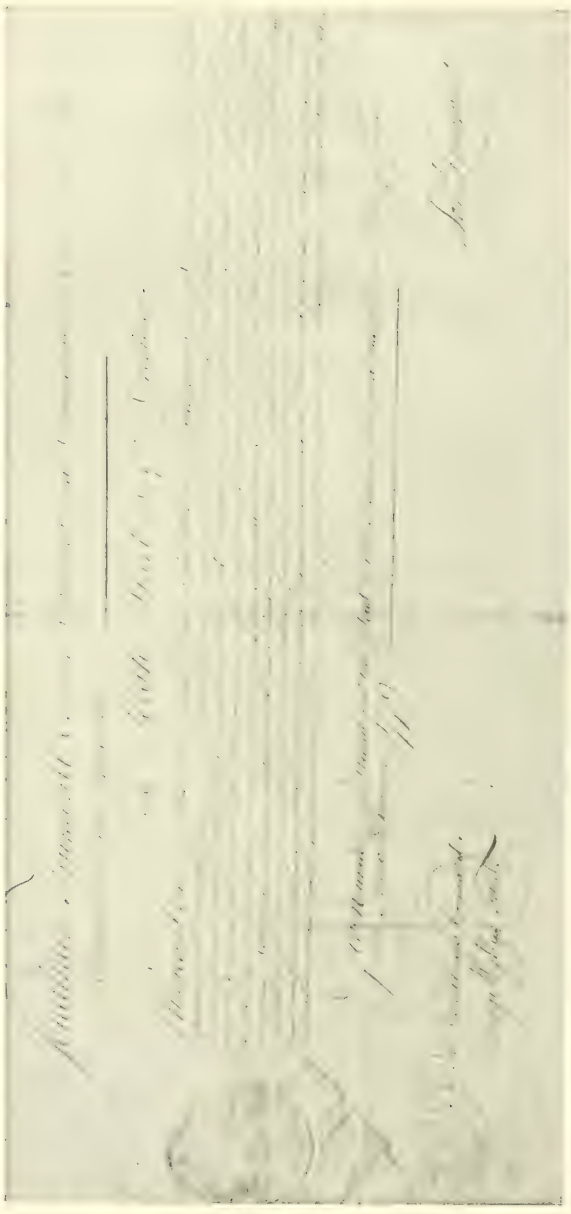
Resolved by this Assembly, That the Committee of the Pay Table be, and they are hereby directed to adjust and settle said officers' accounts when produced to them, and to allow to them the same wages since their captivity as was allowed to officers of their rank in the Continental army at the time they were captured; and that the committee pay to them, or to said Selah Hart, for their use, the balance due to each of said officers, or such part thereof as on consideration of their case may appear necessary for their relief; Provided such evidence shall be produced as shall satisfy said committee that said officers have not received their wages already. And said committee are directed, if possible, to make said payment, or considerable part thereof in hard money, and for that purpose to draw on the Treasurer of this State for the same or bills of credit, to exchange for the same, and the Treasurer is directed to pay the same accordingly; and said committee are to charge the sum so paid to the United States and transmit an account thereof to General Washington, with the names and officers of the persons to whom or for whom the same is paid, and the batalion and Company to which they belonged, as soon as they can ascertain the same, and request the General to give orders that said sum may be ordered and paid to the Treasurer of this State, for the use of this State."

"A meeting of Governor and Council of Safety, August 6, 1777. A letter was received from Brigadier-General O. Wolcott, in which he informs that he has ordered all the effective men of Hart's Regiment to march well armed, and to take four days provisions to Peekskill, to defend that post which seems to [be] the enemy's object; which orders of General Wolcott are approved."

Meeting of Governor and Council of Safety, February 26, 1778. "Resolved that Selah Hart be permitted to go into New York on his parol and to return when desired."

May, 1779. "This Assembly do appoint Selah Hart, Esq., to be Brigadier-General of the Sixth Brigade of Militia in this State, in the room of the Hon^{ble} Oliver Wolcott Esq^{r} promoted."

The chapter in John Fiske's History of the American Revolution recording the events of 1779–80 is entitled "The Year of



SELAH HART'S COMMISSION AS BRIGADIER-GENERAL.

(Dated 1779.)

Disasters." In the summer of 1779 the British raided Connecticut and Virginia, destroying many towns, and placed the defenseless inhabitants in great distress; in the South, the American army was defeated in several battles and the British took possession of Charlestown. In the early autumn of 1780 the revelation of Arnold's treason was the climax of disasters, and brought greater dismay and distress to the leaders of the patriots than the losses by battles and raids. "In so far as these barbarous raids [into Connecticut] had any military purpose, it was hoped that they might induce Washington to weaken his force at the Highlands by sending troops into Connecticut to protect private property. . . . Washington's method of relieving Connecticut was different from what was expected."* A few miles below the American camp was Stony Point, which guarded the entrance to the Highlands. In May (1779) while the Americans were building the fort at Stony Point, Sir Henry Clinton came up the river and captured it. Washington took this opportunity while the enemy were in Connecticut to recapture Stony Point, intrusting the enterprise to General Anthony Wayne, whose capture of the fort on July 15, 1779, is one of the brilliant exploits of the Revolution.

During these events the Governor of Connecticut and his Council were in frequent session, doing their utmost to provide means for the defense of Connecticut. In this extremity their dependence on General Hart (among others) is evidenced from the following extracts from the State Records of 1779–80:

"Saturday, 10th July, 1779. Met, &c. Express (near night) from Gen'l Hart who advised again of the motion of the enemy from the westward, &c., &c., and ordered thereupon, that half of Brig.-Gen. Wolcott's two regiments west of the river be detached & sent toward Greenwich, &c."

"Monday, 12th July. Council met, &c. Copy of orders (rec'd) from Gen'l O. Wolcott at Norwalk, dated 10th July, to Gen'l Hart Counting that he had ordered him to detach half his brigade & March, &c.—but apprehends so large a force unnecessary."

"Monday, July 12, 1779. Council met. Letter and request sent Gen. Glover at New London informing him of Major-

*John Fiske.

General Wolcott's orders to General Hart and the intelligence from the fleet as before mentioned, &c., and proposing his longer stay at New London with his Brigade."

"Wednesday, 14 July, 1779. Council met again. Letter ordered to Brig.-Gen. Hart directing him to enquire into the state of the cartridges in his brigade, to apply to the Pay Table for an order for powder and for lead and to cause a suitable number of cartridges to be made up and to be under his care."

"Fryday, 16 July, 1779. Council met again. The following orders were sent to the six brigades of the State: 'To John Douglas, Esq., Brigadier General, to cause peremptory drafts by proper officers to be made immediately from your brigade of one hundred & ninety-four able bodied effective men . . . . . to join & serve in the line & for the term aforesaid until the 15th day of Jan., unless sooner discharged.'"

"Saturday, 17 July, 1779. Council met again. Similar to the order of Gen'l Douglass the orders to Gen. Selah Hart who is ordered to give orders for draught."

Monday, July 19, 1779. Governor and Council met. "Heard by letters &c the agreeable news of General Wain's storming and carrying the enemy's fort at Stony Point with 500 prisoners, large stores &c &c last Fryday night, the 16th."

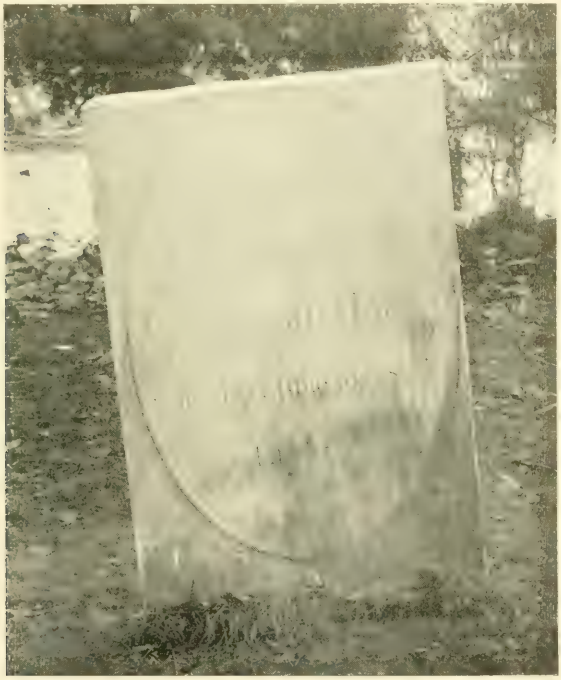
Orders prepared and signed to General Hart to detach from his brigade (the sixth in No.) "one hundred and fifty-four men as aforesaid for said service." (The aforesaid orders were "for draught from various towns to join the Continental Army.")

"At a meeting of Governor and Council at Lebanon this 25th of November 1779, after much consideration, concluded, ordered and resolved that one-half the Militia heretofore ordered to be raised and marched on the 10th of October last, and whose march was after suspended, that the half of them, viz: on the west side of the Connecticut river be forthwith ordered to be marched under proper officers and stationed at several places. General Hart's at Stratford."

"At a General Assembly of the Governor and Company of the State of Connecticut . . . Holden at Hartford . . . on the first Thursday of January, 1780: . . .

"It is also further resolved by the Assembly that there be forthwith drafted out of the militia in the brigade under the command of Brigadier-Gen[l] Silliman, and that brigade under the command under Briga. Gen. Hart, eight companies: . . .

"That they repair immediately to Greenwich and take post there under the command of Colo. John Mead for defence of that place, until the first of May next unless sooner dismissed. That they be supplied with provisions by one or more commissaries to be appointed for that purpose by his excellency the Governor and Council of Safety. That the wages and supplies of the officers and soldiers of said companies to be the same as is allowed to the other guards raised and employed for defense of this State."



STONE ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF GENERAL SELAH HART.

(Replaced by a Monument.)

General Hart's name is also found in the "Connecticut Men in the Revolution" among the general officers present with the militia at New Haven and vicinity during the New Haven alarm.

General Hart continued in the service throughout the war, and filled various civil offices after the war. In 1788 he was a delegate to the State Convention for the adoption or rejection of the Consti-

tution of the United States. He died June 11, 1806, aged seventy-four years. A plain slab of marble formerly marked his resting place in the cemetery; later a monument was erected to his memory, bearing the following inscription:

General Selah Hart,
An Officer of the Revolution
who died
June 11th, 1806, ÆT 74 years.
"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

Ruth Cole survived her husband thirty-eight years. The few facts concerning her life which are recorded have already been given.

For glimpses of her personality there remains on record only the sermon preached at her funeral by the Rev. Royal Robbins, pastor of the Congregational church in Kensington, who says: "It was said of her that she was a peculiar ornament to the Gospel which she had embraced, for she so abounded in good works and alms-deeds that her whole life was a continual succession of them, as a tree is full of fruit when every branch is loaded with it. She not only gave away her substance but she employed herself in laboring for the poor widows and other believers, so that her death was considered a public loss. Her very protracted sojourn on earth was one of peculiar privilege and enjoyment in many respects. She retained her faculties, both of body and mind, to the last. Her corporeal and muscular energy held out, so as to admit of her engaging in regular and frequent exercise. Her memory, judgment, and other intellectual operations, and her powers of speech, were not very perceptibly impaired up to the time of her decease. She was able and inclined to do for herself those offices which in extreme age are usually assumed by others. It is not known that she ever had an occasion to call for the services of a physician for any sickness except that of which she died; and only on one occasion, a year or two before her death, was aid required, on account of a fall which she received.

Her love of reading continued, her eyesight remained good, her memory was retentive, her sense of hearing, alone, was a little impaired in the latter part of her life. As an instance of her fac-

ulty of recollection, she was asked, 'how life appeared in the retrospect?' She readily replied that she could not express her feelings better than to quote the words of Young (from his poem on Resignation) :

MONUMENT TO GENERAL SELAH HART. HEADSTONE IN MEMORY OF RUTH HART.

'One world deceased ; another born,
Like Noah, we behold :
O'er whose white locks and furrowed brow,
So many suns have rolled.'

She spoke of the value of her Bible, her fondness in perusing it ; avowed often her obligations to the Lord, to do for his cause, as she was only a steward, entrusted with a portion of his gifts."

Near the monument to General Hart is the gravestone of his wife, which bears this inscription :

MRS. RUTH HART
WIFE OF GENERAL SELAH HART
Born Oct. 29th, 1742.
Died Jan. 15th, 1844.
Æ 101 years, 2 months and 16 days.
Extraordinary in age, she was not less
distinguished by strength of character, correctness
of moral principal and holiness of life.
She adorned the profession of the Gospel
during nearly three quarters of a century.
A friend of God, and her species, her memory
will triumph over the wrecks of time."

Elizabeth Hall Upham.

Authorities used in compiling this sketch were :
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"Thomas Newell and his Descendants."
Genealogical History of Deacon Stephen Hart and his Descendants. By Alfred Andrews.
A Sermon delivered at the Funeral of Mrs. Ruth Hart, a Centenarian. By Rev. Royal Robbins, pastor of Cong. church of Kensington.
Colonial Records of Connecticut.
State Records.
Church Records.
"Connecticut Men in the Revolution."
New England Historical and Genealogical Register.
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Savage's Genealogical Dictionary.

SARAH RIGGS HUMPHREYS

Whose Four Sons Served in the Revolution

COLONEL DAVID HUMPHREYS
Aide to Washington
MAJOR ELIJAH HUMPHREYS
JOHN HUMPHREYS
DANIEL HUMPHREYS

ELIZABETH CLARKE HULL

Whose Husband and Three Sons Served in the Revolution

CAPTAIN JOSEPH HULL

COLONEL WILLIAM HULL
CAPTAIN JOSEPH HULL
SAMUEL HULL

SARAH RIGGS HUMPHREYS CHAPTER
DERBY

ELIZABETH CLARKE HULL CHAPTER
ANSONIA

"While freedom's cause his patriot bosom warms,
In lore of nations skill'd, and brave in arms,
See Humphreys glorious from the field retire,
Sheath the glad sword and string the sounding lyre—
That lyre, which erst, in hours of dark despair,
Rous'd the sad realms to urge th' unfinish'd war:
O'er fallen friends, with all the strength of woe,
His heartfelt sighs in moving numbers flow.
His country's wrongs, her duties, dangers, praise,
Fire his full soul, and animate his lays.
Immortal Washington with joy shall own
So fond a fav'rite and so great a son."

—*A Tribute to David Humphreys by Joel Barlow.*

SARAH RIGGS HUMPHREYS

THE researches of to-day have brought us face to face with historical characters, the memory of whose services seemed buried forever. But systematic and persistent effort has served to repeople waste places, and to awaken the echoes of the patriots' march, until the very men and women whose graves we mark with the flag of liberty and with the flowers of love and peace seem to be alive again. In this "choir immortal" is Sarah Riggs Humphreys, a descendant of men whose lives in each generation were replete with patriotism and sacrifice, and the mother of sons who served during the Revolution in the cause of liberty, both in the field and council chamber. Hence her name has been chosen by the Derby Daughters of the American Revolution to grace and honor their chapter.

The first of her family in America was Edward Riggs, who came from England and settled in Roxbury, Mass., in 1633. His son Sergeant Edward's daring and successful exploit in the Pequot war, in rescuing his commander and twelve of his comrades from a dangerous ambuscade, is a part of Connecticut's early history.

Sergeant Edward Riggs settled in Milford, Conn., in 1646, and in 1654 removed to Derby. The concealment within the shelter of his "forted and palisadoed" house, of the much hunted Regicide Judges, Goffe and Whalley, is an evidence of his independence and high sense of justice, and is an act which should awaken the gratitude of all lovers of constitutional liberty. In 1666 Edward Riggs removed to New Jersey with all his family except his son, Ensign Samuel, who married Sarah (daughter of Richard Baldwin), and remained on his father's homestead in Derby. Samuel was several times elected a deputy and a justice of the peace, and filled many other responsible local offices.

Samuel's son John, born in 1676, succeeded his father in the occupancy of the Derby homestead, and in his turn became a representative man of the town, honored and trusted with many offices. To John Riggs and his wife Elizabeth Tomlinson was born, in 1711, a daughter Sarah, whose name, afterwards so distinguished through the honors which came to her son David Humphreys, the Derby Chapter is proud to bear.

Sarah Riggs became first the wife of John Bowers, who died in 1738. In the same year her two children died, leaving her a childless widow. In 1739 she married again, her second husband being the Rev. Daniel Humphreys. During nearly half a century of married life she was universally called Lady Humphreys, and lived at Uptown Derby until her death July 29, 1787.

She was a woman of fine personal appearance, refined in mind and manner, and celebrated for her knowledge of Derby history. When the Rev. Daniel Humphreys and his wife entered church on the Sabbath, the whole congregation rose and remained standing until the minister had shown his wife to her pew, ascended the pulpit, laid aside his hat, and seated himself, when the congregation resumed their seats. The rectitude of their lives, their gracious manner and dignified appearance, made this customary mark of respect and deference especially appropriate.

The Rev. Daniel Humphreys was the son of Deacon John, the grandson of Sergeant John and the great-grandson of Michael Humphreys, whose first appearance on American soil, so far as known, was at Windsor, Conn., in 1643. The Rev. Daniel Humphreys was born in 1707, at Simsbury, Conn., graduated at Yale College in 1732, and became pastor of the First Church of Christ (Congregational) in Derby, Conn., in 1734. On September 16, 1777, Rev. Daniel Humphreys took the oath of fidelity to the United States.

Mr. Humphreys and Mrs. Humphreys both died in 1787, and only five weeks apart. Their gravestone in the old Uptown burying ground, now called the Colonial cemetery, bears this epitaph :

"The Rev'd DANIEL HUMPHREYS died Sept. 2, 1787, in the 81st year of his age. For more than half a century he was the established minister of the first Society in this town. Mrs. SARAH HUMPHREYS, the affectionate wife of his youth and the tender companion of his advanced age, died July 29, 1787, just five weeks before him.

"The Seasons thus
As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,
Still find them happy and consenting spring
Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads,
Till evening comes at last serene and mild
When after the long vernal day of life,
Enamored more as more remembrance swells
With many a proof of recollected love,
Together down they sink in social sleep,
Together freed their gentle spirits fly
To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign."

The children of the Rev. David and Sarah Riggs Humphreys* were: Daniel, born in 1740; John, born in 1744; Elijah, born in 1746; Sarah, born in 1748; David, born in 1752.

Daniel was graduated at Yale College at the age of seventeen, and was a fine scholar. At the close of the Revolutionary war he settled at Portsmouth, N. H., and opened a law office. He was appointed United States Attorney for New Hampshire by President Washington, and remained in the office until his death.

John was a member of the Committee of Inspection during the Revolution. He took the oath of fidelity to the new Republic in 1778, filled the offices of town clerk and justice of the peace in Derby, and was a representative of his town in the Legislature of Connecticut.

Elijah was town clerk of Derby for many years. He served as major in the Revolutionary war, and was especially distinguished for his patriotism and zeal in the cause of liberty, having had three horses shot under him when on the battle field. He was also a member of the Order of the Cincinnati. He died of yellow

*In compiling this sketch of Sarah Riggs Humphreys and of her children's services to their country, and of the incidents of their lives, the writer made free quotations from The History of the Town of Derby, Humphreys' Genealogy, and Stiles' Ancient Windsor.

fever on his way to the West Indies, in the fortieth year of his age, and was buried at Martinico. A stone bearing his name and recording the date of his birth and death stands near the burial place of his parents in the Colonial cemetery at Derby.

Sarah, the only daughter of Rev. Daniel and Sarah Riggs Humphreys, married the Rev. Samuel Mills, a Baptist clergyman. They were living in Fairfield, Conn., when Fairfield town was burned by the Tories on the 7th July, 1779. The parsonage and the church in which the Rev. Samuel Mills had preached were burned to the ground, and Mrs. Mills fled to Derby on horseback, having placed her best feather bed across the horse. It was probably near the site of his sister's home in Fairfield that David Humphreys wrote his poem entitled the "Burning of Fairfield, Conn."

The following is a brief extract from Colonel Humphreys' poem written soon after the event it describes:

"Ye smoking ruins, marks of hostile ire,
Ye ashes warm, which drink the tears that flow,
Ye desolated plains, my voice inspire,
And give soft music to the song of woe.

"How pleasant, Fairfield, on th' enraptur'd sight
Rose thy tall spires, and op'd thy social halls!
How oft my bosom beat with pure delight,
At yonder spot where stands the darkened walls!"

The Rev. Samuel Mills died in 1814, and his widow married again in 1819 when seventy-one years old. Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, a local historian and a friend of the family, in a letter long preserved, gave the following description of the bride: "I remember seeing her at the Colonel's rooms, during the wedding festivities, in her bridal dress—a silver-gray pongee silk, trimmed to the knees with narrow rows of black velvet ribbon, while her soft gray hair was surmounted by a lace cap brightened with pink ribbons;" and Derby history gives the following: "In personal appearance, style, and manners, she was a good illustration of her honored mother, Lady Humphreys." She was, for the times, highly educated, and published a volume of poems.

D. Humphreys

David Humphreys entered Yale College at the age of fifteen, and was graduated in 1771, in the time of President Daggett, and was a fellow student of Trumbull, Dwight, and Barlow. These four young Connecticut bards maintained honorable rank as scholars, and summoned to their use the charms of poetry to aid the progress of freedom, and to open and pave the pathway of liberty. In his poem on the "Future Glory of the United States of America," Humphreys addressed his three poet friends.

At the commencement of the Revolution, David Humphreys was a resident of New Haven. He entered the army as captain, was soon promoted to the rank of major in General Putnam's brigade, and was in the retreat from New York in August, 1776. Soon after he was appointed aide-de-camp to General Putnam, and in 1777 was commissioned brigade-major of the First Connecticut regiment in the Hudson Highlands. Later he served as aide to General Greene.

In 1780 he was appointed aide and secretary to General Washington, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and soon afterwards he joined General Washington's family, remaining with Washington until the close of the war. At the siege of Yorktown he held a separate command, and when Lord Cornwallis surrendered to the American forces in 1781, Colonel Humphreys had the distinguished honor of receiving the colors, and, as a mark of approbation, was made the bearer of the same from the Commander-in-Chief to Congress, taking with him copies of the returns of prisoners, arms, ordnance, and twenty-five stands of the surrendered colors, carrying also to Congress a letter from Washington commending the bearer to the consideration of that honorable body.

On November 7th, 1781, it was "Resolved, that an elegant sword be presented, in the name of the United States in Congress assembled, to Colonel Humphreys, Aid-de-Camp to General Washington, to whose care the standards, taken on the capitulation of York, were committed, as a testimony of their opinion of his fidelity and ability; and that the Board of War take order therein." In the year 1786 this resolution was carried into effect, and the sword was presented to Colonel Humphreys by General Knox, then Secretary of War, accompanied by a highly complimentary letter.

Under the date of May, 1782, we find the names of D. Humphreys, A.D.C., and Jonathan Trumbull, Jun., Secretary, officially endorsed upon a copy of General Washington's reply of declination and disapproval to the letter of Colonel Niccola, in which the latter again proposes the establishment of a kingdom in America, and favors the bestowal of the title of King upon the illustrious Commander-in-Chief of the American armies.

A few years later the medals bestowed by Congress upon General Washington in commemoration of the evacuation of Boston by the British army, and the medal awarded to General Gates for the Convention at Saratoga, and to General Greene for bravery at the battle of Eutaw Springs, were executed by the first artists at Paris under the direction of Colonel Humphreys.

The preliminaries of peace between the United States and Great Britain having been settled in November, 1782, the operations of the army were soon suspended, but the Commander-in-Chief remained with the northern division until he resigned his commission at Annapolis, in December, 1783, being attended on that memorable occasion by Colonel Humphreys, who, at General Washington's special request, accompanied him from Annapolis to Mount Vernon.

In May, 1784, Colonel Humphreys was appointed by Congress secretary to the "commission for negotiating treaties of commerce with foreign powers," the commissioners being John Adams, then Minister to Holland, Benjamin Franklin, then Minister to France, and Thomas Jefferson, whom he accompanied to Europe in July of the same year. Among the Europeans serving on the commission was General Kosciusko. Soon after the expiration of the two-years term of the commission, Colonel Humphreys returned to America and at once visited General Washington at Mount Vernon.

In the autumn of 1786 Colonel Humphreys was elected to represent Derby in the Connecticut Legislature, and was appointed by that body to the command of the Connecticut Division of the Third United States Infantry, whose services were needed to suppress Shay's Rebellion. On receiving his commission Colonel Humphreys fixed upon Hartford as his headquarters, but, as the insurrection was suppressed early in the following

year, his time of service was short. On April 21, 1787, he was again invited to the home of Washington.

In the fall of 1789 he received the appointment of Minister to Portugal, at which post he was the first American to represent his country, and he continued to be a resident of Portugal for several years as the American diplomat. After his return to Portugal from a visit to the United States, he was successful in making treaties with Algiers and Tripoli—treaties which were made for the purpose of securing the liberation of many American citizens held at that time in captivity, and of guarding our commerce from future spoliations. In 1797 Colonel Humphreys was transferred to the court of Madrid, where he continued to reside until 1802, when he returned to his native land.

He married in Lisbon, in 1797, Ann Francis Bulkley who is described as a lady of much refinement and who was a daughter of John Bulkley, an English banker residing in Lisbon.

In a letter dated at Philadelphia 12th June, 1796, President Washington, not knowing of the prospective marriage of his former aide, thus addresses Colonel Humphreys :

"Whenever you shall think, with the poet or philosopher, that 'the post of honor is a private station,' and may be disposed to enjoy yourself in my shades—I do not mean the shades below where, if you put it off long, I may be reclining—I can only repeat, that you will meet with the same cordial reception at Mount Vernon that you have always found at that place ; and that I am and always shall be,

Your sincere friend,
And affectionate servant,
GEO. WASHINGTON."

Under date, Mount Vernon, 26 June, 1797, Washington, after having received an announcement of the wedding, again writes to Colonel Humphreys :

"I am clearly in sentiment with you, that every man who is in the vigour of life, ought to serve his country in whatsoever line it requires, and he is fit for ; it was not my intention, therefore, to persuade you to withdraw your services, whilst inclination and the calls of your country demanded your services ; but the desire of a companion in my latter days, in whom I could confide, might

have induced me to express myself too strongly on the occasion. The change, however, which I presume has taken place ere this, in your domestic concerns, would of itself have annihilated every hope of having you as an inmate, if the circumstance had been known at the time.

On this event, which I persuade myself will be fortunate and happy for you, I offer my congratulations with all sincerity and warmth you can desire; and if ever you should bring Mrs. Humphreys to the United States, no roof will afford her and you a more welcome reception than this, while we are inhabitants of it."

Upon the opening of the war of 1812 Colonel Humphreys called a public meeting in Derby, delivered an eloquent oration, and called for volunteers. A company, then called troopers (now cavalry), with Colonel Humphreys as its first officer, was enlisted, and became a part of the regular Connecticut contingent. Colonel Humphreys was soon after appointed brigadier-general of the state militia, his commission being dated June 1, 1813, and signed by John Cotton Smith, then Governor of Connecticut—hence the title of general, by which Colonel Humphreys was commonly known.

General Humphreys was again a representative from Derby in the State Legislature in 1812, 1813, and 1814, when his public career seems to have terminated. He was associated, as member or fellow, with several literary institutions, both in this country and Europe, and received from three American colleges the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. He died in New Haven, February 21, 1818, aged sixty-five years, and was buried in the ancient New Haven cemetery, where a monument was erected to his memory, which is a granite obelisk about twelve feet in height, bearing an inscription in Latin, which translated is as follows:

> "David Humphreys, Doctor of Laws; Member of the Academy of Sciences of Philadelphia, Massachusetts and Connecticut; of the Bath (Agricultural) Society; and of the Royal Society of London.
>
> "Fired with the love of country and liberty, he consecrated his youth wholly to the service of the Republic which he defended by his arms, aided by his counsels, adorned by his learning, and preserved in harmony with Foreign nations.

> "In the field he was companion and aide of the great Washington, a colonel in the army of his country, and commander of the Veteran Volunteers of Connecticut. He went as Ambassador to the courts of Portugal and Spain, and returning, enriched his land with the true golden fleece. He was a distinguished Historian and Poet; a model and Patron of Science and of the ornamental and useful arts. After a full discharge of every duty, and a life well spent, he died on the 21st day of February, 1818, aged 65 years."

Colonel Humphreys imported, in 1802, one hundred Spanish merino sheep. Great excitement was occasioned in Derby when the sheep arrived, and thousands flocked to see them. Colonel Humphreys discouraged speculation from the first—he even sold a part of his flock at one hundred dollars per head, a price which it is said was less than the cost, and thus he distributed this rare breed of sheep among the most enterprising farmers. His advice concerning speculation was unheeded, however, and soon the price rose to four hundred dollars, mounting from that to one thousand, fifteen hundred, and two thousand dollars per head. A few were sold as high as twenty-five hundred and three thousand dollars a piece.

In 1803 he began his career as a manufacturer. Having purchased land on the Naugatuck river at the falls, he erected two fulling mills and a clothier's shop, and the place was named in honor of him, Humphreysville (now Seymour). Colonel Humphreys took special interest in the apprentice boys in the factory, seventy-three of whom were from the New York almshouse, and others from neighboring towns and villages. He established evening and Sunday schools for them, with competent teachers, and uniformed the boys, at no light expense, as a militia company, drilling them himself. His wife made and presented to the company a beautifully embroidered silk flag.

Colonel Humphreys succeeded so well in the production of fine broadcloth, that he had the reputation of making the best in America. In November, 1808, Thomas Jefferson, then President of the United States, desiring to appear on New Year's day at the White House in a suit of American manufacture, sent to

the collector of customs at New Haven, this order: "Homespun is become the spirit of the times. I think it an useful one and a duty to encourage it by example. The best fine cloth in the United States, I am told, is at the manufactory of Colonel Humphreys. Send enough for a suit."

The Philadelphia Domestic Society, in 1808–9, offered a premium of fifty dollars for the best piece of broadcloth twenty yards long and six quarters wide. Colonel Humphreys wove the piece and took the prize. Coats were made therefrom for Presidents Jefferson and Madison. The price of this cloth was twelve dollars per yard.

Mrs. Ann S. Stephens writes of him near the close of his life as follows: "I remember him in a blue coat with large gold buttons, a buff vest, and laced ruffles around his wrists and in his bosom. His complexion was soft and blooming like a child, and his gray hair, swept back from his forehead, was gathered in a cue behind and tied with a black or red ribbon."

Born on the ancestral homestead and following the traditions of her house, Sarah Riggs Humphreys might well be a mother of heroes as she was a daughter of heroes, and we may be sure that the patriotic blood of her ancestors stirred in her as she gave her sons to the struggle for liberty. The same spirit of liberty that brought the first Edward Riggs to New England, and prompted the second to succor the Refugees, influenced the Rev. Daniel and Sarah Riggs Humphreys to free their two slaves in 1781.

At the close of the Revolution Sarah Riggs Humphreys had reason to bow in her worship with humility and gratitude for the honors which, following the fortunes of war, were accorded to her sons. And in her heart as in the heart of many mothers, who received their sons safely back from battle fields, the fire of patriotism glowed with a radiance known only to those who have made similar sacrifices for home and country.

Jane deForest Shelton.
Nancy O. Phillips.
(MRS. A. W. PHILLIPS.)

THE COLONIAL CEMETERY, DERBY.

(Restored by the Sarah Riggs Humphreys Chapter.)

Sarah Riggs Humphreys was buried in the old Hillside cemetery in Uptown Derby, which, after years of neglect, has been restored by the chapter which bears her name. The stone which marks the resting place of the Reverend Daniel Humphreys and of his wife, Sarah Riggs Humphreys, may be seen in the illustration and is the fifth stone from the right hand margin—a wide double stone.

One of the oldest stones in the cemetery is the one erected to the memory of the Reverend John Bowers, the original and restored portions of which may be seen in the illustration (page 222). The original stone was discovered more than a foot below the surface of the ground when the cemetery was graded, though previous search for it had been made in vain. The inscription on the upper part may easily be read in the illustration, and is copied from the original stone which, imbedded in the new block of granite, forms a part of the base of the entire stone.

The oldest son of the Reverend John Bowers, Nathaniel, was the father of Sarah Riggs's first husband, John Bowers, who died in 1738—in the same year with their two only children.

The Reverend John Bowers was the first minister in Derby, having come to the plantation of Paugassett (Derby), in 1673,

STONE ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF REV. JOHN BOWERS.

(Colonial Cemetery, Derby.)

when only twelve of the original proprietors of the plantation had moved there—all having been members, until this time, of the church at Milford.

John Bowers was born in England in 1629 and was the son of George and Barbara Bowers, who were residents of Plymouth, Mass., in 1639. He graduated at Harvard College in 1646, and was

a school-master in Plymouth in 1653, when Governor Eaton invited him to the new colony of New Haven "to follow the same business." Before coming to Derby he had been a resident of New Haven, Guilford, and Branford, and in 1673 he removed to the frontier with his family to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ in the wilderness. Here on the frontier he filled the offices of preacher, schoolmaster, and town clerk—each in a manner acceptable to the inhabitants of the plantation of Paugassett.

His will, recorded in Derby, bears the date January 8, 1685, and his death occurred on June 14, 1687.

Maria W. Pinney.
(MRS. CHAS. H. PINNEY.)

COMMODORE ISAAC HULL, A GRANDSON OF ELIZABETH CLARKE HULL.

Commander of the frigate Constitution in her famous victory over the Guerrière.

(Copied from a painting by Gilbert Stuart, in the custody of Bostonian Society, owned by Mr. Parker C. Chandler of Boston.)

ELIZABETH CLARKE HULL

ELIZABETH CLARKE HULL was descended from some of the choicest of the "sifted grain," which, so freely sowed in the desolate wilderness, ripened into the rich harvest of New England.

She was born in Lyme, Connecticut, Sept. 24, 1732. Her father, William Clarke, was born June 7, 1682, and married Hannah Peck of New Haven.

Her grandfather, William Clarke, was born in 1639. His first wife was Sarah Wolcott of Plymouth, Mass., whom he married in 1659, and who was killed by the Indians, March 12, 1676; he married second, in 1678, Hannah Griswold, daughter of Lieutenant Francis Griswold, a nephew of Matthew, who was the ancestor of the Governors, Matthew and Roger Griswold. Hannah (Griswold) Clarke died in 1687 at the age of twenty-nine and was interred on Burying Hill, Plymouth.

The great-grandfather of Elizabeth Clarke Hull was Thomas Clarke, by accepted tradition the Mate of the Mayflower and in whose honor Clarke's Island received its name.

Hannah Peck Clarke, the mother of Elizabeth Clarke, was a direct descendant of William Peck of New Haven, who came from England probably in the ship "Hector," and was the companion of Governor Eaton, Governor Hopkins, Rev. John Davenport, and the Earl of Marlborough's son.

Hannah Peck's line of descent is as follows: William Peck of New Haven; his son Joseph Peck, who married Sarah Parker; their son Joseph, Jr., who married Susannah ——; their daughter, Hannah Peck, who married William Clarke.

In 1735 William Clarke, father of Elizabeth Clarke Hull, removed from Lyme to Derby, where he became identified with the town as a merchant and valuable citizen. The tombstone of his wife, Hannah, bears this remarkable record:

MRS. HANNAH CLARK
died Sept. 1801, aged 91.
Her lineal descendants at the
time of her death were 333,
viz. 10 children 62 grand children
242 great grand children
19 great great grand children.
During her long life her company
was the delight of her numerous
friends and acquaintances.
Having faithfully performed the
duties of life and being deeply
impressed with the reality
and importance of religion
she died as she had lived
satisfied and happy.

Elizabeth was the eldest of the ten children of William and Hannah Clark. At the age of seventeen she married her neighbor, Captain Joseph Hull, who during an active and honorable career was closely identified with the best interests of his native town, and was its representative many years in the General Assembly of Connecticut.

Joseph Hull, 3d, the husband of Elizabeth Clarke Hull, was the son of Joseph Hull, 2d, and of Sarah his wife; a grandson of Capt. Joseph Hull and of Mary Nichols (a daughter of Isaac Nichols of Fairfield); a great-grandson of Doctor John Hull; and a great-great-grandson of Richard Hull the emigrant who came from Derbyshire, England, who was made a freeman at Dorchester, Mass., in April, 1634, and removed to New Haven, Conn., in 1639.

Doctor John Hull had received a grant of land in Derby in 1668, and had removed his family thither from Stratford in 1675. In 1687 he settled in Wallingford, leaving his large property in Derby to his sons, John and Joseph.

The family of Capt. Joseph Hull, 3d, and of Elizabeth, his wife, daughter of William Clarke of Derby, consisted of six sons and two daughters, whose names and birth dates are thus recorded on the Derby town books:

1. Joseph, b. Oct. 27, 1750, at ½ an hour after three of the clock in the morning.
2. William, b. June 27, 1753, at ½ an hour past five o'clock in the morning.
3. Samuel, b. Aug. 5, 1755, at 7 o'clock in the afternoon.
4. Elizabeth, b. Jan. 20, 1759, at 3 of the clock in the morning.
5. Isaac, b. Dec. 28, 1760, at 6 of the clock in the morning.
6. David, b. Mar. 27, 1765.
7. Sarah, b. Jan. 6, 1769.
8. Levi, b. Apr. 29, 1771.

When the threatening clouds of the Revolution burst, Capt. Joseph Hull, at the first call for troops, went to New York, doing noble service, but on his return home was seized with a sudden illness that ended his useful life in September, 1775. His youngest son, Levi, a boy of four years, followed him three weeks later. The broken family circle was soon still more widely severed by the departure of the three older sons for active service in the war.

Joseph, the eldest, was twenty-five years old when the war opened, and was in the service during the entire war of the Revolution. He entered the army as lieutenant of artillery, leaving his family of three little sons, the second of whom, Isaac (born the ninth of March, 1773), was destined to become the famous commander of the *Constitution*. Joseph's wife, Sarah Bennett, was the daughter of Deacon Daniel Bennett who, a few years later, entertained at breakfast Lafayette and his officers on their journey from Rhode Island to join Washington in the Highlands.

In the defense of Fort Washington Lieut. Joseph Hull fought with distinguished bravery, but was taken prisoner and confined two years, suffering great hardships. In 1778 he was exchanged, and returned, with zeal unquenched, to his country's service.

Many are the stories related of his skill and daring when he was in command of a flotilla of boats on the Sound. On one occasion a British armed schooner was lying in the Sound, being engaged in transporting provisions from the country to New York, where the British army was then stationed . . . . Lieutenant Hull proposed to some of his companions of the town of Derby to go and capture the schooner. . . . . On the evening appointed, twenty men, placing themselves under his command, embarked in a large boat, similar to those used in carrying wood to the city of New York. The men lay concealed in the bottom

of the boat and, the dusk of the evening favoring the deception, the boat had the appearance of being loaded with wood. As they approached the British vessel, the sentinel on deck hailed them. Lieut. Hull, who was steering, answered the call, continuing his

SARAH FULLER HULL,

Wife of Gen. William Hull.

(From a photograph of the original pastel drawn by Smibert about 1[illegible], owned by Mrs. Sarah Fuller Read, Brookline, Mass.)

course till quite near the vessel without exciting suspicion, when, by a sudden movement, he drew close along side of her. His men being well trained, sprang to her deck with great celerity. . . . . The commander of the schooner was sleeping below and, aroused

by the firing of the sentinel, he made an attempt to gain the deck but was instantly shot dead. The Americans immediately fastened down the hatches, took possession of the vessel, and conducted her in triumph up to Derby.

GEN. WILLIAM HULL AT TIME OF REVOLUTION.

(From a photograph of the original pastel drawn by Smibert about 1785, owned by Mrs. Sarah Fuller Read, Brookline, Mass.)

That he possessed rare presence of mind and fearlessness is evident from the following anecdote: Once when on his way to New Haven, as he came to the top of the hill in West Haven, he saw some British soldiers advancing towards him. It was too

late to retreat, and he at once resorted to a *ruse*. Turning in his saddle, he motioned as if for his company to hasten forward, then himself riding forward he demanded a surrender. The Redcoats believing the enemy close at hand in large numbers, and that resistance would be unavailing, delivered up their swords.*

William, the second son of Elizabeth Clarke Hull, had graduated from Yale in 1773, a classmate and friend of Nathan Hale. In deference to the fond wish of his father and mother that he should become a clergyman, he began the study of theology, but a year's trial having proved that he had a more decided taste for the law, he entered the celebrated Law School in Litchfield, Conn., and was admitted to the bar in 1775.†

He was chosen captain of the first company organized in Derby, which he hastily drilled, and in command of which he accompanied the Connecticut regiment that marched to Cambridge to meet Washington. His career throughout the Revolution was one of steady progress in usefulness and honor. He crossed the Delaware with Washington and helped to win the victories of Trenton and Princeton, after which he was rewarded by promotion to the rank of major. At Saratoga he was engaged in both battles, and received the thanks of Congress for his bravery. He passed the winter of 1777-78 at Valley Forge in the midst of the extreme wretchedness of the army where, under circumstances of intense suffering, he was ordered on one occasion to pursue a foraging party of the British.

In one of his letters he thus describes the log huts which were their only shelter during that winter of misery. "The hut we occupied consisted of one room. This was dining room, parlor, kitchen, and hall. On one side were shelves for our books (having been so fortunate as to purchase a part of a circulating library that had been brought from Philadelphia); on another,

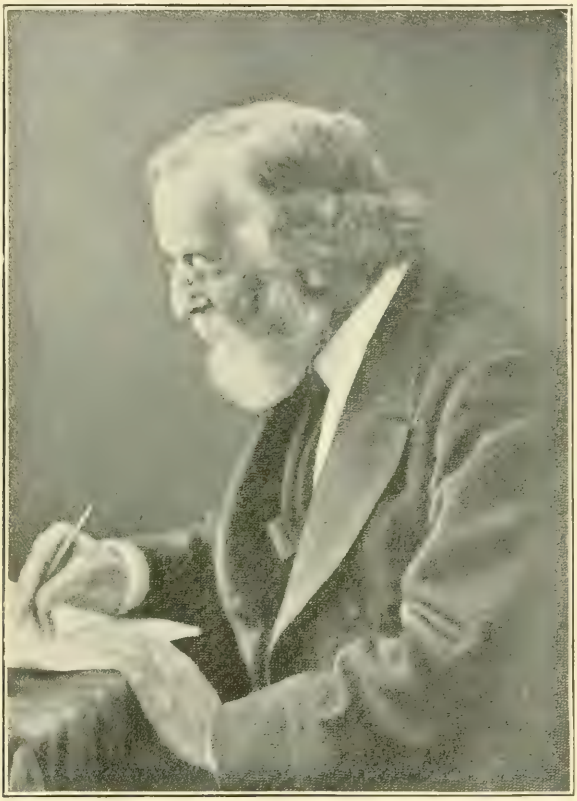
* History of Derby.

† Revolutionary Services and Civil Life of Gen. William Hull, by Mrs. Maria Campbell.

The Litchfield Law School was founded in 1784. Private instruction in law had been given there several years previous to the formal founding of the school. William Hull was a member of these private classes, hence the statement of his daughter, Mrs. Campbell, that he entered the Law School in Litchfield.

stood a row of Derby cheeses sent from Connecticut by my mother—a luxury of which the camp could rarely boast and with which visitors were often regaled."

Unfortunately the early correspondence of Captain William Hull was accidentally destroyed by fire. The above instance is



REV. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE, D.D.

doubtless but one of many thoughtful acts of his mother, Elizabeth Clarke Hull, towards relieving the hardships of the soldiers, which his correspondence might have revealed. At this time two of her sons were with the destitute army, and one, a prisoner in the hands of the enemy.

When Tryon was raiding and burning the Connecticut towns on the Sound, with the intention of drawing Washington from his strong position in the Highlands of the Hudson, the storming of Stony Point was ordered by Washington—as a counter check to Tryon, and was successfully carried to completion by Mad Anthony Wayne. For bravery in this attack, called "one of the most brilliant of the Revolution," Major Hull was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

Under the direction of Baron Steuben, Colonel Hull became one of the most able masters of the army in military drill, having received the appointment of deputy inspector; Baron Steuben himself being Inspector-General of the army. So valuable did Colonel Hull become in this department that the more distinguished position of aide to Washington was declined by him in deference to the request of Baron Steuben, who deemed the services of Col. Hull as Deputy-Inspector too important to be lost to the army. Loyally declining the high honor for himself, Colonel Hull recommended his life-long friend and townsman, David Humphreys, who received the appointment.

In February, 1781, Colonel Hull applied for leave of absence for the first time in six years, and went directly to Boston where he was married to Sarah Fuller, the beautiful daughter of Judge Fuller of Newton. His bride returned with him to the army.

Colonel Hull was present at the battles of Long Island, White Plains, Trenton, Princeton, Ticonderoga, Stillwater, Saratoga, Monmouth, and Stony Point. He himself commanded an expedition against Morrisania, for the success of which he received the thanks of Washington and of Congress. When the army was disbanded at the close of the Revolution, Colonel Hull was appointed by Washington Lieutenant-Colonel of the one regiment of infantry retained, and was stationed at West Point, during the winter of 1783–4. The Order of the Cincinnati was founded at this time, Colonel Hull being one of the originators and a delegate to the first convention, held in Philadelphia in May, 1784.

One of the closing scenes of the Revolution was the withdrawal of the British army from the posts long occupied by them in New York City. As they withdrew Washington advanced and took possession of the posts, escorted by Colonel Hull with

his light infantry—the perfect discipline of his troops calling forth words of commendation from the Commander-in-Chief.

The third son of Elizabeth Clarke Hull, Samuel, served in the Revolution with the rank of lieutenant. The fourth son, Isaac, was too young to enlist in the war of the Revolution, but proved his loyalty in 1812, when he was compelled to leave his home in

MAJOR-GENERAL JOSEPH WHEELER, U. S. A.

Canada and return to the States, because of his openly avowed devotion to his country.

For the heroism, patriotism, and loyalty of the sons and grandsons and later descendants of Elizabeth Clarke Hull, her native town would honor her, and her name has therefore been given to the Chapter in Ansonia, which in Revolutionary days was a part of the old town of Derby.

Among her grandsons are the honored names of Commodore Isaac Hull, Commander of the frigate *Constitution*, who when a boy of ten was taken into the family of Col. William Hull and brought up as his own son.

Capt. Abraham Fuller Hull, the only son of Col. William Hull, fell at the head of his company at the battle of Lundy's Lane. Levi Hull, another grandson of Elizabeth Clarke Hull, was aide to Gen. William Henry Harrison.

In the next generation of descendants are Dr. James Freeman Clarke, the eminent divine, and his brother, Mr. Samuel C. Clarke, also of literary accomplishments; Commodore Joseph Hull; Dr. Francis Miller McLellan, a surgeon in the Civil War, and Isaac Hull McLellan, poet and author, a faithful observer of the habits of wild fowl and fishes of America, who died in 1899 at Greenport, Long Island, in his ninety-third year.

Present day descendants of Elizabeth Clarke Hull are Major-General Joseph Wheeler of Alabama, hero of the Spanish war, whose loyalty, counsel, and activity proved an inspiration to the army, alleviated the sufferings of the soldiers at Montauk, and awakened the admiration and gratitude of the nation.

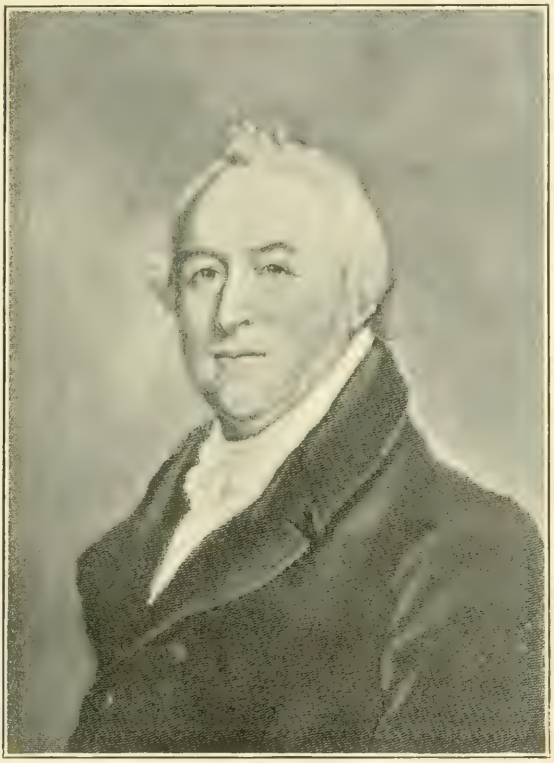
Miss Annie Wheeler,* true to the instinct inherited from generations of soldiers, went as a nurse to Santiago with her father, General Wheeler, and her two brothers, and at Montauk served nobly in the detention hospital. Returning to New York she took a course in a training school for nurses and then accompanied her father to the Philippines. Two other daughters of General Wheeler also served in the hospitals during the Spanish war and in the Philippines.

Personal reminiscences of Elizabeth Clarke Hull represent her as commanding in height but of slender build, in manner very attractive, and of a refined nature; in disposition generous and social. Beloved by her friends, she in turn held them in high esteem. Very energetic and spirited she is said to have been by the few who remember her in her old age. The varied experiences of an

*Miss Annie Wheeler is a member of the Elizabeth Clarke Hull Chapter of Ansonia. At the Congress of the D. A. R. in Washington, D. C., she received the largest vote for vice-president general.

eventful life she bore with courage and cheerfulness during almost a century of existence.

After the enlistment of her elder sons in the army of the Revolution, she married, October 14, 1776, Sergeant Joseph Tomlinson of Derby, and lived for many years on Great Hill.



GEN. WILLIAM HULL.

(From an engraving taken from a painting by Rembrandt Peale, owned by Mrs. Sterling Smith, Brooklyn, N. Y.)

After the death of Mr. Tomlinson she was married on Feb. 13, 1793, to Captain Joseph Osborne of Oxford, Conn., a prominent man, much respected in the community. He lived only four years after this marriage, and his widow subsequently became

the wife of Capt. James Masters of Schaghticoke, New York, who drove over the hills for her with a coach and six horses, making a great sensation along the route.

She resided near Albany until the death of her fourth husband, when she returned to the home of her son, Dr. David Hull of Fairfield, Conn., a distinguished physician, with whom she remained until she was ninety years of age. At her request she was then taken by her sons, General Hull and Dr. David Hull, to the home of her favorite grandson, Alfred Hull, on Great Hill in Derby, where the closing years of her life were passed amid familiar scenes.

After the complete vindication of her son, General William Hull, of the accusations brought against him after the War of 1812, his first act was to pay a visit to his mother and his native town, where he was received with gratifying honor.

His mother did not long survive this visit, and on Feb. 11, 1826, when ninety-four years of age, Elizabeth Clarke Hull died and was laid to rest by the side of her first husband, Joseph Hull.

In 1786 Colonel Hull's regiment disbanded and he removed to Newton, Mass., where he practised law and held many offices of public trust.

He was active in suppressing Shay's Rebellion and was an ardent supporter of the Federal Constitution.

In 1787 he was appointed to the command of the first brigade of the third division of the Massachusetts militia, and in 1789 he succeeded General Lincoln as commander of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery. In Jan., 1793, Colonel Hull was appointed a commissioner to arrange with the British Government a treaty with the Indians in the West, with whom the United States was then at war.

The winter and spring of 1798-9 he spent in London and France. Shortly after his return he was appointed Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of Massachusetts. He was annually elected Senator to the legislature of Massachusetts until 1805, when he was appointed by Congress Governor of Michigan Territory for a term of three years, and was reappointed for two succeeding terms.

He also held the office of Indian Agent, a position involving great responsibility.

In February, 1812, war with Great Britain threatening, he was urged by President Madison to accept the appointment of Brigadier-General of the army

of the Northwest. He was then 59 years old. At first he firmly declined, but influenced by the pressure of his friends in Washington, his desire to protect the people of Michigan, and the confidence of an over-trusting nature, he yielded, relying upon the Government to furnish the necessary troops. Arriving at Detroit, he found himself surrounded by British regulars and hostile Indians, the lake in full possession of the enemy, and all supplies cut off. No alternative remained but surrender or ultimate massacre by the Indians. For this act he was tried by court martial and condemned to death, but immediately pardoned by President Madison because of his faithful services during the Revolution.

For twelve years access to the records of the War Department was denied him, his own papers having been burned in transportation from Detroit to Buffalo, and he lived under a cloud of undeserved reproach.

When John C. Calhoun became Secretary of War, he gave General Hull permission to make use of any papers in the government archives. General Hull immediately prepared a vindication which was published in 1824 in the American Statesman, a Boston paper, and also in a book written by General Hull entitled "Memoirs of the Campaign of 1812." It was accepted by the thoughtful public as a complete refutation of the charges which had been brought against him.

In 1848 a defense of General Hull for the surrender of Detroit was published by Rev. Dr. James Freeman Clarke, his grandson. Histories have been slow in doing justice to his memory, but Jared Sparks, Benson J. Lossing, Dr. John Fiske, and many reliable historians of to-day are among his defenders.

Mary Josephine Clark.

The Authorities used in compiling this sketch were :

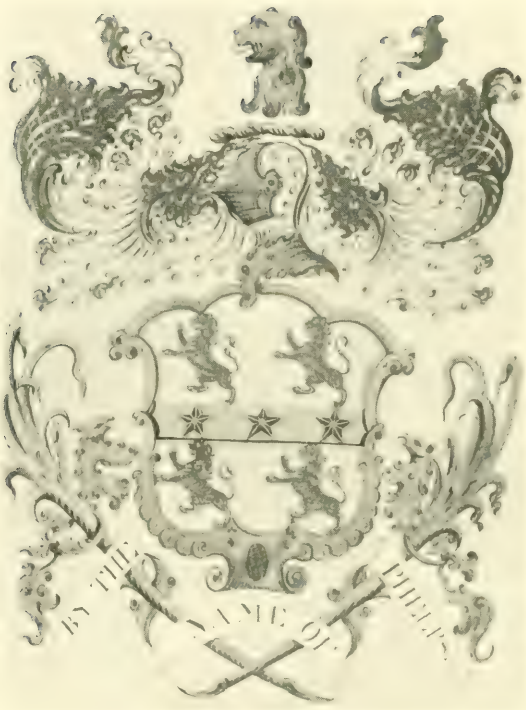
History of Derby, pp. 176, 575, 577, 735.

Connecticut Men in the Revolution.

Memoirs of the Campaign of 1812. By William Hull.

The Revolutionary Services and Civil Life of General William Hull. By Mrs. Maria Campbell.

Hull Genealogy. By Samuel C. Clarke.



THE COAT OF ARMS BELONGING TO GENERAL NOAH PHELPS.
(Simsbury.)

ABIGAIL PHELPS

Whose Three Sons Served in the Revolution

NOAH PHELPS

Colonel Continental Army

ELISHA PHELPS

Commissary-General Continental Army

DAVID PHELPS

Captain Connecticut Militia

ABIGAIL PHELPS CHAPTER

SIMSBURY

THOMAS FITCH, Esq;
Captain General, and Commander in Chief of His Majesty's Colony of Connecticut in NEW-ENGLAND.

To [illegible] Greeting.

YOU being by the General Assembly of this Colony Accepted to be [illegible] Reposing special Trust, and Confidence in your Loyalty, Courage and good Conduct, I do, by Virtue of the Letters Patents from the Crown of England to this Corporation, Me thereunto Enabling, Appoint, and Impower you to take the Trust into your Care, and Charge as [illegible] especially, and diligently to discharge your Trust; Exercising your Inferiour Officers, and [illegible] in the Arms to conform to the Discipline of War: keeping them in good Order, and Government, and Commanding Them to Obey You as their [illegible] for His Majesty's service. And you are to observe such Orders, and Directions as from Time to Time you shall Receive either from Me, or [illegible] your Superiour Officer, pursuant to the Trust hereby Reposed in you. Given under my Hand, and the Seal of this Colony, in [illegible] the [illegible] Day of [illegible] In the [illegible] Year of the Reign of Our Sovereign Lord GEORGE the Second, KING of Great Britain, &c. Annoque Domini, 1756.

By his Honour's Command,
[illegible] Secr.

DAVID PHELPS' COMMISSION AS LIEUTENANT OF THE SOUTH COMPANY OR TRAIN BAND IN THE TOWN OF SIMSBURY, DATED 1756.

(Husband of Abigail Phelps.)

ABIGAIL PHELPS

THE name of Abigail Phelps was chosen to designate the Simsbury Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution for the following reasons: twenty-one members of the chapter are the lineal descendants of Abigail Phelps, nine are related to her collaterally, and she was the mother of three distinguished officers in the war of the American Revolution.

Abigail Pettibone Phelps was a descendant of John Pettibone, who was born in Wales about 1633. Early in life John Pettibone came to this country and became the founder of the Pettibone family in America. He was in Windsor previous to 1664, for, according to the records, he married Sarah, daughter of Begat Eggleston of Windsor, February 16th, of the year 1664, and he is mentioned in 1667 among those to whom land was granted in Massacoe (as Simsbury was then called), so that he probably came to Simsbury soon after his marriage.

John and Sarah Pettibone had nine children. The oldest son, John Pettibone, Jr., married Mary, daughter of Samuel Bissell of Windsor, and they had six children, of whom Abigail, born in Simsbury, April 22d, 1706, was the fifth. According to tradition, Abigail Pettibone, the subject of this sketch, was tall and unusually handsome, and as she also possessed gracious and gentle manners, with great strength of character, she was a suitable mate for Lieutenant David Phelps, who became her husband. There was an especial fitness in this union, as Abigail Pettibone herself came from an eminently patriotic family, seventeen Pettibones having gone from the town of Simsbury to the war of the American Revolution.

Abigail Pettibone was married April 25, 1731, to Lieutenant David Phelps, who later did good service for his country in the French and Indian war. His commission, dated May 28, 1756, is still in the possession of one of his descendants.*

Lieutenant David Phelps was a descendant of William Phelps who, with his brother George, founded the Connecticut branch of the Phelps family. They were born in or near the historic town of Tewkesbury, England, and embarked for this country March

HOME OF MAJOR GENERAL NOAH PHELPS.†

Son of Abigail Phelps.

(Probably the home of Abigail Phelps. Originally an old fort. Built about 1717.

30, 1630, in the ship "Mary and John." They settled first at Dorchester, Mass., and later removed to Windsor, Conn. William Phelps soon became a man of influence in the Connecticut Colony, and the records show that he held many positions of trust and responsibility. His son Joseph was among the first who received grants of land in Massacoe (Simsbury). He was married September 20, 1660, to Hannah Newton. Their son, Joseph

* Dr. Henry Eno, of Saugatuck, Connecticut. See page 240.

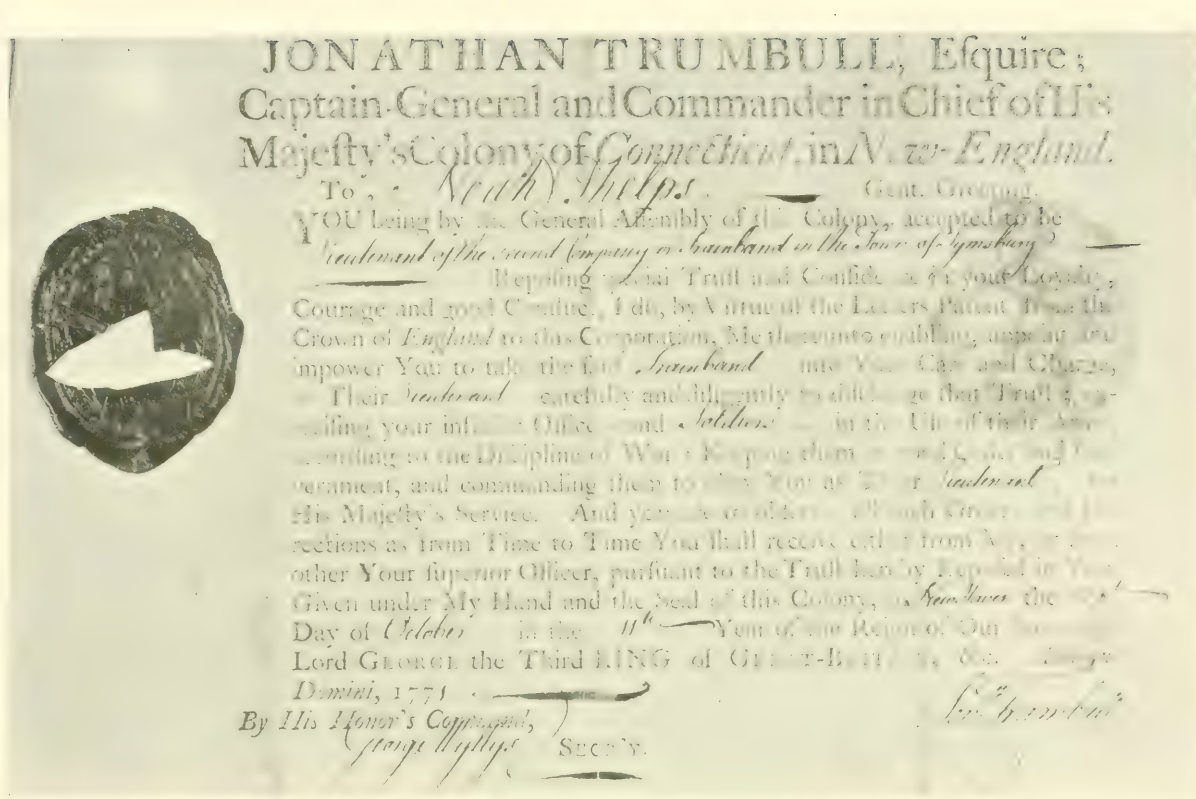
† The home of Mrs. Chauncey Evelyn Eno, a great-granddaughter of Gen. Noah Phelps.

Phelps, Jr., represented the town of Simsbury in the General Assembly during twenty-eight sessions; Joseph, Jr., was also Justice of the Peace twenty-one years. His third wife was Mary, a daughter of Richard Case, and Lieutenant David Phelps, the husband of Abigail Pettibone, was the youngest son of this marriage.

COLONEL NOAH AMHERST PHELPS.

(Son of General Noah Phelps. Grandson of Abigail Phelps.)

David and Abigail Pettibone Phelps had three sons and six daughters. One of their daughters Rachel, who is referred to in "The Humphreys Family in America" as a "very superior woman," married the Hon. Daniel Humphreys, who was prominent in the affairs of the town of Simsbury, and a man who wielded a strong personal influence—always for the right. He was a member of the Legislature for several years, and both he and his brother-in-law, Noah Phelps, were delegates to the con-



JONATHAN TRUMBULL, Esquire;
Captain-General and Commander in Chief of His
Majesty's Colony of *Connecticut*, in *New-England*.

To, *Noah Phelps*, Gent. Greeting.

YOU being by the General Assembly of this Colony, accepted to be
Lieutenant of the second Company or Trainband in the Town of Symsbury
Reposing special Trust and Confidence in your Loyalty,
Courage and good Conduct, I do, by Virtue of the Letters Patent from the
Crown of *England* to this Corporation, Me thereunto enabling, assign and
impower You to take the said *Trainband* into Your Care and Charge,
Their *Lieutenant* carefully and diligently to discharge the Trust reposed
in You, in Exercising your inferior Officers and *Soldiers* in the Use of their Arms,
according to the Discipline of War; Keeping them in good Order and
Government, and commanding them to obey You as their *Lieutenant*
His Majesty's Service. And You are to observe such Orders and Di-
rections as from Time to Time You shall receive either from Me, or
other Your superior Officer, pursuant to the Trust hereby Reposed in You.
Given under My Hand and the Seal of this Colony, at *New Haven* the
Day of *October* in the 11th Year of the Reign of Our
Lord GEORGE the Third KING of Great-Britain, &c. Anno
Domini, 1771.

By His Honor's Command,
George Wyllys SECR'Y.

NOAH PHELPS' COMMISSION AS LIEUTENANT OF THE SECOND COMPANY OR TRAIN BAND OF THE TOWN OF SIMSBURY, DATED 1771.

(His first appointment.)

vention which finally adopted the so-called "New Constitution" (Federal) in 1788.

Captain David Phelps, the eldest son of Lieutenant David and Abigail Pettibone Phelps, was born in Simsbury, April 6, 1734. Abigail Griswold of Windsor became his wife. When New York was threatened by Howe, David Phelps, Jr., responded immediately to his country's call for help. He enlisted as second lieutenant in the company of Captain Jonah Gillett of Windsor, but was soon promoted to the rank of first lieutenant. He led

JEFFERY O. PHELPS HOUSE.

(Built by Capt. Elisha Phelps, son of David and Abigail Phelps.)

the second company of the second battalion in the regiment commanded by Colonel Fisher Gay of Farmington, Brigadier-General James Wadsworth commanding the brigade. These regiments were raised in June, 1776, and were in active service during the summer and fall of the same year. They served at the Brooklyn front before and during the battle of Long Island, and shared the thrilling experiences of the Continental soldiers, as they made their escape through the darkness and fog across the river to New York. This was one of the memorable incidents of the war.

Wadsworth's brigade was also in the retreat from New York City on September 15, and later was with the main army at the

battle of White Plains, retiring from service at the expiration of the term, December 25, 1776. David Phelps' son, David Phelps, 3d, accompanied his father to camp as his waiter. A wooden pillow with a hollow place for a head rest, which David Phelps used while in the army, is still in the possession of one of his descendants; also some knitting needles used for making fish nets, once owned by Captain David Phelps.

KNITTING NEEDLES FOR MAKING FISH NETS.

(Belonging to Captain David Phelps, a son of Abigail Phelps.)

David Phelps subsequently served as lieutenant in the militia at the time of the Danbury Alarm, when Connecticut was first invaded by Tryon, April 25–28, 1777. In 1779 he was commissioned captain in the 18th Connecticut militia, composed of companies from Simsbury and vicinity, and commanded by his brother Colonel Noah Phelps. His company was also called out on the New Haven Alarm, on the occasion of Tryon's second invasion of Connecticut, July, 1779.

Captain David Phelps died in Simsbury, April 17, 1811. His son Oliver Cromwell Phelps was a man of much ability, and among Captain Phelps' other notable descendants was the late William Walter Phelps, minister to Germany, whose successful career as scholar, financier, and statesman can have only a bare mention here.

OLIVER CROMWELL PHELPS.

(Grandson of Abigail Phelps.)

Captain Elisha Phelps, the second son of David and Abigail Phelps, was born in Simsbury, October 17, 1737. He married Rosetta, a daughter of Esquire John Owen and of his wife Esther (Humphreys). Elisha accompanied his brother Noah on the Ticonderoga expedition. He was appointed by Governor Trumbull deputy-commissary for the Connecticut troops in the Northern Department, June 8, 1775, and continued in the service under

Generals Schuyler and Montgomery through the year. He died July 14, 1776, at Albany. A tombstone erected to his memory in the cemetery at Simsbury bears the following inscription :

"Behold & see as you pass by
As you are now so once was I.
As I am now so must you Be
Prepare to die & Follow me."

THE HOP MEADOWS CEMETERY, SIMSBURY, WHERE EIGHT GENERATIONS OF THE PHELPS FAMILY LIE BURIED.*

Colonel Noah Phelps, the youngest son of David and Abigail Phelps, was born in Simsbury, January 22, 1740. He possessed remarkable physical strength and was also a man of similarly

*The oldest stones bear the date of 1688. The one erected to the wife of Peter Buel has the following inscription :

Here lyes the body of Mercy Buel ye wife of Peter Buel who departed this life on July 4, 1688, aged 22 years.

Though Mercy is dead and buried
Yet let us ever mind,
Let God be just, all him who trust,
Shall surely Mercy find.

strong principle and character. That he was a brave and able officer in the Colonial Army is shown by his repeated promotions. The following original commissions are still in the possession of his descendants :

NOAH PHELPS, commissioned Lieutenant of the Second Company or Trainband of the Town of Simsbury, dated in New Haven, the 28th day of October, A.D. 1771 ; signed by Jonathan Trumbull, Commander-in-Chief of His Majesty's Colony of Connecticut ; by George Wyllys, Secr'y.

" " commissioned Captain of a Troop of Horse in the Eighteenth Regiment of the Colony of Connecticut, dated in New Haven the 2d day of November, A.D. 1774 ; signed by Jonathan Trumbull, Commander-in-Chief of His Majesty's Colony of Connecticut ; George Wyllys, Secr'y.

" " commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel of the Eighteenth Regiment of Foot, in the State of Connecticut, dated at Hartford, this tenth day of June, A.D. 1778 ; signed by Jonathan Trumbull, Governor of the State of Connecticut ; George Wyllys, Secr'y.

" " commissioned Colonel of the Eighteenth Regiment of Foot, in the State of Connecticut ; dated at Hartford, this eleventh day of June, A.D. 1779 ; signed by Jonathan Trumbull, Governor of the State of Connecticut ; George Wyllys, Secr'y.

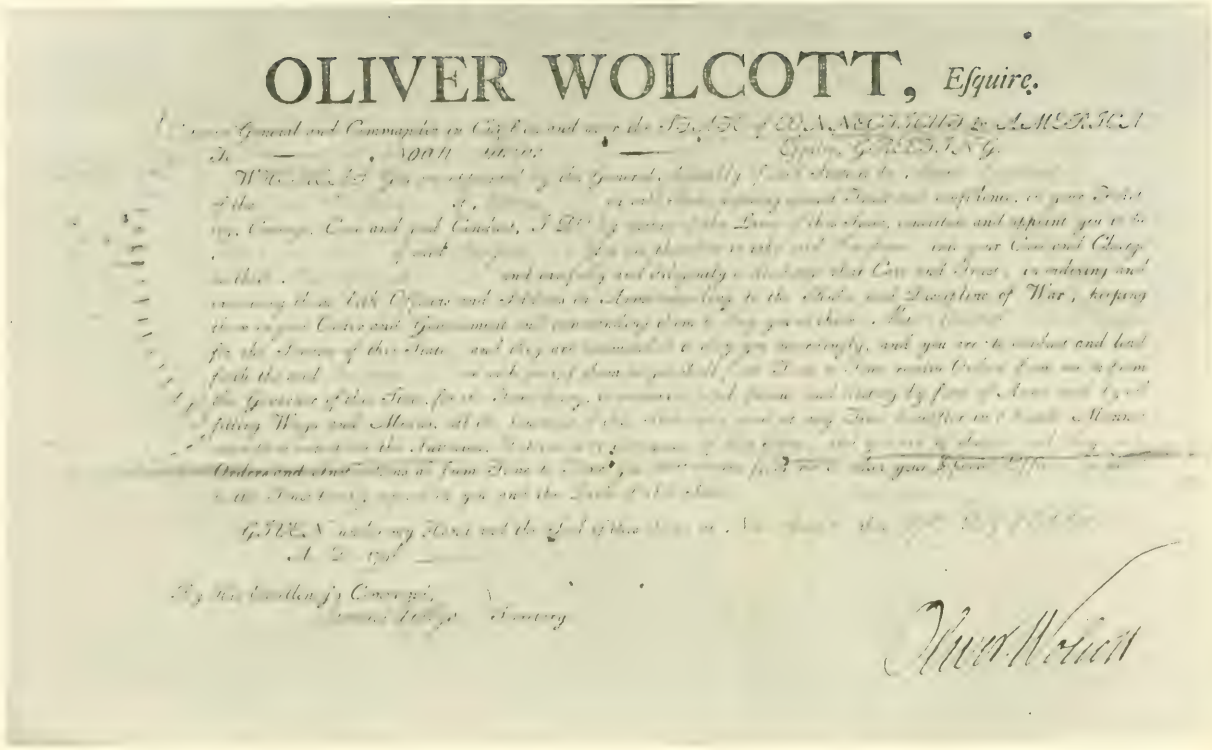
" " commissioned Brigadier-General of the First Brigade of Militia of the State of Connecticut ; dated at New Haven, this third day of November, A.D. 1792 ; signed by Samuel Huntington, Governor of the State of Connecticut ; George Wyllys, Secr'y.

" " commissioned Major-General of the First Division of Militia of the State of Connecticut ; dated at New Haven, this twenty-seventh day of October, A.D. 1796 ; signed by Oliver Wolcott, Governor of the State of Connecticut ; George Wyllys, Secr'y.

During a part of the time when Noah Phelps was in the service he was attended by his son, Noah Amherst Phelps.*

Noah Phelps gave freely of his substance and repeatedly risked his life in the service of his country. His first famous exploit was in 1775 when he entered Fort Ticonderoga as a spy. The chronicler writes : "Captain Phelps, pretending that his object was to get shaved, entered the fort and succeeded in avoiding suspicion until he had gained the desired information. The boatman, however, who rowed him across Lake Champlain, for some reason suspected his character and attempted to take him back to

* Portrait of Noah Amherst Phelps, see page 243.


OLIVER WOLCOTT, *Esquire.*

NOAH PHELPS' COMMISSION AS MAJOR-GENERAL CONNECTICUT MILITIA, DATED 1796.

His latest appointment.

the fort, but was prevented by the superior strength of his passenger." There is no doubt that it was largely owing to the shrewdness and bravery of Captain Noah Phelps that Ethan Allen was able to surprise and capture the fort without loss of life. He was especially qualified for this expedition from the fact that he had served under General Amherst at the capture of the fort from the French in 1759, and was therefore thoroughly familiar with the country around Lake Champlain. The tin trunk carried by him

TRUNK WHICH BELONGED TO GENERAL NOAH PHELPS, SON OF ABIGAIL PHELPS.

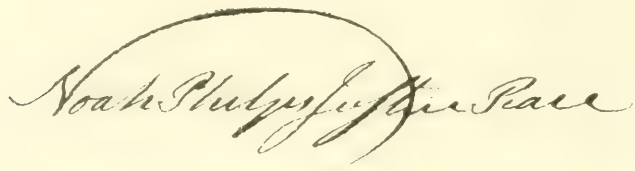
when he ran away from home and served as a scout in the French and Indian war is still preserved in the family of his descendants.

Noah Phelps was later an army contractor in the Northern Department. He re-entered the service in 1776 as Captain in the regiment of Colonel Andrew Ward of Guilford. This regiment was raised in Connecticut on requisition of the Continental Congress, to serve for one year from May 14th, 1776, and stood on the same footing as the other Continental regiments of 1776. It joined Washington's army at New York in August, and was stationed at first near Fort Lee. Captain Phelps marched with the

troops to White Plains, where a decisive battle was fought, and subsequently into New Jersey. He took part in the battles of Trenton, December 25th, 1776, and Princeton, January 3d, 1777—two of the most brilliant engagements of the war, and encamped with Washington at Morristown, New Jersey, until expiration of his term in May, 1777. On May 10th, 1777, he led a skirmishing party between Brunswick and Piscataqua, New Jersey.

Captain Phelps re-entered the service later in the year 1777, and in May, 1778, was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel of the 18th Connecticut Militia, and was commissioned Colonel of the same regiment in May, 1779. It is probable that at least a portion of this regiment was called out on both the Danbury and New Haven Alarms on the occasion of Tryon's invasions.

Colonel Noah Phelps was the second Judge of Probate for the town of Simsbury, and his writing, which in its firmness and strength was characteristic of the man himself, may still be easily read from the town records.



Colonel Noah Phelps was commissioned a brigadier-general in 1792 and in 1796 a major-general. He died March 4, 1809. His epitaph reads, "A patriot of '76; to such we are indebted for our national independence."

Noah Phelps married Lydia Griswold of Windsor, June 10th, 1761, and settled in Simsbury. On account of the frequent and prolonged absences of Colonel Phelps, it was necessary for his wife to take upon herself, to a large extent, the care and training of the children, and this duty she performed faithfully and well, as is proved by her children's records.

General Noah Phelps and Lydia Griswold his wife were the ancestors of many notable men and women. One of their sons, the Honorable Elisha Phelps, was a graduate of Yale College and

was known as an eminent lawyer from 1805 to 1847. He was several times a member of the House of Representatives, and of the Senate of his native state, Speaker of the National House of Representatives, a member of Congress for three terms, and one of the commissioners appointed in 1835 to revise the statutes of Connecticut. He is the only State Comptroller who came from the town of Simsbury.

John S. Phelps, a son of Elisha and grandson of Noah, was born in Simsbury, but early in life went to Missouri. Like his father,

THE HONORABLE ELISHA PHELPS HOUSE.*

he was a brilliant and distinguished lawyer, and was sent to the Legislature of his state and later to Congress. He was appointed War Governor of Arkansas in 1862, and some years after was elected Governor of Missouri. This office he filled so satisfactorily that a second nomination was offered him, which he declined.

The pursuit of the law seems to have been a favorite one in the family of General Noah Phelps. Another of his sons, Noah

* The present residence of Mrs. Antoinette Eno Wood, granddaughter of Honorable Elisha Phelps, and Regent of the Abigail Phelps Chapter.

Amherst, had three sons—Noah, Jeffery and Hector, all of whom were lawyers. Noah Phelps, the eldest of the three, practiced law in Hartford from 1812 to 1820, when he became sheriff of the county, an office which he held for several years. He was also State Secretary from 1842–44, and produced beside some excellent literary work, his "History of Simsbury and Newgate" being especially noteworthy.

HONORABLE ELISHA PHELPS.

(Son of General Noah Phelps.)

Jeffery Phelps, though entirely self-educated, was well and widely known as the possessor of a vast fund of legal knowledge. He was a pensioner of the war of 1812. He died in 1879, and is well remembered by the present generation as a wise and useful citizen, and as one of the surviving few who had the bearing and courtly manners of a gentleman of the old school.

Noah Amherst Phelps had two other sons, Guy and George Dwight, who were successful in business and thoroughly upright and honorable men in all the relations of life. Guy Phelps was the leading promoter of the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company.

But time would fail to speak of all the notable descendants of the remarkable woman who is the subject of this sketch; only a few have been mentioned who have lineal descendants in the Simsbury Chapter.

The result of the firm and judicious control which Abigail Phelps maintained over her children was evidenced in their lives, and no heroine could desire a nobler monument than the record

JANE SMITH PHELPS.

Wife of Elisha Phelps.

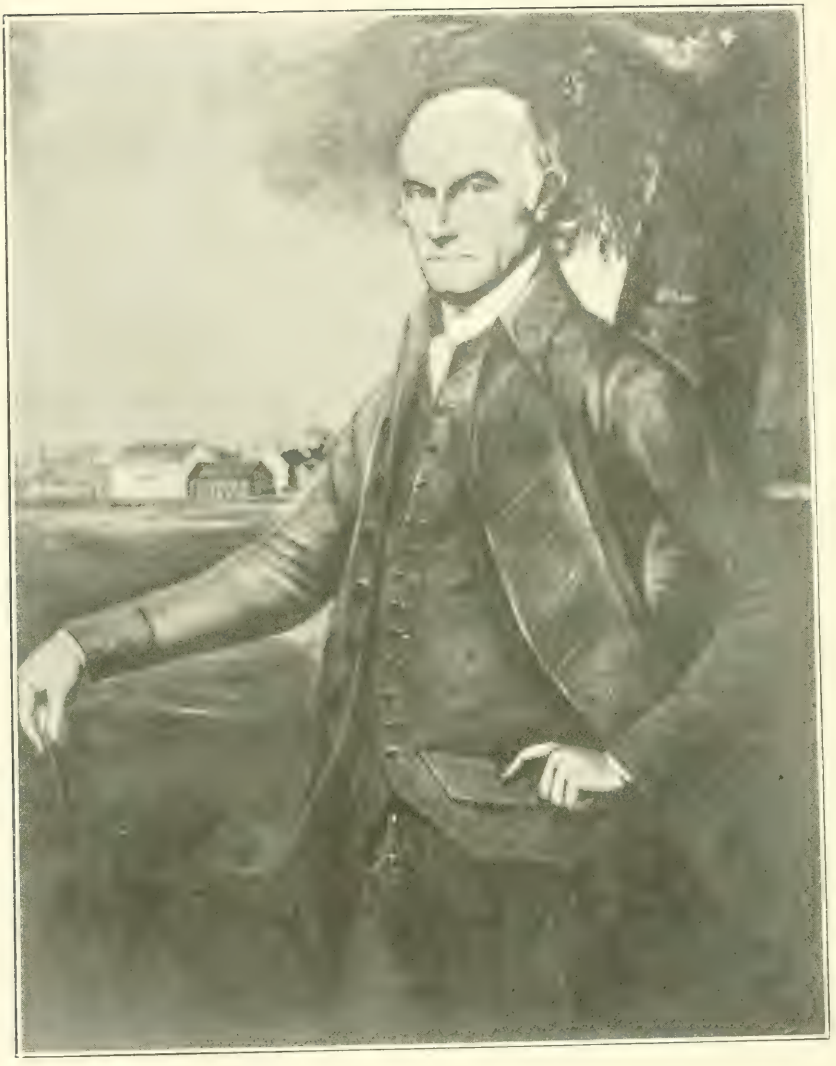
of her children's children unto the third and fourth generation. She passed away October 17, 1787, but her memory and influence will live on through succeeding generations.

Eleanor Crandall Phelps.

(MRS. JEFFERY O. PHELPS.)

The authorities used in compiling this sketch are:

The History of Connecticut Men in the Revolution.
Phelps' History of Simsbury.
Simsbury Town Records.
Stiles' History of Ancient Windsor.
Humphrey Genealogy.
Hartford County Memorial.
Simbury Church Records.
Family Papers,



GENERAL WILLIAM FLOYD.

(Signer of the Declaration of Independence. The father of Mary Floyd Tallmadge.)

MARY FLOYD TALLMADGE

DAUGHTER OF

GENERAL WILLIAM FLOYD

Signer Declaration of Independence

WIFE OF

COLONEL BENJAMIN TALLMADGE

Of the Second Light Dragoons and of General Washington's Secret Service

MARY FLOYD TALLMADGE CHAPTER
LITCHFIELD

MARY FLOYD TALLMADGE AND CHILDREN.

(From a photograph of the original painting by Earle. In the possession of Mr. F. S. Tallmadge of New York.)

MARY FLOYD TALLMADGE

OUR Revolutionary women, with a few exceptions, are remembered as the wives, or daughters, or mothers of the men who made our country a nation. In the dim background of the Revolution we see the women filling at home the duties of husband and father as well as of wife and mother. Occasionally some woman dashed into the foreground of history, with a deed of daring and devotion, but more often they are unheard and unseen, too often unremembered.

Of such was Mary Floyd Tallmadge, the sponsor of the chapter formed in historic Litchfield. Little known even to her descendants, she is pre-eminent through the distinguished service of her father and husband, and as the ancestor of a long line of intellectual men and women. She was the daughter of Gen. William Floyd, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and the wife of Col. Benjamin Tallmadge. Her hand was sought in marriage by James Madison, and Jefferson paid his court to her sister Catherine.* Young women accustomed to the society of such men and capable of arousing their respect and love, must have been endowed with rare characters and graces.

Mary Floyd was distinguished in her ancestry, having sprung from the best of New York and Long Island stock. Very little is known of her mother, Hannah† Jones, daughter of William Jones of Southampton, Long Island, but of her father, William Floyd, and of his ancestry, colonial and Revolutionary records are full.

The Floyd family is of Welsh descent, having as common ancestor in America, Richard Floyd, who in 1654 settled in

*Catherine afterward married the Rev. William Clarkson.

†Not Isabella, as stated in some histories.

Setauket, L. I., where he acquired considerable real estate. He was also one of the fifty-five original proprietors of Brookhaven, L. I. (the early home of Col. Tallmadge), and is supposed to have died about 1700, leaving children (number unknown) by a wife, Susannah, whose family name is lost. He was a prominent member of the English Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in New England, and is supposed to have been in this country before his settlement here in 1654. In 1650 the British Parliament appointed him treasurer of a corporation organized to spread the Gospel among the Indians, an appointment which gives evidence of his philanthropic and missionary spirit.

MARY FLOYD TALLMADGE.

(Copy of a photograph from original miniature in the possession of Mrs. Neely (Mary Floyd Delafield), wife of the Bishop of Maine).

This first settler of the Floyd name had a son Richard, born May 12, 1665, probably at Brookhaven, L. I., who inherited most of his father's property. He married (September 10, 1686), Margaret Nicoll, daughter of Col. Mathias Nicoll, Secretary of the Colony of New York, and sister of William Nicoll, patentee of the Islip estate on Long Island, so called from Islip, Northamptonshire, England, where the Nicoll family originated. This marriage, therefore, united two families of ancient stock and high position, not only in the colonies but in the mother country.

The first known ancestor of the Nicoll family was John Nicoll, a lawyer of Islip, England, who was entitled to the use of armorial bearings. He died in 1467, leaving six sons and six daughters by a wife, Annys. Eighth in descent from John was Mathias, who was sent out to America by Lord Clarendon in 1664, as the first

secretary of the Colony of New York, soon after its conquest by the English. He became the founder of the New York family of Nicoll. He held several important judicial positions in the Colony, owned large tracts of land on Cow Neck and Great

COLONEL BENJAMIN TALLMADGE.

Husband of Mary Floyd Tallmadge.

(From a pencil sketch by Colonel Trumbull.)

Neck, L. I., and died in 1687, leaving two children, the aforesaid Margaret and William. The latter became one of the original owners of Islip, and a part of his extensive patent is still in the possession of a great-grandson of the same name.

Richard Floyd was for many years a judge, and a colonel of the militia of Suffolk County. Margaret Nicoll, his wife, died February 1, 1718, and Richard Floyd followed ten years later. They had seven children. Their son Nicoll married Tabitha Smith, a granddaughter of Richard Smith, commonly called the "Patentee of Smithtown."

Richard Smith, with his father, Richard senior, came from Gloucestershire, England, and was one of the original settlers of Long Island, first at Setauket, and later near the river Missisquoque, on a large tract of land, conveyed to him by the original owner, Lyon Gardiner. Smithtown was founded by him and became a town in 1683. Tabitha, his descendant, and her husband, Nicoll Floyd, were the grandparents of our heroine and the parents of her illustrious father, Gen. William Floyd, soldier and statesman and champion of liberty.

William Floyd was born December 17, 1734, on the family estate at Mastic, L. I., which he inherited at the early age of eighteen, and where he entertained lavishly, making his house the center of a wide circle of friends. He filled many local offices, and early became an officer in the Suffolk County militia, rising finally to the rank of Major-General. He married Hannah Jones of Southampton, L. I., the license being dated August 20, 1760–61, and on May 6, 1764, our heroine makes her first appearance on this world's stage.

It was the beginning of troublous times for all patriots who took a burning interest in the growing controversies between Great Britain and her indignant colonies. Having espoused the patriot's cause with much fervor and sincerity, Mr. Floyd was appointed one of the delegates from New York to the first Continental Congress of 1774, and from this time his life became so identified with the public service that for years he could have caught hardly more than passing glimpses of his wife and family.

In 1775 he was a delegate to that immortal Second Congress of the Colonies which met at Philadelphia on May 10th, and he was among the first to set his name to that document which cut the American Colonies forever loose from the tyranny of George the Third. For this act, a reward of £1,000 was offered for William Floyd's head, so fraught with danger to British power was he regarded by the English government.

When the British took possession of Long Island, Mr. Floyd was in Congress. Mrs. Floyd and her children fled for safety to Connecticut, leaving their home and property in the hands of plundering invaders, and for seven years the British had the use of General Floyd's land and revenues. The mansion became the headquarters of a troop of horse, and during the remainder of the war, General Floyd and his family were left without home or income, Mary being at this time about twelve years old.

In 1777, under the new State Constitution, General Floyd was appointed a senator of New York, and in 1778 he was unanimously re-elected to the Continental Congress. Thereafter he served both state and nation almost continually until his voluntary retirement, being a member of almost every important board and committee, both civil and military.

During the war, to him, under Washington, was entrusted the reorganization of the militia into an effective regular army. At the close of the war he returned home with his family amid the general rejoicing of the entire countryside. Mary was now nineteen years of age, and her emotions on returning to the home of her childhood, despoiled and ruined by the enemies of her country, can be imagined.

General Floyd's personal affairs now needed his attention, and he declined a re-election to Congress, but remained a member of the state senate until 1789, when he was elected a member of the first Congress under the Federal Constitution. Afterwards he was repeatedly chosen presidential elector, and in 1801 he served as a delegate from Long Island to revise the state constitution.

In 1803 he removed with his family to Oneida County, where he had previously acquired land on the Mohawk River, and where the town of Floyd perpetuates his name. He died at Western Oneida County, August 4, 1821, fifty years of his life having been given to his country's service.

He left five children :

1. Nicoll, father of the Hon. John G. Floyd, member of Congress for Oneida.
2. Mary, wife of Col. Benjamin Tallmadge.
3. Catherine, wife of Rev. William Clarkson.
4. Ann, wife of George W. Clinton, son of the Vice-President.
5. Eliza, wife of James Platt of Utica, N. Y.

Such was the father of Mary Floyd Tallmadge. Of his daughter, little save her picture remains to her descendants. Doubtless the scenes of turmoil and excitement through which she passed served to bring her womanhood to a strong and early maturity. Obliged to fly when a child of twelve from a luxurious home, a refugee from violence and plunder, growing up in exile during seven anxious years, and separated from her father, it is evident she had her full share of woman's burdens during the years of the Revolution.

But better days came at last. The close of the war restored to her her childhood's home, and a new life opened in the coming of the man who was to be her husband, whose record already formed a bright page in his country's history. In his Memoir, Colonel Tallmadge thus refers to his courtship and marriage. After recounting the events of a journey to the east end of Long Island, full of social visits, joyous receptions, and happy celebrations of the recent peace, he writes:

"The Autumn and Winter of 1783 were devoted very much to these most pleasing and delightful visitations. Among others (not the least pleasant and interesting) were those which secured to me a *companion* and *friend*, the most desirable in my view, had I been privileged with a choice from her whole sex. After visiting Connecticut and arranging and settling my plans for a mercantile life in the place where I now reside [Litchfield], on the 18th of March, 1784, I led Miss Floyd to the hymeneal altar, and commenced the life and duties of a married man. She was the eldest daughter of the Honorable William Floyd of Mastic, Long Island. . . . As soon as peace was proclaimed he, with many others who had left their property in the hands or under the control of the common enemy, returned to their homes. These they found for the most part sadly changed for the worse. But it was very comforting to all who had suffered this voluntary banishment from their own soil, once more to place the soles of their feet upon it. The nuptials of Miss Floyd and myself were solemnized on the 18th of March, 1784, my honored father officiating, when General Floyd gave a most sumptuous entertainment to a great number of invited guests."

Colonel Tallmadge was at this time thirty years of age, the honored friend of Washington and Lafayette, and his bride was but twenty. He writes:

"Soon after our marriage, we paid a visit to New York, where we found a great number of friends with whom we spent a few weeks very pleasantly. We were treated with great hospitality by the family of Mr. Joseph Hallett, at whose hospitable abode we were invited to take up our lodgings. After this visit was ended we returned back to Mastic, calling on our friends on the North side of Long Island and on Shelter Island whom we wished to see before we departed to our abode at Litchfield, Connecticut. We

THE TALLMADGE RESIDENCE, NORTH STREET, LITCHFIELD.

Home of Mary Floyd Tallmadge. Built in 1775.

(Now owned and occupied by her great-granddaughter, Mrs. John Arent Vanderpoel.

took a jaunt down the island, which was considered rather as a parting visit. In this also we had a very pleasant journey and time seemed to glide insensibly away, which brought us every day nearer to the period when we expected to bid Long Island a final adieu as our home. Indeed, I had not made it my place of residence since I entered college in the year 1769, and as for my beloved partner, she had never seen her father's house since the family left it in the year 1776, when the British troops took possession of it and New York."

The house in Litchfield to which Colonel Tallmadge brought his young wife had been built in 1775, by Capt. Elisha Sheldon, a Litchfield resident and colonel of the famous Second Light Dragoons of Connecticut, in which Colonel Tallmadge served as major through the war. It was undoubtedly Colonel Sheldon's influence which turned Colonel Tallmadge's attention to Litchfield, and induced him to make this (even then) historic town his residence. The house which has remained in the possession of his descendants, except for about twenty years, is now owned and occupied by his great-granddaughter.* The wings with their quaint corner porches and two-story pillars, were added one after the other to the main building by Colonel Tallmadge himself, as his family increased. It is thought that he modeled the additions after Mt. Vernon, where he was a frequent visitor, for the ells resemble the wings of Washington's residence, and are quite unlike any other architectural feature in Litchfield.

In this house was kept in custody in 1776 the Hon. William Franklin, royal governor of New Jersey (a son of the famous Benjamin), and Washington probably spent several nights under its roof.

In Revolutionary days Litchfield was the fourth town in Connecticut in population and in manufacturing importance. It was on the direct line of travel, via the old coaching turnpike and post road between Hartford and the Hudson River, and between New York State and all points in New England. It was a safe place of deposit for army stores and ammunition, among which was the leaden statue of George the Third taken from Bowling Green, New York, and deposited in the back garden of Oliver Wolcott's house, where it was melted beneath the fiery glances and ardent fingers of the women of Litchfield, and flowed thence a stream of bullets straight to the hearts of King George's troops. Litchfield was the recruiting ground of Revolutionary regiments, the prison house of captured Britons, and the home of men prominent in law—in Congress—in the army. Through its quiet streets passed armies and army trains on their way to the front; hence it became the stopping place of the great Chief himself, whose visits are a matter of history.

*Mrs. John Arent Vanderpoel.

In the Oliver Wolcott house on South street, Washington and Hamilton were entertained on their way to West Point in 1780—probably that same memorable journey which was to end in the discovery of Arnold's treachery, which Benjamin Tallmadge was on the eve of revealing as the result of his famous detention of Major André.

The narrative of Colonel Tallmadge's revolutionary career, chiefly drawn from the pages of his "Memoir," written by him-

NORTH STREET, LITCHFIELD, LOOKING NORTH.

(On which is the Tallmadge residence.)

self at the request of his children, is told with the simplicity and manliness of the soldier and in the courtly phrases of the old-time gentleman.

Benjamin Tallmadge was born at Brookhaven, Long Island, on the twenty-fifth of February, 1754, and was the son of the Rev. Benjamin Tallmadge and Susannah Smith, who were married on the sixteenth of May, 1750. His great-grandfather Tallmadge (first name unknown) came from England with a brother and settled at Branford, Connecticut. His father, born at New Haven in 1725, was graduated from Yale College in 1747, became a minister

and settled at Brookhaven or Setauket, where he died in 1786. Susannah Smith Tallmadge, his wife, died in 1768, leaving five sons, of whom the second was Benjamin.

Benjamin, when fifteen years old, went to Yale College, having been qualified to enter at the age of twelve. He took his first degree in 1773, and had the honor of an appointment to speak publicly. Soon after, he became superintendent of the Academy in Wethersfield, where he remained until he joined the army. He hurried to Boston after the engagement at Bunker Hill, and there he met his friend Captain Chester, who had been in the fight. Chester was soon appointed a colonel, and young Tallmadge was commissioned later a lieutenant in Chester's regiment, with the additional appointment of adjutant. His commission is dated June 20, 1776, and bears the signature of Governor Trumbull.

When Washington was concentrating the newly mustered Continental forces around New York, Lieutenant Tallmadge went thither with his regiment and was conspicuously engaged in the ensuing battles of Long Island and White Plains. In the masterly retreat from Long Island, his regiment was among the last to leave, and had barely reached New York in safety, when the daring youth returned for his favorite horse, which he had left on Brooklyn ferry. "Having obtained permission," he writes, "I called for a crew of volunteers . . . and guiding the boat myself, I obtained my horse and got off some distance into the river before the enemy appeared in Brooklyn. As soon as they reached the ferry we were saluted merrily from their musketry, and finally by their field pieces; but we returned in safety." Soon afterwards Lieutenant Tallmadge was appointed major in place of Major Wyllys, who had been taken prisoner by the British.

During the battle of White Plains, Major Tallmadge again found himself in a perilous position while attempting to gain a position on Chatterton Hill, across the Bronx, in advance of an overwhelming force of Hessians. After seeing the last of his troops landed on the other side of the Bronx, he was about to cross the river himself "when," he writes, "our chaplain, the Rev. Dr. Trumbull, sprang up behind me on my horse, and came with such force as to carry me with my accoutrements, together with

himself, headlong into the river. This so entirely disconcerted me, that by the time I reached the opposite bank of the river the Hessian troops were about to enter it, and considered me as their prisoner." But his troops poured out such a destructive fire from behind stone walls that the Hessians broke and fled. "This relieved me from my perilous situation," he continues, "and I immediately remounted my horse and taking my course in the valley, directly between the hostile armies, I rode to Head Quarters . . . . . and informed General Washington of the situation of the troops on Chatterton Hill."

In the fall of 1776 came a complete reorganization of the military system in the Continental army, which called for the enlistment of four regiments of horse, one of which was the famous Second Regiment of Light Dragoons commanded by Col. Elisha Sheldon. Major Tallmadge was appointed to the command of the first troop of this regiment.

"As these appointments were from Gen. Washington, I felt highly honored and gratified by the appointment," he writes, "and . . . . I enlisted the quota of men for my troop. My commission as Captain bore date the fourteenth of December, 1776, and was signed by John Hancock, President. I had now entered upon a new career, both as to the nature and duration of my military service. The dragoon service being so honorable and so desirable, it became an object of primary importance to obtain an appointment in this corps."

The campaigns in New Jersey followed, and Washington soon called for the recruits to assemble at headquarters in Middlebrook, a special order being issued to Col. Sheldon to send on all the effective men of his regiment. Four troops were "put in the best order," writes our hero, "and the command of the *squadron* was given to me, as senior Captain in this regiment. My own troop was composed entirely of *dapple grey horses*, which, with black straps and with black bearskin holster covers, looked superb. I have no hesitation in acknowledging that I felt very proud of this command." On leaving at this time his winter quarters in Wethersfield for the front, Captain Tallmadge passed through Litchfield to the Hudson, this being probably his first sight of his future home. On April 7, 1777, Tallmadge received his com-

mission as major, resigning his command of his favorite troop to fill the position of field officer. Major Tallmadge was engaged in every battle which took place at this period of the war, at Short Hills and the Brandywine, and in every move of the opposing armies around Philadelphia. In the battle of Germantown, at the command of Washington, he made skilful but ineffectual attempts to check the retreating Americans by throwing his squadron repeatedly across their path. The army two months later went into winter quarters at Valley Forge, during which Tallmadge received an appointment to the command of an advanced corps of observation, consisting of a picked detachment of dragoons. In this capacity he patrolled the intermediate ground between the opposing armies, rarely tarrying in the same place through the night, nor even unsaddling his horses. In connection with this service he relates an interesting incident which occurred at the Rising Sun Tavern, in full view of the British outposts, where he went to meet a country girl, whom he had sent into the city of Philadelphia to obtain information of the enemy. While talking with her, he saw the British light horse bearing down on them at full speed, and catching the girl up behind him, he made for his own lines amidst firing of pistols, wheeling, and charging, throughout which the girl sat immovable as a statue, the embodiment of feminine nerve. "I was delighted with this transaction," he concludes, "and received many compliments from those who became acquainted with it."

The scene of action now changes to the Hudson and vicinity, where Major Tallmadge began his brilliant outpost and skirmish work throughout Westchester County, on Long Island, and on the coast of Connecticut. In the same year (1778) he began his secret service work for Washington, which resulted in a lasting friendship between himself and his Commander-in-Chief. Washington made full use of this secret service for the remainder of the war, and its importance can hardly be over-estimated. That Washington was never thereafter caught off his guard is largely due to this secret service conducted by Major Tallmadge. The Chief learned to honor and love the young dragoon, whose activity and vigilance rendered him this important service, and many letters which passed between them at this time are still in the possession

of the Tallmadge family. Colonel Tallmadge writes: "I kept one or more boats continually employed in crossing the sound on this business." But the most important line of communication established by Major Tallmadge was between Washington's lines in Westchester and the enemy's posts in New York and on Long Island and was maintained through the agency of "C——" or "Culper," "Senior" and "Junior," which kept Washington constantly informed of the enemy's movements in their own strongholds. The real name of the "C——s" remains a mystery to this day, so carefully did Major Tallmadge protect his agents at the close of the war from those reprisals to which spies were subjected by the enemy in New York. He even went into New York at great risk to himself before its evacuation by the British, in order to render the precarious position of his agents more secure.

The campaign of 1779 was marked by the ceaseless activity of the Second Light Dragoons along the shores of Long Island Sound, and September witnessed a daring expedition against the enemy at Lloyd's Neck, L. I., undertaken by Major Tallmadge and his men who, without the loss of a man, returned with the entire British garrison as prisoners.

In 1780 the enemy extended their posts eastward on Long Island and began extensive intercourse with the Tories of Connecticut. Major Tallmadge determined to break up this entire system. He communicated his plans to General Washington, who listened with such kind attention that, to quote from his Memoir, "I felt almost prepared to make a direct application to cross the Sound with a detachment of troops." However, another expedition against Long Island, planned by General Parsons, having fallen through, Major Tallmadge repaired to his old station in Westchester, and there accomplished the most memorable action of an already memorable career—the capture of Major André.

Major Tallmadge, upon returning to regimental headquarters near Northcastle, on the evening of September 23, 1780, found that a prisoner, giving his name as John Anderson, had been brought into camp by three "cow-boys" named Paulding, Van Wert, and Williams, and had been sent under guard to General Arnold at West Point. From papers found on the prisoner,

Tallmadge suspected something wrong and prevailed upon Lieutenant-Colonel Jameson to order the prisoner's transfer from Arnold's headquarters to the headquarters of the Second Dragoons. On the prisoner's arrival, Tallmadge recognized in his gait and carriage a military man, and at Salem, whither he removed him, Tallmadge became the recipient of the prisoner's confidence, who revealed his identity as that of Major John André, Adjutant-General in the British army. The sequel is well known :—André's conveyance to Washington's headquarters at Tappan under the escort of Major Tallmadge, the trial and the unfortunate young soldier's execution. Major Tallmadge's connection with the prisoner during those terrible days revealed to him the noble nature of this young man, who risked his good name and life for king and country. Tallmadge writes, "for the few days of intimate intercourse I had with him . . . I became so deeply attached to Major André that I can remember no instance where my affections were so fully absorbed in any man. When I saw him swinging under the gibbet, it seemed for a time as if I could not support it."

In a letter to Jared Sparks, Major Tallmadge gives a graphic description of André at the moment when he revealed the details of the now frustrated plot and concludes as follows : "Thus that important key of our country [West Point] would have been theirs and the Glory of so splendid an Atchievement would have been his. The Animation with which he gave the Account, ... delighted me. . . . I then inquired what was to have been his reward if he had succeeded. He replied that military Glory was all he sought, and that the thanks of his General and the approbation of his King was a rich reward for such an undertaking."

Major Tallmadge returned to his post the day following André's execution, and soon his former plan for driving the enemy from Long Island again engaged his attention. Having obtained accurate plans of the stronghold of Fort George at Smith's Manor, and also information concerning large stores of hay, forage, etc., at Corum, he began to importune General Washington to allow him to capture the one and destroy the other. The following hitherto unpublished letter of Washington's, authorizing the attack, and in reply to Major Tallmadge's letter, will be of interest :

HEADQUARTERS, November 11, 1780.

"*Sir*:—I have received your letter of the 7th instant. The destruction of the forage collected for the use of the British army at Corum upon Long Island is of so much consequence, that I should advise the attempt to be made. I have written to Col. Sheldon to furnish you a detachment of dismounted dragoons, and will commit the execution to you. If the party at Smith's house can be attempted without frustrating the other design or running too great a hazard, I have no objection. But you must remember that this is only a secondary object, and in all cases you will take a most prudent means to secure a retreat. Confiding entirely in your prudence as well as enterprise, and wishing you success, I am yours, &c.,

G. WASHINGTON."

The following is Washington's letter of congratulation to Major Tallmadge upon the success of this venture, also unpublished, and still in the possession of the Tallmadge family:—

MORRISTOWN, November 28, 1780.

"*Dear Sir*:—I have received with much pleasure the report of your successful enterprise upon Fort George, and the vessels with stores in the bay, and was particularly well pleased with the destruction of the hay at Corum, which must I conceive be severely felt by the enemy at this time. I beg you to accept my thanks for your judicious planning and spirited execution of this business, and that you will offer them to the officers and men who shared the honors of the enterprise with you. The gallant behavior of Mr. Muirson gives him a fair claim to an appointment in the second regiment of dragoons when there is a vacancy, and I have no doubt of his meeting with it accordingly, if you will make known his merit, with these sentiments in his favor. You have my free consent to reward your gallant party with the little booty they were able to bring from the enemy's works.

Yours, &c.,

G. WASHINGTON."

For this deed Major Tallmadge received the honor of public thanks from his Commander-in-Chief and from the Congress of the United States, an honor which "no person, but a military man," he writes, "knows how to appreciate."

This indefatigable trooper soon planned another attack on Long Island, viz., at Lloyd's Neck Fort, having explained his

COLONEL BENJAMIN TALLMADGE AND SON.

(From a copy of a photograph of the original painting by Earle. In the possession of Mr. F. S. Tallmadge of New York.)

plan to Washington, in a letter dated April 6, 1781. The following is Washington's reply promising an introduction to Count Rochambeau, who was then in Long Island—a letter which is also in the possession of Major's Tallmadge's descendants.

NEW WINDSOR, April 8th, 1781.

"*Sir*:—The success of the proposed enterprise must depend upon the absence of the British fleet, the secrecy of the attempt, and a knowledge of the exact situation of the enemy. If, after you have been at the westward, the circumstances, from your intelligence, shall still appear favorable, you will be at liberty to be the bearer of a letter to the Count de Rochambeau, to whose determination I have referred the matter.

Yours, &c.,

G. WASHINGTON."

But the absence of the necessary French frigates frustrated this plan, and Major Tallmadge again returned to his post in Westchester.

In the fall of 1781 occurred Washington's brilliant feint against New York City, and his real descent upon Yorktown.

Meanwhile Major Tallmadge continued his operations on the shores of the Sound, having been honored a second time with a separate command, and here he remained until the close of the war, flashing like a meteor between the Sound and the Hudson, harassing the hated "cow-boys" and "skinners," swooping down on the Tory traders of Long Island and Connecticut, until on the 18th of April, 1783, the longed for peace between the two nations was proclaimed.

On the 13th of May the Society of the Cincinnati was inaugurated and Major Tallmadge was chosen treasurer of the Connecticut branch. In October Washington issued farewell orders to his armies, which, when they were read to the troops, made strong men weep like children. To part from his beloved friend and General was indeed "heart-rending in the extreme," but much more heart-rending must have been that last scene at Fraunces Tavern. ". . . . The *simple thought* that we were then about to part from the man who had conducted us through a long and bloody war . . . . and that we should see his face no more in this world, seemed to me utterly unsupportable."

Major Tallmadge retired from the war with the rank of Colonel, and at once sought his father's house at Brookhaven, from which he had been absent seven years. In honor of the occasion, the overjoyed villagers roasted a whole ox on the public green and appointed Col. Tallmadge master of ceremonies, in which capacity he "carved, dissected, and distributed" the ox to the numerous company on the green.

A few months afterward occurred his marriage followed by his removal to Litchfield, where fifty years of his long and useful life were spent in the service of his town and country. He became extensively engaged in mercantile pursuits, and served as member of Congress from Connecticut for sixteen consecutive years from 1800 to 1816. In 1812 he declined a prominent command in the Northern Army, offered him by President Madison. In 1814 he became the first president of the first bank in Litchfield, and continued in the office for twelve years. When Lafayette visited America in 1824, Colonel Tallmadge had an affectionate meeting with him in New Haven, as with tears and smiles they recalled the scenes of their youth.

His "beloved partner," Mary Floyd, passed away on the third of June, 1805, at the age of forty-one. He survived her for thirty years, when, on the seventh of March, 1835, at the venerable age of eighty-two, he was laid to rest near her, in the historic burying ground of Litchfield, where their graves have been carefully tended by their descendants. The inscriptions read as follows:

Honbl Benjamin Tallmadge
Born Febr 25, 1754
Died March 7, 1835
As the hart panteth after the water brook,
So panteth my soul after Thee, O God.

Weep not for me.
In Memory
of
Mrs Mary Tallmadge
The Wife of
Benjamin Tallmadge, Esq.
who was born March 6th 1764
and died June 3rd 1805.

During the twenty years of their married life, Mary Floyd gave birth to five sons and two daughters. She was loved and admired by all who knew her, for her sweet and gentle nature and for her brilliancy, piquancy, and wit. An original miniature of her still exists in the possession of a granddaughter,* also a painting† by Earle in the possession of a grandson.

GRAVES OF COLONEL BENJAMIN TALLMADGE AND MARY FLOYD TALLMADGE, HIS WIFE, EAST CEMETERY, LITCHFIELD.

Colonel Tallmadge's Memoir was edited by his son Frederick Augustus, who was a noted lawyer in New York City and prominent in civil life. The Memoir closes with these words: "In this review of the special mercies of God, vouchsafed to me, I desire most devoutly to adore and bless his protecting hand, and call on my soul and every faculty that I possess to adore and praise my Divine Benefactor." The manuscript of this Memoir (in the form

* A photograph of this miniature, from a copy of which the illustration is taken, has been presented to the Mary Floyd Tallmadge Chapter by a granddaughter, Mary Floyd Delafield, wife of Bishop Neely of Maine.

† See frontispiece of this sketch.

of a daily journal) is in the possession of Colonel Tallmadge's great-granddaughter,* who also possesses the silken flag of the famous Second Light Dragoons, and an original letter from Washington to Colonel Tallmadge, on the subject of the secret service of the two "C—s," all in excellent preservation. A relic of Mary Floyd exists in the shape of a needle book of white satin, which she herself made and painted.†

This sketch of Mary Floyd, her father, and her husband, does scant justice to characters it describes, and Litchfield, with all her venerable memories, has none she holds more dear than those which cluster around the romantic figures of Colonel Benjamin Tallmadge and his beautiful wife, Mary Floyd.

Elizabeth C. Barney Buel.
(MRS. JOHN LAIDLAW BUEL.)

The writer is indebted to Mrs. John A. Vanderpoel, who furnished family records and data otherwise inaccessible, and who aided in the work of illustration. The writer also makes acknowledgment to Mrs. Edward W. Seymour, a granddaughter of Colonel Tallmadge, for the use of her copy of the "Memoir of Colonel Tallmadge." Other books of reference were genealogies, chiefly the genealogy of John Nicoll of Islip, England.

* Mrs. J. H. Knox, Troy, N. Y.

† Now in the possession of her great-granddaughter, Mrs. J. A. Vanderpoel of New York.

ESTHER STANLEY
MELICENT PORTER
SIBBIL DWIGHT KENT
SARAH WILLIAMS DANIELSON

REPRESENTING

Colonels and Majors in the War of the Revolution

GAD STANLEY
PHINEAS PORTER
ELIHU KENT
WILLIAM DANIELSON

ESTHER STANLEY CHAPTER
NEW BRITAIN

MELICENT PORTER CHAPTER
WATERBURY

SIBBIL DWIGHT KENT CHAPTER
SUFFIELD

SARAH WILLIAMS DANIELSON CHAPTER
KILLINGLY

A REVOLUTIONARY COAT.

(Once worn by a British officer. Spoils of victory at White Plains. Still preserved in the family of Lydia Andrews' descendants, New Britain.)

ESTHER STANLEY

NEW BRITAIN can not own to a separate existence until 1754, when by authority ecclesiastical and civil, she was set apart from Farmington with all the powers and privileges of other incorporated societies in the colony. For many years thereafter New Britain was but a parish belonging to the town of Farmington, and only in the year of the Lexington Alarm did New Britain, named for the Greater Britain, attain her majority.

Before the Revolution she had acquired neither years nor distinction, and can lay no claim to historic interest. That the sentiment of her people was strong in opposition to tyranny is evidenced by her ready response to the call for men and means to carry on the war—a call often repeated and as often responded to. "During the second period of the Revolution, from 1776 to 1778, when the main operations were in the North, a large number proportionately of the citizens of New Britain and Berlin were in the army; and at White Plains, on the Hudson, in Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, and elsewhere, fought to secure the independence of the nation."*

The patriots who went from New Britain parish were fifty in number, and while much may be gathered from the old records to testify to the good service of the men, one must use the alembic of his imagination in treating of the women of the period, who seem to have found sufficient inspiration in looking "to the ways of their households," and who were content so long as their husbands and sons "stood in the gates."

That little mention until her marriage is made of Esther Stanley, whose name the New Britain Chapter bears, is quite in line with the tradition that the sons and daughters of those days merged their interests in those of their birthplace, until such time as each should go forth to make a home for himself. More than two hundred years separate us from the date, May 18, 1697, which marks the birth in Farmington of Esther, daughter of Samuel

*Camp's History of New Britain.

Cowles and of his wife Rachel Porter. Not a building is standing in Farmington which was then in existence, and we can only point to the present site of the Dr. Carrington house, as the place of her birth.

But the early records of Farmington testify to the fact that Esther Cowles Stanley was well born, and that in her were united the blood of four families, whose founders in each family were among the most honorable of the early settlers in the Connecticut colony. John Cowles and Timothy Stanley on one side, Thomas Porter and Stephen Hart on the other.

The marriage of Esther Cowles to Thomas Stanley took place in Kensington, January 2, 1718, whither her father, Samuel Cowles, had moved in 1716. As a bride she entered a house built for her in Stanley Quarter, a picturesque section lying north of the present city of New Britain, where her children were born and where she died.

The following is a list of the children of Thomas and Esther Cowles Stanley :

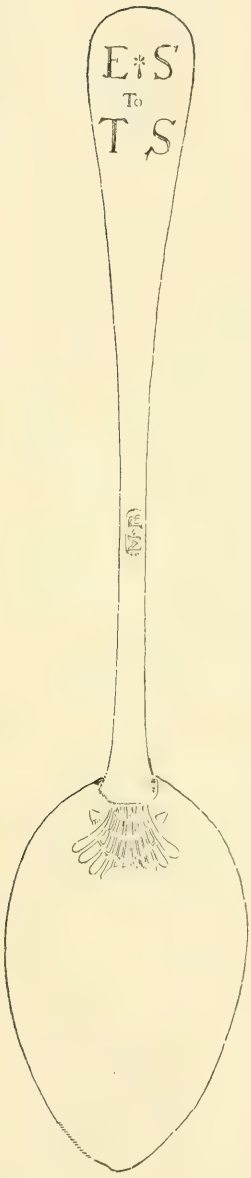
1. Anna, born October 30, 1718 ; married Ozias Griswold ; died November 6, 1732.
2. Thomas, born November 27, 1720 ; married (——) Mary Francis.
3. Noah, born January 16, 1724 ; married (——) Ruth Norton.
4. Ruth, born July 8, 1726 ; died August 3, 1726.
5. Timothy, born August 13, 1727 ; married (——) Lydia Newell.
6. Abigail, born March 7, 1730 ; married (——) Capt. John Griswold.
7. Job, born August 4, 1732 ; died July 5, 1740.
8. GAD, born March 21, 1735 ; married October 29, 1767, Mary Judd.

That Esther Stanley was a woman in whom "the heart of her husband safely trusted" is proved by the will* which Thomas Stanley made in 1747, nearly thirty years after their marriage :

"I give my dearly beloved wife Esther the use of one-third of my real estate during her life and one-third the personal, to be her own forever, and she is to take my negro woman Priscella for part of said dowery, also the service of my negro girl Katherine during her life, also the service of my negro boy, named Richard, until my son Gad be twenty-one, and furthermore, I do give my dearly beloved wife my great Bible, and one silver spoon† during her life."

* Andrews' Genealogy and Ecclesiastical History of New Britain.

† The spoon, which is well preserved, is in the possession of Miss Martha Peck, a resident of New Britain.

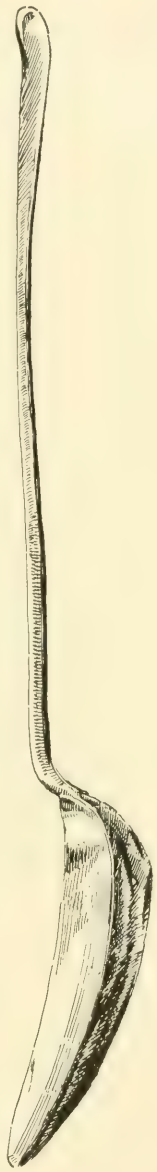


THE ESTHER STANLEY SPOON.
(Back of spoon.)

Noah Stanley, the second son of Esther Stanley, is said to have been a lieutenant of a cavalry troop in the French war. Later in life he was chosen a deacon and was a careful observer of the Sabbath.

That Colonel Gad Stanley, by his own confession, owed all that was best in him to the influence of his mother, gives us the key-note to both his own and his mother's character; his military achievement is her glory, and that he nobly acquitted himself throughout his whole life her exceeding great reward. No name is more conspicuous in the early history of the town than his, and few have better borne their part in its later development than his descendants.

Gad Stanley's military career began in May, 1773, when he was appointed captain of the Fifth Company of the Fifteenth Regiment, commanded by Colonel Lee. At the opening of the Revolutionary struggle he was appointed one of a committee "consisting of the



THE ESTHER STANLEY SPOON.
(Profile view.)

principal men of the parishes of Farmington" to send money and supplies to Boston when its port was blockaded; he also served as a member of a committee of eleven appointed "to keep up a correspondence with the towns of this and the neighboring colonies."

GRAVESTONE OF ESTHER STANLEY, NEW BRITAIN.

Captain Gad Stanley enlisted in the Farmington company of the first battalion which was raised in June, 1776, to reinforce Washington at New York, and which was engaged at the Brooklyn front before and during the battle of Long Island (August 27th). If, as some one has said, "a fine retreat should meet with a reward equal to that given for a great victory," then all honor

to those who assisted Washington in his retreat from Long Island, in which our representative from New Britain took part and led his company safely beyond the possibility of attack from the British forces.

Mention is made in the book entitled "Connecticut Men in the Revolution," of Gad Stanley's having been with the Continental army at the battle of White Plains; also of his having been promoted to the rank of major in Colonel Hooker's regiment in October, 1776, and later of his promotion to the rank of lieutenant-colonel in May, 1778.

When the war closed Colonel Gad Stanley returned to his home in Stanley Quarter in the same unpretending manner that he had gone forth to the war. Mounted on his horse he rode to the door unattended, and striking together the holsters of his saddle bow, awaited the assembling of his surprised family.

It is a matter of record that at the close of the Revolutionary war, Colonel Stanley served in nearly every important office in the town. He was a Representative from Farmington from 1778–1782; from Berlin, 1785 to 1804 continuously, and he was active in securing the incorporation of Berlin as a distinct town. The name of Gad Stanley is also associated with that of Colonel Lee in school and parish affairs.

Finally by virtue of his interest in church affairs as well as in national and military affairs, Colonel Stanley when seventy-four years old, was chosen chairman of the committee which called and settled, on December 2, 1809, Rev. Newton Skinner, who acted as a colleague of the aged Dr. Smalley in the church and parish of New Britain.

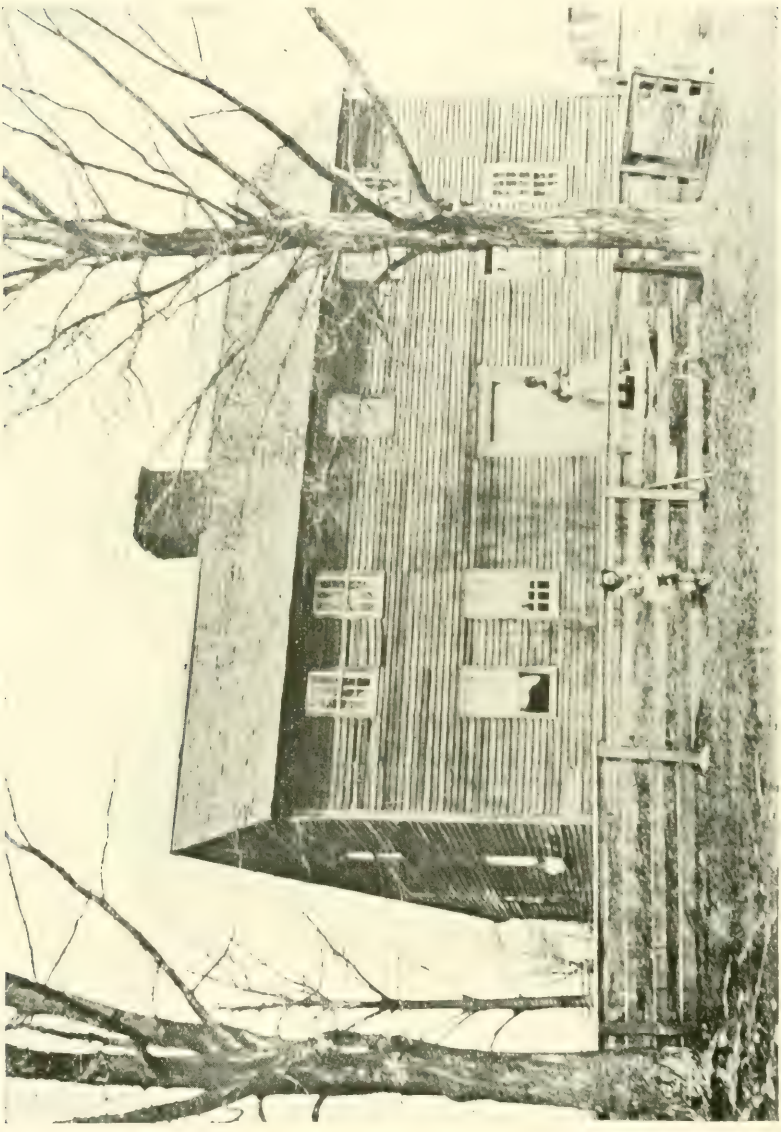
The Ancestry of Esther Cowles Stanley.

JOHN COWLES=HANNAH — TIMOTHY STANLEY — STEPHEN HART

SAMUEL COWLES=ABIGAIL STANLEY — THOMAS PORTER=SARAH HART

SAMUEL COWLES=RACHEL PORTER

HESTER COWLES=THOMAS STANLEY.
(OR ESTHER)



THE HOME OF LYDIA ROOT ANDREWS, BUILT IN 1752, IN THE ANDREWS' SETTLEMENT.

LYDIA ANDREWS*

No engagement of the war took place within the borders of New Britain parish, but the war called for great sacrifices in these quiet homes of the women left to their own defense, and if the name of Lydia Root Andrews is given a place with that of New Britain's chapter heroine, it is because she furnishes an example of devotion to her country's need, which is rare even in the annals of Revolutionary days, and which can hardly be equalled in modern times.

Of the Revolutionary heroines whose record is preserved in the early history of New Britain, the name of Lydia Root Andrews deserves the most honored place. According to her biographer, she was "a woman of remarkable strength of character and of Christian spirit." She gave to her country her sons and her substance, laying "her hands to the distaff and spindle," and by her own industry fitted out six of her seven sons, and sent them forth to fight against the oppressors of their country. When only two remained at home—Nathaniel being considered too young to enlist with his five brothers—word came to the mother that her eldest son had died in the service. The youngest son then took the place of his dead brother, and we read of no faltering on her part as she girded on the armor of this Benjamin of her flock and sent him forth at sixteen years of age to serve his country.

Lydia Root Andrews was the daughter of Joseph Root and of his wife Hannah Kellogg, and was born in Wethersfield, October 5, 1725, and married Moses Andrews, also of Wethersfield, November 10, 1748. They moved early to New Britain and occupied a house erected by her brother Joseph. This house was built in 1752, and is the oldest of that scattered group of houses known in New Britain's village period as the Andrews' Settlement.

* By vote of the Esther Stanley Chapter the record of Lydia Andrews and of her sons during the war is given a place in this sketch with the record of New Britain's chapter heroine.

To Sergeant Moses and Lydia Root Andrews eight sons were born, namely :

1. Samuel, born November 2, 1749 ; married December 17, 1769, Abigail Smith.
2. Moses, born December 15, 1750 ; died December, 1752.
3. Joseph, born December 23, 1751 ; married February 6, 1777, Lydia Judd ; married 2d, Amy Cowles. He died November 23, 1831.
4. Moses, born April 7, 1755 ; married about 1779, Elizabeth Clark. He died July 20, 1848.
5. Isaac, born January 31, 1757 ; married (——) Betsey Talbot. He died January 11, 1799.
6. John, born November 29, 1758 ; married May 10, 1792, Phebe Lewis ; married 2d, March 16, 1800, Caroline Bronson. He died June 19, 1833.
7. Jesse, born December 18, 1760 ; died April 4, 1790.
8. Nathaniel, born October 15, 1762 ; married (——) 1786, Polly Lewis ; married 2d, October 3, 1790, Jerusha Sage ; died August 27, 1845 ; buried at Flint, Michigan.

Of the seven sons of Lydia Andrews who reached manhood, three, Isaac, John and Jesse were physicians. The oldest son Samuel, died of camp distemper while serving in the Revolutionary war, when not quite twenty-seven years of age.

Corporal Joseph, the third son of Sergeant Moses and Lydia Andrews, enlisted in 1775, serving at first ten months. He re-enlisted the following year and was present at the battle of White Plains. As his share in the spoils of victory at White Plains, Joseph Andrews received the red coat of an English officer. The coat is pictured in the illustration used as a frontispiece for the Esther Stanley Chapter sketches, and is the treasured possession of a great-great-granddaughter of Lydia Andrews. In the family genealogy Joseph Andrews in later life is thus referred to : "He was a thorough and successful farmer, a good mechanic, and had much execuutive force and power."

Moses, the fourth son, lived to be very old, but aside from a short term of service in the Revolutionary war, there is little worthy of record.

To the one son left at home we are indebted for a glimpse of the gentler side of a nature, that perhaps loved not his country less, but his betrothed bride more. It was in the early days of the war, before Dr. Smalley, New Britain's minister, who was then a loyal British subject, had taken sides with the American patriots.

Upon a certain Sunday afternoon word reached New Britain parish that two British ships of war had arrived off New London. Scarcely was the benediction pronounced when Captain Gad Stanley gave notice to his military company to meet next morning on "the parade." As Dr. Smalley joined the excited group

GRAVESTONE OF LYDIA ROOT ANDREWS.

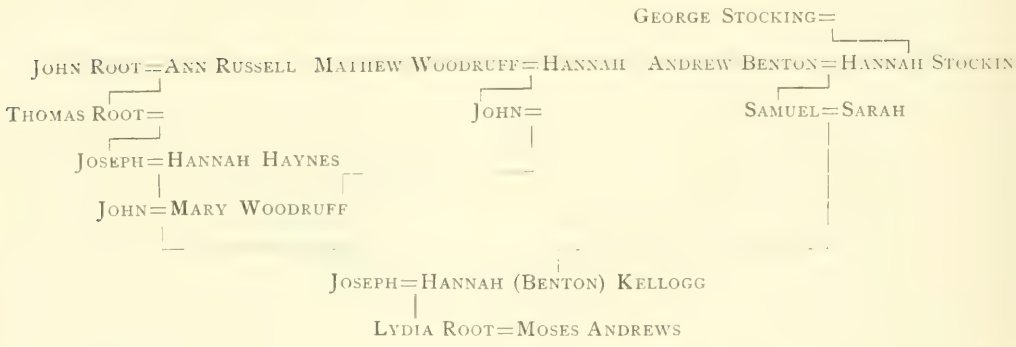
around the door of the church, he exclaimed: "What! will you fight your king?" This remark enflamed the zealous young patriots, and one more fearless than the rest, forgot the deference due to the priest, and spoke as to an English oppressor. He compared King George to a serpent, and it was never forgiven the

impulsive youth, whose brother, Jesse Andrews, had bespoken Anna Smalley's hand in marriage. Because of the hasty word of a brother, the vows were forbidden, "the unhappy lover pined away and died," the country lost a defender, and the mother one of her seven sons.

Lydia Andrews died July 6, 1806, and is buried in Fairview cemetery, New Britain.

From the inscriptions on the gravestones we find but scant record of these Revolutionary women. If elsewhere we can discover anything worthy of record, anything that bespeaks love of country and love of home, should we not unroll the scroll of time, re-write and re-dedicate these tablets, and thus "rescue from the moss-grown sepulchres restored, names that the race should honor."

ANCESTRY OF LYDIA ROOT ANDREWS.



Katharine M. Brooks.
(MRS. WM. F. BROOKS.)

MELICENT PORTER

THE last soldier* of the American Revolution has long since gone to his rest. Even the grandchildren of the patriots will soon be all gone, and it is chiefly from family documents and tradition that the events of the individual life of the Revolutionary soldiers can be gathered.

There was no Red Cross Society for the women of Revolutionary days to serve and labor in, but there were crosses to be borne by the women, of which the present generation can have little knowledge.

Melicent (Baldwin) Porter, one of the cross-bearers of the Revolution and a standard-bearer as well, was born at Waterbury, Conn., November 16, 1750. In physique she was large and strong and of a noble and dignified presence. Her eyes were blue, her complexion fair, her hair light brown, which, at the time of her death, when she was seventy-four years old, retained its youthful color.

The English name of Baldwin has been traced to the year 1445. Melicent Baldwin was descended from Richard and Isabel Baldwin, of Bucks County, England. Joseph, the son of Richard Baldwin of England, emigrated to the New England Colonies and settled in Milford, Conn., in 1639. His grandson, Jonathan, came to Waterbury in 1733, and bought the corn mill of the township, together with all the rights originally granted by the Connecticut Colony to Stephen Hopkins, the first owner of the mill property.

Colonel Jonathan Baldwin, son of the miller, married Mary, a daughter of Ebenezer Bronson. Mary Bronson was a descendant of Isaac Bronson, one of the thirty-one original proprietors of

* Lemuel Cook, born at Waterbury, Conn., in 1764, died at Clarendon, New York, in 1866, was accredited as the last surviving soldier of the Revolution.

Waterbury (1673) and also of John Bronson, who served in the Pequot War (1637). Seven members of the Melicent Porter Chapter have the same ancestry as Mary Bronson, the mother of Melicent Porter.

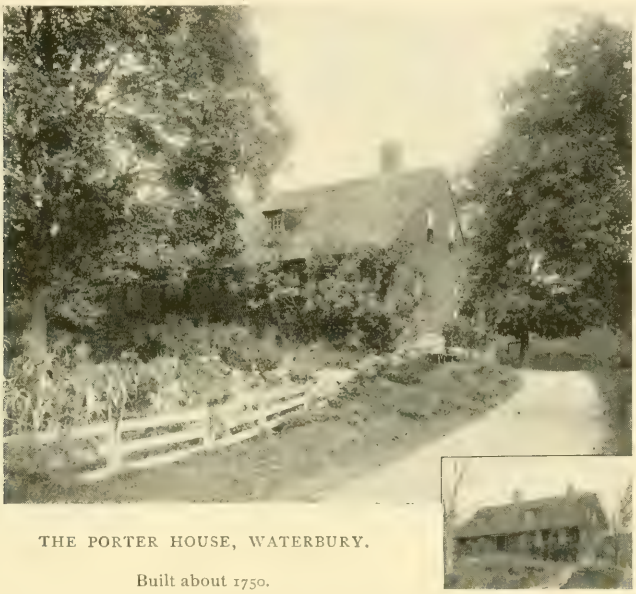
Colonel Baldwin, the father of Melicent Porter, was a large landholder, and previous to the war had been entrusted with many offices of responsibility. Melicent, his daughter, received a common school education, and also attended the private school of Mr. Badger, who was noted for his careful training in deportment. She was early taught the Westminster catechism and was evidently instructed in the inalienable rights of the individual both in politics and religion. In 1770 Melicent Baldwin, when twenty years old, became the wife of Isaac Booth Lewis, and removed with her husband to New Jersey at the time when the mutterings of discontent against British oppression were rife in the land.

There were living in the town of Waterbury at various times above seven hundred men who had served in the Revolution, many of whom were among the sufferers at Valley Forge—a direful chapter of the Revolutionary period in which the Waterbury men seem to have borne a large part. Their condition during this dreadful winter is described in a local history* from which also the following data concerning the Valley Forge sufferers and the Battle of Monmouth are taken: "Clearing forests in December snows, with bare feet, without blankets, with little food and no money; building log huts on the cleared ground, with benumbed fingers and chilled hearts; . . . falling down under the enforcing hand of illness, with no pillowing tenderness to soften the fall."

In the camp of eleven thousand men at Valley Forge, three thousand soldiers were at one time too ill to perform military duty, while a powerful, well-fed, well-conditioned enemy was within twenty miles, enjoying all the comforts that Philadelphia afforded; besides, thousands of the more able-bodied soldiers at Valley Forge, after the labors and fatigues of the day, were obliged to spend the night over fires, being without blankets and "having neither small clothes, shoes, nor stockings."

*The History of Waterbury, Miss Sarah Prichard's chapters.

No wonder is it that Waterbury appointed fifteen men to gather clothing for her destitute soldiers at Valley Forge ; and it is unfortunate that the historians of that time did not preserve in this connection the names of the unappointed women who spun and wove by daylight, and knit by moon and candle light, for the bleeding feet and freezing bodies of their beloved ones suffering in the camp at Valley Forge.



THE PORTER HOUSE, WATERBURY.

Built about 1750.

(Within were sheltered and cared for many soldiers in the War of the American Revolution.)

Out from this camp at Valley Forge came the soldiers who in June, 1778, were to fight and win the battle of Monmouth, over the British forces who were retreating from Philadelphia with New York as their objective point. The heat at this season was so intense that many soldiers in both armies died from the heat alone. It is recorded "that the tongues of the soldiers were so swollen that they could not be retained in their mouths," and the distress for want of water was so great that the men tried to relieve it by holding bullets in their mouths. On that day, a

Waterbury woman, "Milicent," the daughter of Lieut.-Col. Jonathan Baldwin, helped to feed the soldiers of Washington's army, cooking for them from morning until night all the provisions that she could procure.

At the time of the battle of Monmouth, Melicent Baldwin Lewis was the widow of Isaac Booth Lewis, and was living in New Jersey, within sound of the firing, probably at Mendham, the home of her husband's father.

No record of the place or circumstance of Mr. Isaac Booth Lewis's death has been found. The date alone was recorded by his wife in her family Bible as April 29, 1777, more than a year previous to the battle in which she figured. Soon after the battle of Monmouth, Mrs. Lewis's father, Lieutenant-Colonel Baldwin, journeyed on horseback from Waterbury to New Jersey to escort his widowed daughter and her two young children to his own home. The little party set forth on the return journey, Colonel Baldwin carrying one child with him on his horse, Mrs. Lewis, the other with her on her horse. They came to a river ford which was so swollen that the horse of Mrs. Lewis in the midst of the stream lost its footing and went down with the current. Mrs. Lewis first threw her child to a place of safety upon the river bank and later effected her own escape. The child was four years old at the time and her name was Melicent.

Returning to Waterbury—as patriotic a town as any in Connecticut if we may believe our records—Mrs. Lewis found herself in a military atmosphere well calculated to keep alive the patriotic spirit which she had shown in New Jersey, and which was evidently appreciated by one of its soldiers, for not long after her return, on December 23, 1778, she became the wife of Major Phineas Porter.

Phineas Porter was one of the first to enlist from Waterbury in the service of the patriots; he went forth on June 1, 1775, as captain of the first Waterbury company that served in the war, being with his company on the march toward New York one whole month before General Washington took formal command of the American army. Captain Porter's company remained three weeks at Fairfield, and on June 27, joined its regiment (commanded by General Wooster) "below Rye," where they met

Washington and his suite, who "passed in a genteel manner and there followed him a band of music."*

Captain Porter's Company served at Harlem, Plumb Island, Shelter Island, and at East Hampton. Later it was ordered to Canada, going via Lake Champlain. The troops rowed up the lake by day, and slept in the woods by night, and finally reached Montreal after much suffering from the fatigues of the march and from cold. On the return march, because of the ice in the lake, the men were forced to leave their boats and carry their baggage on their backs, in which condition they reached Ticonderoga. The Waterbury company on their return from Ticonderoga were on the march fourteen days before they reached Norfolk, Conn., where they arrived on December 9, 1775.

Soon after the Canada campaign, Captain Porter served as Major on the staff of Colonel Douglas' regiment in General Wadsworth's brigade of state troops which had been raised in 1776 to reinforce Washington's army at New York. In the retreat from Long Island, Major Porter, who was not then the husband of Melicent Baldwin, was taken prisoner and confined in the noted Sugar House, where he witnessed the barbarity of Cunningham, and only escaped starvation "by pawning all the silver on his person." At Stillwater and at Saratoga, Lieutenant Colonel Baldwin, Melicent's father, and Major Porter, her husband, were in active service with their regiment, which was commanded by Col. Thaddeus Cook. Major Porter later was commissioned Colonel of the Twenty-eighth Militia Regiment of Connecticut, which under the old organization had been known as the Tenth Regiment. Col. Baldwin's military career seems to have been entirely confined to this regiment.

Col. Phineas Porter was a lineal descendant of Dr. Daniel Porter, surgeon of the "river towns" of Connecticut in 1655, and of his son Daniel, one of the proprietors of Waterbury in 1674. Apparently to retain Dr. Porter as a member of the com-

*From the Diary of Judah Frisbie, History of Waterbury, Vol. I, p. 470; Miss Sarah Prichard's chapters on Waterbury in the Revolution.

"Of the six hundred and eighty-nine men of Waterbury who were in the war, two left upon record their individual achievements, . . . Judah Frisbie and Josiah Atkins. The diary of Judah Frisbie may be found in Orcutt's History of Wolcott. It gives in detail the march of Captain Phineas Porter's Waterbury company to New York in 1775."—*History of Waterbury*, Vol. I, p. 470.

munity, land grants were bestowed by the original proprietors upon him, and his descendants became large landowners. Certain of these same lands remain in the family to the present time.

The illustration used in this chapter sketch on page 293 "represents, perhaps, the oldest house now standing within the ancient township. The date of its erection is not known, but it was built either by Dr. Daniel Porter, the planter, or by his son Thomas Porter before 1765. . . . The old house is of special interest because in it were sheltered and cared for many soldiers in the War of the Revolution."*

"To this house there came on one occasion so many soldiers that they completely filled every room. So weary were the men that they fell upon the floors, exhausted for the want of sleep. All night Mrs. Porter and her attendants cooked for these men, stepping over them as they worked."†‡

* History of Waterbury, p. 714. † Ibid., p. 456.

‡ The original document of the following statement—given under oath—concerning the Porter House, is framed and hangs in the Historical Rooms of Waterbury.

I, Amos Gift Hull, son of Dr. Nimrod Hull of Waterbury (Salem parish), dec'd, hereby affirm that on November 24, 1836, I married, in the house now known as "the old Porter house," Emily M. Porter, daughter of Thomas Porter and Sally Warner; granddaughter of Truman Porter and Sarah Thompson; and great-granddaughter of Thomas Porter and *Mehitable* Hine, and that the said *Mehitable (Hine) Porter*, at that date ninety-seven years of age, was present at the marriage.

At some time between my marriage and her death, which took place June 1, 1837, she told me that on one occasion (the occasion I do not now recall) General Washington and a numerous retinue spent a night in the house, it being an inn.

That although there were beds for General Washington and his staff, the other soldiers so filled the living rooms of the house, that she, in her work of preparing food for them, was obliged to step over them, as they lay, sleeping from weariness, upon the floors.

Amos Gift Hull.

In the presence of
Jas. E. O'Connor.

State of Connecticut, } ss. *New Haven, December 14, 1899.*
County of New Haven, }

Personally appeared, Amos Gift Hull, signer and sealer of the foregoing instrument and acknowledged the same to be his free act and deed before me.

James E. O'Connor.
Notary Public.

Four of the descendants of Colonel Porter and of Melicent Baldwin, his wife, still live on the site of the Jonathan Baldwin homestead in Waterbury, but neither Melicent Porter herself nor her descendants have lived in the Porter house where her husband's boyhood was spent.

Probably the only relics of Melicent Porter which are still preserved are some teaspoons belonging to one of her descendants,* who also has in her possession Major Phineas Porter's orderly book, which contains the orders given out by him from day to day while the army was in New York. Extracts from the book have been quoted in the History of Waterbury.†

Of the children of Colonel and Melicent Porter, one, a son, Ansel, died from disease contracted in the war of 1812. Another child of Melicent Porter was the daughter, also named Melicent, whose life was saved on the return journey from New Jersey as previously told. She became the wife of David Taylor,‡ and her daughter married a cousin, David Taylor by name, who was a nephew of Nathan Hale. A great grandson of Melicent Porter, Capt. Henry Peck, a young man of great promise, "the only son of his mother and she a widow," gave his life for his country in our Civil War.

Col. Phineas Porter died and Mrs. Melicent Porter was married a third time, in May, 1808, when fifty-eight years old, to Mr. Abel Camp. She died in Plymouth, December 27, 1824, and is buried in the hill town of Morris, Conn.

Mary Cook.

* Miss Katherine L. Peck.

† Revolutionary Portion, by Miss Sarah Prichard.

‡ Their grandson, Capt. Milton Haxtun, served in the United States Navy for more than thirty years.

GIRLHOOD HOME OF SIBEIL DWIGHT KENT, WARREN, MASS.

(Built by her father, Colonel Simeon Dwight.)

General Washington was entertained here several times.

SIBBIL DWIGHT KENT

SUFFIELD Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution calls itself the Sibbil Dwight Kent Chapter, to commemorate first the honorable public record of the Dwight family, second the Revolutionary service of Sibbil Dwight Kent's husband, Major Elihu Kent, and lastly to commemorate Sibbil Kent's own patriotic spirit, preserved through family record and tradition.

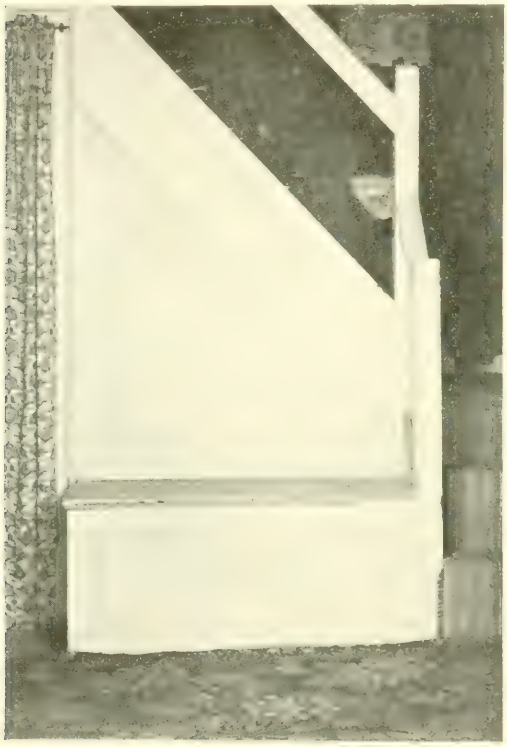
The American founder of her family, John Dwight, came to America from Dedham, England, in 1634, and became one of the original settlers of Dedham, Mass. He was one of the founders of the first church organized in that town, in 1638. Her father, Col. Simeon Dwight, married Sibbil Dwight (daughter of Capt. Samuel Dwight of Northampton), and having established his family in Western, now Warren, Mass., he became one of its prominent men, serving in many positions of responsibility. He was chosen to represent the town of Warren in the provincial Congress held at Cambridge in 1775 and 1776, and he was also appointed a member of the Committee of Correspondence, Safety and Inspection.

In all matters touching the Revolutionary struggle, where he had opportunity, Col. Simeon Dwight gave loyal and effective service. The house which he built in Warren, more than a century and a half ago, has withstood the wintry blasts and summer heats of the succeeding years, and stands to-day in fair preservation. It is one of the historic houses of New England, having been the resting place of General Washington in his journeyings through eastern Massachusetts. At the foot of the stairway, in the lower hall, is a stationary paneled box with a cover, in which Washington deposited his boots before retiring for the night.

In this house Sibbil Dwight, the eldest of the thirteen children of Capt. Simeon Dwight and of Sibbil (Dwight) Dwight, his wife,

passed all the years of her childhood and early womanhood. She was born October 4, 1744, and on February 2, 1774, she became the wife of Maj. Elihu Kent of Suffield, Conn.

Elihu Kent was the son of Samuel Kent of Suffield, and Abiah Dwight, daughter of Nathaniel Dwight of Northampton. Major Kent's family were among the first settlers of Suffield. His great-great-grandfather Kent married Frances Woodall; removed to Brookfield, Mass., in 1673, and to Suffield, Conn., in 1678. He was a member of the first board of selectmen of Suffield and was re-elected to the same office for many years. Major Kent's great-grandfather, Samuel Kent, married Priscilla, a daughter of William Hunter, and his grandfather, John Kent, married Abigail Dudley of Saybrook, Conn.



BOX AT THE FOOT OF THE STAIRCASE IN THE HALL OF THE DWIGHT MANSION, WARREN, MASS., IN WHICH WASHINGTON PLACED HIS BOOTS FOR THE NIGHT.

Sibbil Dwight was the third wife of Elihu Kent, also his second cousin—his mother, Abiah Dwight, being Sibbil's great aunt. Scarcely a year since their marriage had passed before the notes of war resounded through the land. The Lexington alarm summoned men from ploughshares and firesides to scenes of strife and bloodshed. Elihu Kent responded promptly,

raising ninety-four men in less than twenty-four hours and marching with them to Boston. With him went his eldest son, a lad of seventeen or eighteen years, who during the progress of the war suffered greatly, having been captured by the enemy and kept in confinement a long time, receiving the usual hard usage which falls to prisoners of war.

Sibbil Dwight Kent, with patriotism inherited from her family and enhanced by the exigencies of the times, subdued her fears, and, as in days of chivalry, buckled on the armor of her knights and sent them forth to death or victory. For years on each succeeding day, its duties and responsibilities over, the shades of night closed darkly round her lonely and defenseless little household. Her four children,* busy and restless through the day, slumbered at night in blissful unconsciousness of the danger threatening father and brother, but the heart and thoughts of the brave and lonely wife and mother were with her loved ones, footsore and weary on their tedious journeys or in their cheerless camps. Weeks succeed weeks in anxious watching and eager longing for tidings which came slowly and irregularly, causing many a bitter pang to a heart already overburdened and fearful.

The Dwight family for generations has stood not only for all that is highest and best in education and religion, but is noted also for its enthusiasm and love of liberty; military talent and executive ability have from the first characterized the family.

Sibbil Kent, living in the days of war, inheriting the Dwight spirit of devotion and patriotism through both parents, and surrounded by brave and loyal men, many of whom were among her own kindred, was strengthened by discipline, education and example for the many trials and sacrifices which she had to meet during the years of turmoil and strife which followed her marriage to Major Elihu Kent.

Maj. Elihu Kent was a representative American patriot—brave, prompt—untiring. His zeal and energy for the welfare of the

*Sibbil Dwight Kent gave birth to one child, a daughter who was born in 1779 and named Sibbil Kent, and who was married in February, 1804, to Eleazer Davis Curtis (son of Deacon Joseph Curtis and of Phoebe Davis, his wife, Hanover, New Hampshire.)

Three children were born to Eleazer Curtis and his wife Sibbil Kent: a son named Henry Dwight Curtis, born in 1806; a daughter named Maria Amelia Curtis, born in 1808; and a second daughter named Sibbil Curtis, born in 1810, who died young.

country, manifested early in the struggle, were maintained throughout the entire war, and through his long term of public service he sought to uphold the cause of the colonies.

Major Kent died February 12, 1814, his widow Sibbil, died July 9, 1822. In the old cemetery at Suffield Center, a tombstone bearing the following inscription stands at the head of their graves:

BURIAL PLACE AND GRAVESTONE IN MEMORY OF SIBBIL DWIGHT KENT AND OF MAJOR ELIHU KENT, HER HUSBAND, SUFFIELD.

Memorial
of
MAJ. ELIHU KENT:
who died Feb. 12, 1814,
ÆT. 81.
Also,
SIBBIL
His wife,
Died July 9, 1822.
Æt. 77.

Footstone—E. S. K. monogram.

Helen M. King.

SARAH WILLIAMS DANIELSON

THE name of Danielson has been closely associated with the town of Killingly from its foundation, and when the Killingly chapter looked for a name which would link it with the Revolutionary period, the eminent military service of Col. William Danielson made the name of his wife, Sarah Williams Danielson, one which it would be an honor to bear.

James Danielson, the grandfather of Col. William Danielson, was one of the earliest and most prominent settlers of Killingly. He laid out the beautiful cemetery between the rivers, and in 1728 was the first person to be laid to rest within its bounds. The borough of Danielsonville was named for him and in honor of General James Danielson, his great grandson.

The first James Danielson's son, Samuel, was the father of Col. William Danielson. William Danielson served in the French War, where he received the title of major and in 1775, when the Lexington Alarm rang through the county, Major William Danielson was prompt to respond for the town of Killingly. In 1776 he served as lieutenant-colonel with the state troops in Colonel Douglass' regiment. Later in the same year (December, 1776), he was promoted to the rank of colonel of the Connecticut militia, and during 1777–78–79 he was in service with the Connecticut militia under General Spencer in Rhode Island.

On March 21, 1777, at a meeting of the Council of Safety, the chief business apparently was to "establish the officers of the Alarm List," and under the doings of that day it is recorded that the council "filled up a large number of commissions for the Alarm List, officers for Colonel Danielson's [and two other] regiments." In August (1777) the name of William Danielson, Esq., colonel, appears again in the records of the General Assembly in connection with a certain change to be made in this list of officers. In civil affairs also he was a trusted leader, being several

times appointed deputy to the General Assembly and a justice of the peace, three successive appointments to each office having been made in the years 1777–78–79, when he was serving with the army.

Sarah Williams, his wife, was a descendant of Robert Williams, who came to Roxbury in 1638. She was the youngest child of William Williams and of Sarah Stevens, the line of descent being Robert[1], Samuel[2], Samuel[3], Samuel[4], William[5]. She was born in 1737 and was married to William Danielson in 1758. Family records and tradition represent her as an energetic and vivacious woman and as with her husband in active service for twenty years. Patiently and courageously she upheld the hands of her husband through the vicissitudes and horrors of two wars, and in his prolonged absences directed the varied interests of a home and a large family.

The cause of the patriots owed much to women like Sarah Williams Danielson, who survived the trials of two wars. In recognition of this, the descendants of the heroes of those wars have given her name to the patriotic chapter organized in the town where she lived.

In 1779 Colonel Danielson retired from service, and at the close of the war returned to his native town. In 1786, on the shores of the Quinnebaug, he built the large white house which still stands. It was the home of Sarah Williams Danielson until her death in 1809 at the age of seventy-two.

Of the five children of Col. William and Sarah Danielson, Sarah was born November 14, 1759; James was born January 18, 1761; Lucy was born October 11, 1764; William was born March 4, 1768; Mary was born January 24, 1770. Only one son lived to reach maturity, namely, Gen. James Danielson, who built cotton mills in Danielson, one of the oldest cotton manufactories in the country. His home was in Danielsonville and many of his descendants are now residents of the place.

Marnida C. Butler Robinson.
(MRS. RIENZI ROBINSON.)
Kate E. Danielson.

The few genealogical facts recorded here were furnished by Miss Emily Wilder Leavitt, Boston, Mass.

HANNAH WOODRUFF
HANNAH BENEDICT CARTER
SABRA TRUMBULL
ANNE BREWSTER FANNING

REPRESENTING

Captains in the War of the Revolution

DANIEL SLOPER
JOHN CARTER
HEZEKIAH BISSELL
CHARLES FANNING

HANNAH WOODRUFF CHAPTER
SOUTHINGTON

HANNAH BENEDICT CARTER CHAPTER
NEW CANAAN

SABRA TRUMBULL CHAPTER
ROCKVILLE

ANNE BREWSTER FANNING CHAPTER
JEWETT CITY

SITES OF THE FRENCH ENCAMPMENTS IN SOUTHINGTON.

QUEEN STREET. FRENCH HILL, MARION.

HANNAH WOODRUFF

AS a town, Southington had no separate existence until November, 1779. Its Revolutionary records therefore are for some years interwoven with those of Farmington, but its residents bore their full share in all the patriotic proceedings of the period. Their protest against the injustice of the Boston Port Bill and other oppressive British measures had no uncertain sound, and social ostracism was thoroughly meted out to their Tory neighbors. They seemed to think public confession good for the soul, and no greater sin than tea drinking was enough to bring down upon the culprit the terrors of both the law and the gospel. We find the following record, March 15, 1775 : "That Mr. Timothy Root be appointed to exhibit a complaint against Capt. Solomon Cowles and Martha his wife for making use of Tea contrary to ye association." The sequel is recorded March 23 of the same year, "That ye Confession, exhibited and subscribed by Capt. Solomon Cowles and Martha his wife for using Tea, contrary to ye association is satisfactory, provided ye same be made public." The required public confession was made a year later and reads as follows : "We, ye subscribers, hereby acknowledge we have violated ye association of ye Continental Congress by making use of India Tea. Sensible of ye ill consequences of such a practice, we do freely express our sorrow for ye same and do give the strongest assurance of our determination hereafter to adhere in every regard to ye Continental Congress."

The same committee also attended to those who worked on the Continental Fast Day and to those merchants who charged too high prices for their goods, but all offenders after a public confession received absolution at the hands of the committee. Later much more important work was done by this committee in providing for the needs of the families of soldiers and in forwarding supplies to the soldiers then in distant camps.

After the battles of Concord and Lexington, a hundred men marched from the town of Southington to Boston, but according to the Hartford records the list of the names of these Southington soldiers was lost. Another detachment went to New York in 1776, of which unfortunately little is recorded. In March, 1777, two hundred and seventeen men were required to be raised in the town, and a bounty of fifty dollars was offered to those who would enlist. So readily did the men respond that only a few were left to till the soil, but the lack of laborers was supplied by the resolute women and young boys who took the places of the men.

After the separation of Southington parish from the town of Farmington in 1779, the patriotic spirit did not wane. The records show that many meetings were held to devise ways and means to assist in the struggle for independence. Money was very scarce, and wheat in instalments of ten bushels was voted as bounty. It is not recorded whether love of wheat or love of country was the controlling motive, but Southington furnished her full quota of men. The Southington patriots were widely scattered during the war, some having been with Washington on Long Island, some at Saratoga when Burgoyne surrendered, others at Fairfield, New London, and in other sections of Connecticut. At the close of the war many returned home, some had died in prison, and one (at least) had died on the infamous prison ship Jersey, while of the fate of many others no record has been found. They sleep in

> Graves which no man names or knows,
> Uncounted graves, which never can be found,
> Graves of the precious "missing."
>
> * * * *
>
> But nature knows her wilderness ;
> There are no missing in her numbered ways,
> In her great heart is no forgetfulness ;
> Each grave she keeps, she will adorn, caress.

Washington is said to have passed through Southington in 1780 on his way to Wethersfield and was entertained by Jonathan Root, whose house is still standing. Lafayette is also said to have taken the same journey.

In June of 1781, the French army passed through Southington. There are two localities where, until recently, the remains of their encampments could be seen : one is on Queen Street, the other in Marion, where the site is still known as French Hill. Count Rochambeau was in command and he made his headquarters on

THE JONATHAN ROOT HOUSE, SOUTHINGTON.
(Where Washington was entertained in 1780, now owned by Levi Neale, Esq.)

the side of the mountain overlooking the Quinnipiac Valley. There are two traditions concerning these encampments ; one is that the first encampment was made when the French army was on the march to Boston, and the other encampment was made on their return from Boston. The French officers were entertained by Captain Barnes, who "kept tavern" in Marion in a house* which is still standing. The other tradition is that the two encampments were made by different detachments of the French army at about the same time, June, 1781.†

* The Captain Barnes house is just below the factory of L. D. Frost, Esq.

† Mr. Rodney Langdon, who died in 1899 at the age of ninety-nine, had in his collection French coins which he found while plowing in the lot on Queen Street, while residents of the village of Marion have frequently found coins and bits of metal on French Hill.

Three names on the long list of Revolutionary soldiers who went from Southington are of special interest to the members of the Hannah Woodruff Chapter, all having been borne by our chapter heroine during her long life of over eighty years—the names of Woodruff, Newell, and Sloper.

Hannah Woodruff was born July 7, 1730, and was a descendant of Matthew Woodruff and of his wife Hannah,* the first New England settlers of the Woodruff name.

Samuel, the son of Matthew and Hannah Woodruff, came to what is now Southington about 1698, and was its first white settler. His son David was the first white child born within the limits of the town. This early settler and his family had little other food besides fish and game except hasty pudding, made from pounded Indian corn. Samuel Woodruff is said to have been of great size and strength, of an excellent disposition and always friendly with the Indians. It does not appear that he purchased land in Southington at this time, for there are no records showing it. He located at a spot well suited to the pursuit of hunting and fishing, the river separating his settlement from Wolf Hill on the west, which was infested with many wild animals. Not far away were Indians of the tribe of Tunxis, who dwelt on what has long since been known as Pudding Hill, a name which commemorates perhaps the first settler's daily rations. Later the Indians became unfriendly to the settlers and a fort was built a little distance north of Samuel Woodruff's house, the door of which is still in existence, showing marks of warfare.

Samuel Woodruff's wife, Rebekah Clark, was the mother of many children, all of whom when christened were given scriptural names, as follows: Samuel, Jonathan, Rebekah, Abigail, John, Ruth, Ebenezer, Daniel, David, Hezekiah and Rachel. Daniel, the eighth child, was the father of Hannah Woodruff, sponsor of the Southington Chapter, and was prominent later in church and state, the inscription on Hannah Woodruff's tombstone stating that she was the "daughter of Deacon Daniel Woodruff." His wife was Lydia Smith and their children were Jonathan, Lydia, Rachel, Daniel, Rhoda and Hannah Woodruff.

*The maiden name of Matthew Woodruff's wife is given by one authority as Seymour, but has not been satisfactorily verified.

In such a large family there was little leisure. Even the merry-makings of those times were associated with the labor of providing the necessities of life—the principal social gatherings being the husking and paring "bees," and the quilting parties.

On Sunday two long sermons awaited Hannah Woodruff when the church was reached. She may have wearied at the sixteenthly, or even earlier, and allowed her eyes to wander to the pew where young Asahel Newell sat, perhaps casting interested glances in her direction. In the face of all the austerities of the Puritan life about her, a little romance must have been very welcome to the young woman of that time.

THE INDIAN FORT DOOR.

Hannah Woodruff was about twenty years old when she became the wife of Asahel Newell, who was a son of one of the oldest families of Southington. Eight children were born to them; the eldest, a son named Solomon, was followed by a daughter named for her mother, Hannah Newell. There were six others, Lucy, Asahel, Mark, Charles, Samuel, and Diadamia. The responsibilities of motherhood came early to her, and she met them nobly, if the record made by her children, and the fact that early in her widowhood she was asked to become the second wife of Capt. Daniel Sloper, can be quoted as proofs.

Asahel Newell died in 1769, leaving his wife with eight children varying in age from three to seventeen. Two years later Hannah Newell married Capt. Daniel Sloper, a widower with six children,

and thus her family of eight children was increased to one in which there were fourteen children to clothe and feed. After this marriage she removed from South End, Southington, to East Street, but neither of the houses in which her married life was spent is now standing.

The following incident of her second wedding journey is related by a member of the Southington Chapter:* The bride and groom made their journey on horseback and on their return home brought with them little Silence and Patience, the twin daughters of the groom, the bride and groom carrying each a twin.

A few years later her husband and sons left her for the battlefield, and though all finally returned to her, the anxieties and trials occasioned by their absence were very grievous to bear. Like Hannah of old, she consecrated her sons to God and country, and we can also imagine her imitating in act if not in word the Spartan mother who charged the young warrior to return, "With your shield or on it."

The Southington company that went out to the war was commanded by Capt. Daniel Sloper, and among those who formed it were his two sons, Daniel and Ezekiel Sloper, and his three stepsons, Mark, Asahel and Solomon Newell, making six from the immediate family of our heroine. Mark Newell enlisted as a private and later assisted Dr. Theodore Wadsworth in the capacity of apothecary's clerk, and also aided in surgical operations. Solomon Newell was promoted first to the rank of ensign, later to that of lieutenant, and his tombstone gives him the title of captain.

Capt. Daniel Sloper had many young men in his company, and seems to have feared that their courage would fail. It is said that just before a battle he called his men together and said to them: "Boys, if our mothers could see us they'd cry, but we'll do what we're able."

Hannah Woodruff was not, perhaps, a heroine in the usual sense of the word. She was not a Martha Washington nor a Molly Stark. She never even saw a battlefield or saved an enemy's life, yet it may be that her claim to be called a heroine is a higher one than the claim of some who bear the title. There is no harder disci-

*Mrs. A. T. Bishop.

pline than to quietly attend to the daily duties of life when one's nearest and dearest are in danger. Surely "they also serve who only stand and wait."

In the cemetery in Southington at South End, from whose summit is a beautiful view up and down the Farmington Valley,

BURIAL PLACE OF HANNAH WOODRUFF AND OF HER SECOND HUSBAND, CAPTAIN DANIEL SLOPER, SOUTHINGTON.

there is a tombstone* which marks the burial place of Hannah Woodruff and which bears the following inscription :

In memory of
HANNAH,
wife of Capt. Daniel Sloper,
and daughter of
Dea. Daniel Woodruff,
died Oct. 27, 1815
aged 84 years.

*Erected by her granddaughter, Susan N. Porter.

Near by is another stone which bears the following inscription :

In memory of
Capt. Daniel Sloper,
who died
Sept. the 9th, A.D. 1789
in the 63d year of his age.

Beneath this tomb in iron slumber lies,
The man whose prayers with morning incense rise,
His evening prayers ascend the realms above
Where pleasures dwell and all the air is love.
A father to the poor in deep distress,
A help to widows and the fatherless,
By death arrested, droops ; Beneath his power
By death cut down and withered in an hour.

Thus was passed in scenes remote from the great Revolutionary struggle the uneventful life of Southington's chapter heroine. It was the usual life of mingled toil and sorrow, happiness and joys, but its rewards were great and came daily if the poet speaks truly when he says :

Earth holds but one true good, but one true thing,
And this is it, to walk in honest ways,
And patient, and with all one's heart belong
In love unto one's own.

Ellen Tuttle Lewis.
(Mrs. A. M. Lewis.)

The authorities consulted in preparing this sketch were: The town records of Hartford, Farmington, and Southington, the Congregational Church records of Rev. William Robinson and Jeremiah Curtiss, and Timlow's History of Southington ; supplemented by family traditions and by recollections of the oldest inhabitants.

HANNAH BENEDICT CARTER

HANNAH BENEDICT CARTER was the daughter of Thomas Benedict, Jr., of Norwalk, Conn. In the line of family descent, she was of the fifth generation removed from Thomas Benedict, the founder of the Benedict family in America, who was born in Nottinghamshire, England, in the year 1617. Thomas Benedict, the first, was the only child of his parents, and "the family name had been confined to only sons for more than one hundred years and through four generations." Hence, after the death of his parents, he did not know of the existence of another person of the name.

When Thomas Benedict, the first, became of age in the year 1638, he voyaged to New England and settled at first in the Massachusetts Bay Colony, where he married soon after Mary Bridgeum, the daughter of his stepmother, who came from England in the same ship with himself. From this couple have descended all persons in America having the name of Benedict. After some years, Thomas Benedict and his family removed to Long Island, and in 1665, to Norwalk, Conn., where they established their permanent home. In each place Thomas Benedict was held in high esteem by the community, and was chosen to fill responsible offices.

The Benedict homestead in Norwalk was on the street that is now called West Avenue. This homestead has been occupied by nine successive generations of the Benedict family and has passed direct from father to son—the will being the deed of the property. When the town of Norwalk was destroyed by the British on July 11, 1779, the Benedict homestead was one of the few houses that were left standing, on account of its being used that day by the British for their wounded soldiers. Before leaving the place, however, the British set the house on fire, but timely aid saved it

from destruction. In this historic house Hannah Benedict, the subject of this sketch, was born in the year 1733, and here in 1753 she married John Carter.

John Carter was a descendant of Samuel Carter, a progenitor of the Carter family in America, who was born in England about 1665. Samuel Carter came to America when only a lad, about the year 1677, and landed at Boston. In 1686, he settled in Deerfield, Mass., where he acquired in time many acres of land and where, according to the Deerfield records, he held various offices. He was married in Deerfield in 1690, and his home was located within the fort, opposite the old meeting-house on the green.* The deed of his Deerfield property is dated June 14, 1694, and is still preserved in the family. Here Samuel Carter and his wife and seven children were living when Deerfield was attacked by the French and Indians on the night of February 29, 1703–4. During his absence from home that night, his entire family was taken captive and with many other captives were marched to Canada. His wife and three of their very young children were slain on the way. The four older children survived the hardships of the journey and arrived in Canada.†

It is related by the historian of Deerfield that as Mr. Carter, unaware of the tragic events which had occurred, was returning to his home the next morning in company with some of his neighbors, they saw in the distance the smoke and flames of the burning town and desperately hastened on to the rescue, followed by thirty or forty others who came to their assistance from the towns nearby. In the fight that ensued on the meadow, the last savage was either killed or driven out of the town, and Samuel Carter carried back with him as a trophy of victory a blanket which he had captured from an Indian. Of the other plunder which was secured on this occasion by the pursuers, and afterwards sold for the general benefit, a list is on record in which is the following item : " Samuel Carter, one blanket."

Ebenezer, a lad of seven years, the youngest of the four children who were taken to Canada, was redeemed and restored to his father after a captivity of about three years. Meanwhile his

* This house was still standing in 1882.

† Deerfield Memorial, " The Redeemed Captive." Rev. John Williams.

father, from the desolation of Deerfield, his entire family being as he supposed dead, had removed to Norwalk, Conn., where he married Lois Sention (St. John), daughter of Mark Sention, and here he established a new home, where he lived until his death in 1728.

Ebenezer grew to manhood, and in the year 1721 married Hannah, a daughter of Matthias St. John of Norwalk. Their home was on "Clapboard Hills," Norwalk (now Carter Street, New Canaan), and they were among the earliest settlers of New Canaan parish. Ebenezer Carter's name appears on a memorial sent by the pioneers of Norwalk to the Assembly at Hartford which was a "petition to form themselves into a society called Canaan Parish &c.," and which, according to the Colonial Records, was granted May, 1731.

The Canaan Parish records show that the first names to be added to the roll of membership, after the organization of the church in the new parish in June, 1733, were those of Ebenezer Carter and Hannah his wife, who joined by letter from the Norwalk church, September 2, 1733.

Ebenezer Carter was a lieutenant of the train-band of Canaan Parish, his commission being signed by Governor Talcott, and dated October 11, 1733. Four years later, under date of November 12, 1737, he received his commission as captain of the same company, also from Governor Talcott. Both commissions are still preserved.

John Carter, the only son of Ebenezer and Hannah Carter, who lived to manhood, was born February 22, 1730, and in 1753 was married to Hannah Benedict. A new house was built the same year (1753) for the young couple opposite the home of John Carter's father, and upon the property that had been "laid out" to John Carter's grandfather, Samuel Carter, before the year 1722, when it was "common undivided and unsequestered land." A large portion of this property is still held by the family of the Carter name. In this new home on "Clapboard Hills," nine children—seven daughters and two sons—were born to John and Hannah Benedict Carter.

Hannah, born 1754; married 1772; died 1792.
Rachel, born 1756; married 1775.
Deborah, born 1757; married 1780; died 1837.
Sally, born 1760; married 1781, 1788, 1790; died 1808.
Mercy, born 1761; married 1781.
Elizabeth, born 1763; married 1783; died 1848.
Ebenezer, born 1765; married 1788, 1795; died 1842.
Samuel, born 1768; married 1789; died 1811.
Polly, born 1771; married 1794; died 1850.

John Carter was one of the Committee (supposed to be the Committee of Safety) appointed at a town meeting held in Norwalk, Conn., December 5, 1774, as recommended by the Continental Congress at Philadelphia, September 5, 1774. John Carter served later as second lieutenant of the fifth company in Colonel Swift's battalion, which was raised July, 1776, and detailed for service in the vicinity of Ticonderoga under General Gates. One month later, August, 1776, he served as first lieutenant in Capt. Daniel Benedict's company, ninth regiment of the Connecticut Militia, in New York City. Under a subsequent organization of the State Militia the following season, 1776–1777, this company was continued in the command of Lieut. John Carter, General Wooster commanding, and in the following March John Carter was appointed captain. The Carter family has in its possession the original commission, which is dated May 13, 1777, and signed by Jonathan Trumbull, Governor; George Wyllys, Secretary. The family has also in its possession many interesting Revolutionary papers which belonged to Captain Carter, one being the original order dated at Greenwich, Conn., March 13, 1777, and addressed to Capt. John Carter—"to march his company to Horseneck and report to Col. John Mead of above Reg't."

Capt. John Carter also commanded a company of "Minutemen," whose duty it was to keep guard along the coast of Long Island Sound and to be ready at a moment's notice to repel any hostile party that might appear. On March 13, 1777, a portion of the troop was detached as a lookout and guard near "Old Well" (now South Norwalk), under the command of Lieut. Jeremiah Beard Eels, with whom were stationed three men from Canaan Parish and ten men from Norwalk. The night was dark and stormy, and the guard took shelter in the hotel kept by Capt.

Samuel Richards. In the course of the evening, they were surrounded by a party of British and Tories who came over from Long Island. The entire guard was captured and conveyed across the Sound to Huntington, and from there to New York, where they were incarcerated in the old "Sugar House" prison, and where all died except the three men from Canaan Parish.*

In January, 1780, Capt. John Carter, in conjunction with Captain Lockwood (probably Isaac Lockwood from Stamford), commanded a party which made a midnight attack upon Colonel Hatfield at Morrisania, N. Y., a brilliant exploit which resulted in the capture of Colonel Hatfield, and also of a captain, lieutenant, quartermaster and eleven privates of the English army.†

During the exciting times of the Revolutionary War, Mrs. Carter encouraged and aided her husband and his soldiers, their home being the scene of many military gatherings. One evening in February, 1780, a company of thirty mounted soldiers, or "troop of horse," came to their place to stay over night. The following morning (which was the anniversary of Captain Carter's birthday), after Mrs. Carter had prepared a breakfast for the soldiers, she stood in the front porch of the house and watched them as they rode away. She was soon after taken ill with a congestive chill, which was followed by apoplexy, and in a few hours her useful life came to an end. Thus the last work of her hands was given to the service of her country. Her death occurred on February 22, 1780. She was buried on the church hill opposite the Congregational Church in New Canaan.‡

Captain John Carter had in his wife a true helpmate. She looked well to the ways of her household and excelled in the art of spinning, as the soft, fine linen which is still preserved—the work of her hands—gives abundant evidence. Her excellence of character is a local and family tradition. There is also the testimony of her eldest son, who gave his mother's name to his daughter, and a generation later, taking his infant grand-

* From the narrative and life of Levi Hanford. † Ibid.

‡ The body of Hannah Benedict Carter was removed in 1895 and placed beside that of her husband, and the chapter had a granite boulder set in the Carter family lot to the memory of Capt. John Carter and his wife Hannah Benedict Carter.

daughter on his knee, said: "I wish this child to be named Hannah Benedict, after my mother, and if she makes as good a woman as my mother was, it is all I can ask,"—an incident which is well remembered by the writer of this sketch. She was tenderly loved by her family, her memory cherished and her name perpetuated by her descendants. Each of her nine children named a daughter Hannah Benedict, and great grandchildren and grand nieces in the present generation still bear her name.

The Hannah Benedict Carter Chapter is unique among Connecticut chapters in having its membership chiefly composed of descendants of the woman for whom the chapter is named, twenty-two being her direct descendants and five of her nine children being represented. Five members are descended from her daughter Deborah, one from her daughter Sally, six from her son Ebenezer, four from her son Samuel, six from her daughter Polly.

Widely separated are their homes: New York, Washington, New Brunswick, N. J., Brooklyn, Decatur, Ill., Fredericksburg, Va., Yonkers, N. Y., Newark, N. J., Auburn University of Alabama, De Land University, Florida, and New Canaan, Conn., being the residences of the descendants of Hannah Benedict Carter. Though remote from each other, their common ancestry has brought them together in spirit and in purpose, and the result is the formation of the New Canaan Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and thus is perpetuated the name and memory of one who has been their pride and an inspiration for several generations.

Cornelia Carter Comstock.
(MRS. ALBERT S. COMSTOCK.)

NOTE.—Mrs. Cornelia Carter Comstock, the contributor of the Hannah Benedict Carter sketch, died April 21, 1898. She was the first Regent of the Hannah Benedict Carter Chapter, its most efficient organizer and an influential member of the society in Connecticut. Very early in the history of her chapter, she published a sketch of Hannah Benedict Carter, genealogical sketches of the Benedict and Carter families, Captain Carter's record in the Revolution and the lines of descent of chapter members from their chapter heroine. The reverse side of the boulder placed to the memory of Hannah Benedict Carter bears the following inscription: "In Loving Memory of Cornelia Carter Comstock, First Regent H. B. C. C., D. A. R."

SABRA TRUMBULL

SABRA TRUMBULL, daughter of Sabra (Gaylord) and Captain Ammi Trumbull, Jr., was born November 5, 1742, in Windsor, one of the oldest of Connecticut towns, situated on both sides of the "Quo-neh-ta-cut" or the "long, flowing river," as its Indian name signifies. The town of Windsor at that time covered the territory between Simsbury on the west and Tolland on the east, and included a part of what is now the town of Vernon.

Capt. Ammi Trumbull, Jr., was fourth in descent from Deacon John Trumbull, who came from Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, in 1637, and settled in Rowley, Mass. Deacon John Trumbull's son Joseph removed to Suffield, Conn., in 1670, and was the founder of the Trumbull family in Connecticut, one of the distinguished families of the state.

Among Joseph Trumbull's lineal descendants are governors, judges, legislators, ministers, historians, a poet, and an artist. His great grandson John was an aide-de-camp to General Washington, and became famous for his historical paintings and portraits. He painted four large pictures for compartments in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington, and he also painted portraits of Revolutionary officers, and portraits and miniatures of George and Martha Washington. Prominent among the grandsons of Joseph Trumbull was Jonathan Trumbull, Connecticut's war Governor, and Capt. Ammi Trumbull, Jr., Sabra Trumbull's father.

In the spring of 1744, Captain Ammi Trumbull, with five hundred other Connecticut men, joined the companies that made the gallant and successful attempt to capture from the French, Louisberg, the "Gibraltar of North America." He went on the expedition to Deerfield, December 19, 1745, and was also one of three men from Windsor who responded to the Fort William Henry Alarm in 1757.

Dr. Horace Bushnell says in his "Historical Estimate of Connecticut": "We are accustomed to speak of the War of the Revolution, but these earlier wars, so little remembered, were far more adventurous and required stouter endurance."

Sabra Trumbull's husband, Hezekiah Bissell, captain and commissary in the War of the Revolution, was fifth in descent from John Bissell who settled in Windsor, Conn., previous to

HOME OF CAPTAIN HEZEKIAH BISSELL AND OF HIS WIFE, SABRA TRUMBULL.

(The house is now standing in Scantic, East Windsor, and was built before the Revolution.)

1640, and who was the founder of the Bissell family in Windsor. Hezekiah Bissell was born in Windsor May 20, 1737, and died November 14, 1831, within a few rods of the spot where he was born. He was a man of strong character and high integrity and was prominent in religious, civil, and military affairs. Captain Bissell's training in the French and Indian Wars prepared him for the important part he was to take in the War of the Revolution. He served through the entire war of the Revolution, with

the successive ranks of ensign, lieutenant, and captain, besides doing much effective work as commissary. He was several times stationed at Fort Ticonderoga, once with General Putnam through a severe winter when he made a copy of the plan of the fort.

In 1760, when Captain Bissell was about twenty-three years of age, he was married to Sabra Trumbull, and together they lived through a portion of those troublous times preceding the War of the Revolution. On October 25, 1768, Sabra Trumbull Bissell died, leaving one little daughter who bore the significant name of her mother—a name which of old inspired mediæval knights as, fighting for fair ladies and the suppression of evil, they recalled the legend of St. George slaying the dragon and freeing the "Fair Sabra," King Ptolemy's daughter.

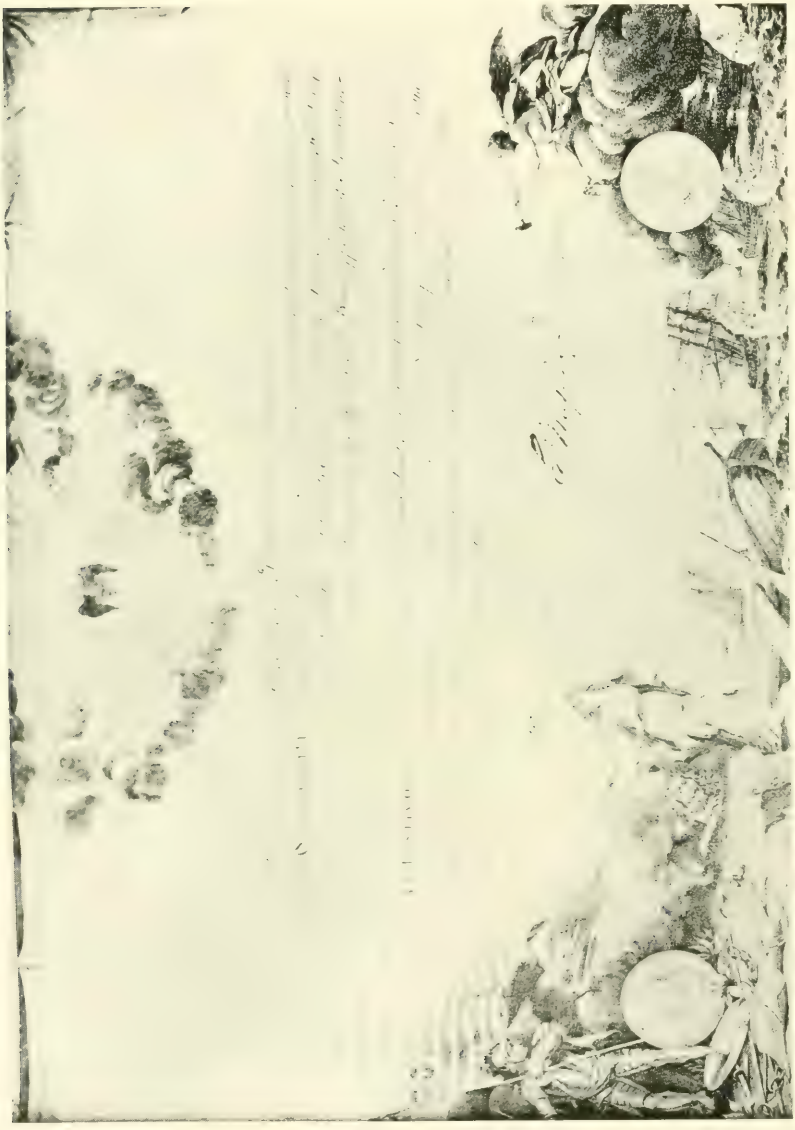
This little girl Sabra grew to womanhood amid the storm and stress of war. She was twice married and lived to see her children's children. Her first husband was John Loomis, her second husband was Walter Goodale. When General Lafayette made his last visit to this country (in 1824), he passed through Oakland with a few of his officers, and Sabra Bissell Goodale, who was then a woman of sixty years, had the pleasure of entertaining him in her home at Oakland, near Manchester, Conn.* We have no actual record of the dinner given to the distinguished guests, but the old blue dishes used on that occasion were treasured heirlooms in the family for generations, but time and accident have laid the destroying finger on them, and only one platter and a bowl remain.

To the Rockville Chapter the name of Sabra Trumbull revives not only the memory of one of the loyal, helpful women of Tolland County in colonial days but perpetuates also the time-honored name of Trumbull, which like the name of Sabra, has become a synonym of truth, virtue, and honor.

May Risley Adams.
(MRS. FRANK M. ADAMS.)

*The house in which Mrs. Sabra (Bissell) Goodale entertained Lafayette in Manchester is not standing, but the site is now owned by Mr. N. T. Pulsifer.

References used in preparing this sketch were: New England Historical and Genealogical Register, Memorial History of Hartford County, Stiles's History of Ancient Windsor, Colonial Records, State Records.



CAPTAIN CHARLES FANNING'S CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP IN THE SOCIETY OF THE CINCINNATI.

(Dated July 4, 1786. Signed by G. Washington.)

ANNE BREWSTER FANNING

ANNE BREWSTER, daughter of Simon and Anne (Andros) Brewster, was born September 19, 1753, in the northern part of Preston, which is now the town of Griswold. She was a direct descendant of Elder William Brewster of the Mayflower. Very little is known of her early life, but as it was spent in this little town among the hills, her girlhood was probably quiet and uneventful. That her training and circumstances were such as to develop a strong and self-reliant character, is shown by the story of her later life.

When twenty-one years of age she married Charles Fanning (afterwards captain). They settled in Jewett City and here was born to them a family of eleven children :

HENRY, born February 21, 1775.
BETSEY, born January 2, 1777.
ANNA, born May 23, 1779.
SOPHIA, born January 22, 1781.
CHARLES, born December 13, 1783.
MARIA, born September 26, 1786.
PATRICK, born August 23, 1788.
FRANKLIN, born August 19, 1791.
FREDERICK, born November 17, 1793.
THOMAS, born November 4, 1795.
JOHN, born April 5, 1798.

The year following their marriage the War of the Revolution began, and the country's call for help was heard far and near. Mrs. Fanning was filled with patriotic zeal and she readily assented to her young husband's enlistment and encouraged him to continue in the service. Captain Fanning's record as a soldier was a most honorable one. He enlisted December 16, 1775, and was in the service with occasional furloughs until January 1, 1783, in the various capacities of private, ensign, second and first lieutenants, and paymaster with rank of captain. He was on duty at New London, New York, and Peekskill, was with Washington in Pennsylvania, took part in the battle of Germantown, and in the defense of Fort Mifflin, wintered at Valley Forge, and was at the battle of Monmouth. From this record it is evident that Captain

Fanning had a share in some of the most thrilling experiences of the war; and it is a family tradition that he had the honor of an intimate acquaintance with General Lafayette.

At the close of the war, when the association called the Society of the Cincinnati was formed by the officers of the American army to commemorate the success of the Revolution, Captain Fanning was one of its charter members. His certificate of membership, from which a photograph was taken to illustrate this article, is in the possession of his granddaughter.*

ANNE BREWSTER FANNING.

(From a silhouette.)

During Captain Fanning's long and eventful military service he was sustained by the brave and patriotic spirit of his wife. She was ambitious for his progress, thoroughly in sympathy with him in his devotion to the cause of liberty and fully aware of the issues at stake in this War for Independence. When peace was at last declared Captain Fanning returned to his wife and family in Jewett City, and here they passed many years in peaceful pursuits and in a harmonious home life. Some of the enterprising and influential citizens of the town to-day are descendants of Captain and Mrs. Fanning, who were among the founders of the place, and in the local chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution are several members who trace their

* Mrs. Katharine Fanning Congdon of Willimantic, Conn.

descent from Anne Brewster Fanning, the honored sponsor of Jewett City chapter.

Captain Fanning survived his wife by nearly a quarter of a century, her death occurring in 1813, while he lived until 1837.

They were buried near each other in the Jewett City cemetery, and on their tombstones are the following inscriptions:

BIRTHPLACE OF ANNE BREWSTER FANNING.

(Preston, now Griswold.)

CHARLES FANNING, ESQ.,
Died
March 22nd, 1837,
Aged 87 years.

In
Memory of MRS. ANNE,
wife of CHARLES FANNING,
ESQ., who died May 29th,
1813, in the 60th year
of her age.

Ida Browning Ladd.
Sophia L. Bennett Burnham.
Roberta Hallam Burleson.

HOUSE IN GREEN'S FARMS, CONN., BUILT BY DR. HEZEKIAH RIPLEY ABOUT 1780.

DOROTHY RIPLEY

FREELOVE BALDWIN STOW

Representing Relief Service

HEZEKIAH RIPLEY, CHAPLAIN

Relief to Valley Forge Sufferers

CAPTAIN STEPHEN STOW

Relief to British Prison Ship Victims

FREELOVE BALDWIN STOW CHAPTER
MILFORD

DOROTHY RIPLEY CHAPTER
SOUTHPORT

DR. HEZEKIAH RIPLEY'S STUDY CHAIR.

DOROTHY RIPLEY

THE fifteenth Connecticut chapter D. A. R. was organized in Southport, with the name of Eunice Burr; a part of its charter members and officers being residents of the adjacent village of Fairfield. But as it soon became clear that the best interests of the order would be served by the formation of another chapter, the Fairfield members colonized in April, 1894, taking, as was most appropriate, the name of the beautiful and heroic Mrs. Burr; while the original chapter was re-named DOROTHY RIPLEY,* in memory of the wife of Rev. Dr. Hezekiah Ripley,† a chaplain in the Revolutionary army, and for fifty-four years pastor of the church in Green's Farms, then within the boundaries of the town of Fairfield, though now included in those of Westport.

Dr. Ripley was a man of great influence and personal power; of such uncompromising patriotism as to be especially obnoxious to the British authorities, who hated all "pulpit drummers," and openly avowed their intention "to make Dr. Ripley's head a button for a halter." ‡

* Dorothy Brintnall, born July, 1737; died August, 1831; married Hezekiah Ripley, January 9, 1765; daughter of Rev. (and Capt.) William Brintnall (Yale 1721) and Zeruiah Buckminster his wife; granddaughter of Thomas Brintnall and Hannah Willard his wife (who was daughter of Major Simon Willard of Groton, Mass., and Elizabeth Dunster his wife); great-granddaughter of Thomas Brintnall of Boston (1665) and Esther his wife.

† Hezekiah Ripley, born in Windham, Conn., February 14, 1743; died November, 1831. Yale, A.M., 1763, Socius 1790–1817, S.T.D., Nov. Cæs. 1802; son of David Ripley and Lydia Carey his wife; grandson of Joshua Ripley and Hannah Bradford his wife (daughter of Dep. Gov. William Bradford and Alice Richards his wife; granddaughter of Gov. William Bradford and widow Alice Southworth his wife); great-grandson of William Ripley of Hingham, Norfolk, England, and widow Elizabeth Thaxter, his wife.

‡ Miss S. F. Bartlett of Norwich.

A great-granddaughter says: "Madam Ripley had many anxious hours; for her husband spent many a night walking the shore, watching for the enemy," while the wife and mother remained at home with her four little children. Many attempts were made to capture Dr. Ripley, but usually some friend or parishioner learned of the plot in time to give him warning. Once, however, he was taken, but the sentinels on guard grew drowsy and their prisoner escaped, possibly aided by some exercise of his wonderful strength and activity, of which he himself testified, that "when a young man, let a line be held so that he could walk under it and he could jump over it." *

No portrait remains of either Dr. or Madam Ripley, for in Tryon's raid on the Connecticut coast their home, as well as the church, and every house on the shore road was burned;† and library, furniture and papers were all destroyed. Madam Ripley and her children escaped with difficulty, being fired upon by the brutal soldiers as they fled.‡

All family and local traditions give the picture of a woman whose courage and high spirit proved her a worthy descendant of Capt. William Brintnall and Major Simon Willard, while her thrift, executive ability and unfailing generosity made her, in the noblest sense, a helpmeet for the man who, without relinquishing his pastoral duties, and whose name cannot be found on the pay-roll, served his country as chaplain,§ of whom it is said, that "his commanding form was often seen stooping over the couch of the

* Mr. H. W. Ripley.

† After the devastation of Fairfield in Tryon's raid in 1779, Dr. Ripley bought in Compo Street the frame of a barn which had never been covered, moved it to its present site, and finished it for a dwelling house. This house was occupied by him and his wife until their death in 1831, and is now in the possession of Mr. John Elwood. See illustration page 328.

‡ Miss Bartlett.

§ In "Life and Letters of Aaron Burr," by Matthew L. Davis, Harper & Bros. New York, 1837, vol. II., page 102, is given a letter from Mr. Samuel Rowland, of Fairfield, to Commodore Richard V. Morris, dated June 29, 1814, covering a sworn certificate of Dr. Hezekiah Ripley, to the effect that on the fifteenth day of September, 1776, he was the officiating chaplain of the brigade then commanded by Gen. Gold S. Silliman, and in that capacity was able to testify that "Mr. Burr's exertions, bravery and good conduct, were the principal means of saving the whole of that brigade from falling into the hands of the enemy."

sick and wounded, and whose eloquent voice never failed to animate the troops." *

In 1865 the church in Green's Farms celebrated its one hundred and fiftieth anniversary. Mr. Hezekiah W. Ripley, of Harlem, the oldest living grandson of Dr. and Madam Ripley, then in his seventieth year, made an address at that time, from which a few paragraphs are here quoted :

"I came to live with my grandparents when I was a little less than ten years old, and remained with them between four and five years. . . . . During the War of the Revolution, like the other Congregational clergy, my grandfather was a decided patriot. . . . . To show that patriotism is not extinct in his family, I may mention that in the late war, four of his great-grandsons bore arms ; one of whom lost an arm in the second battle of Bull Run. . . . .

I never heard of his firmness failing him but once ; and then his feelings were sorely tried, for the peace and unity of his church were threatened. I had the account from my grandmother. The British burned his meeting house, which stood in the south part of the parish, a little west of Muddy Brook. On the return of peace, it was resolved to build a new house, and a difficulty arose as to the location. Two parties were formed who were very earnest in their efforts, one to place the new house on the site of the old one, and the other to locate it further north. The latter carried their point. Timber was at length prepared, and on a Sabbath a notice was put up that next day the frame would be raised ; and under it, the expressive words 'Raise, if you dare.' Dr. Ripley had held through the whole dispute the most perfect neutrality. No effort of either party could get any expression of opinion from him. When he saw these notices, he went home, told his wife, and said 'I know they will fight, and I shall take my horse in the morning and get away from it.' 'No, sir,' said she ; 'if they are going to fight, your place is right between them.' He yielded, remained at his post, the frame was raised, and the house was finished ; but the state of feeling that existed is indicated by the fact that a prominent member of his church, an estimable old gentleman as I knew him, said : 'If I had not loved my minister, I never would have gone into it.' I will here say of my grandmother, that I believe she was every way worthy of such a husband. There always appeared to be uniform kindness and harmony between them. She was a good old lady, what we call rather high-spirited, naturally ; and I have reason to sup-

* "Washington and his Generals," by J. T. Headley. Scribner & Sons, 1864.

pose, from incidents, one related by herself, more impulsive in her younger days than when I knew her ; but these qualities had been softened and chastened by Divine Grace, and the influence of her husband. The law of kindness was in her tongue. Yet she had a good deal of energy, and a good command of language, which could be occasionally manifested. Let me give you an instance which I had from a younger brother, who took my place in the household. It will show how they moved together.

One morning, at breakfast, a man came in, much of whose conduct was such as no one could approve. I had heard her, some years before, give him an admonition which I well remember. It was not an explosion, but a very energetic remonstrance, expressed in very decided language. What he had now been doing I do not know, but she gave him a lecture which he must have remembered to his dying day. Dr. Ripley probably knew that it was all deserved, and that she was managing the case better than he could. He heard her through quietly, and then said, 'Uncle ———, will you have some breakfast?' 'No, sir, I thank you ; Madam Ripley has given me breakfast enough.' Yet she was kind to the poor. I could give the names of individuals, including the one referred to, who occasionally left the house with stomachs more comfortable than they had when they entered it. She never used harsh words : as to her treatment of her household and all who deserved it, I can remember nothing but kindness. She had the same kindness of manner to the poor as the rich ; and I am desirous that she should stand by the side of her husband, as his helper in the Lord."*

In a letter written in reference to this address, by Mr. H. W. Ripley to Mr. E. B. Adams, of Green's Farms, he says : "I should wish to retain what is said about my grandmother. I hold her memory in the utmost respect, and she is likely to be overlooked by others."

The Dorcases of the parish had again and again clothed and comforted a family whose improvidence, or to use the expressive Yankee word "shiftlessness," made the work of help about as successful as pouring water into a sieve. The mother of the lady† who told the story, protested vigorously against further effort, saying it was worse than useless for her and her friends to

* Celebration in Green's Farms, Oct. 26, by Rev. B. J. Relyea, Pastor, New York, 1865.

† The late Mrs. Gurdon Perry of Southport.

work and deny themselves, only to see their aid misused and wasted.

Madam Ripley replied with dignity : "It is given to us to know how to save and manage thriftily, just that we may be able to help those who have not the gift of thrift and management."

A WASHINGTON PITCHER MADE FOR AND PRESENTED TO REV. HEZEKIAH RIPLEY.

(Belonging now to his descendant, William Chauncey Ripley of Newark, N. J.)

In Sprague's Annals of the American Pulpit, Rev. T. F. Davies,* one of Dr. Ripley's successors in the pastoral charge, relates the following incident : "Dr. Ripley mentioned to me that when Washington (after having been appointed Commander-in-Chief of the American army) was on his way to Boston, he passed through Green's Farms, the Dr. mounted his horse, and joined the cavalcade. They stopped at Bulkley's inn, in Fairfield, and I think dined there. After passing from the house, and while

* Installed at Green's Farms in 1829.

standing in front of it, waiting for their horses, Washington, continuing his conversation on public affairs, passed his finger through the button hole of the Doctor's coat and said that if the Americans could prolong the contest for one year, they would ultimately succeed; because by that time arms and ammunition could be obtained, and they would be invincible.

Dr. Ripley was a man of commanding presence: of tall, athletic, dignified frame. His fine countenance beamed with intelligence and kindness, yet there was something in his look which gave assurance of unyielding firmness. I think it would be difficult to find two men who would be a finer subject for a painter than those two patriots conversing together under such interesting circumstances. Dr. Ripley accompanied General Washington to Stratford Ferry."

Mr. William A. Ripley of Newark, N. J., a great-grandson of Rev. Hezekiah Ripley, relates the following incident, which he learned from his grandmother. During the exceptionally severe winter of 1779–1780, Gen. Washington's headquarters were at Morristown, N. J., and the soldiers suffered extremely from all sorts of destitution. Rev. Hezekiah Ripley was put in charge of an expedition consisting of several men and two wagons, and sent through the neighboring country to collect clothing and general supplies—shoes being especially needed. He came as far east as his own parish of Green's Farms, with comforting success.

A member of Dorothy Ripley Chapter, D. A. R., remembers to have heard her grandmother describe her own wedding, Dr. Ripley being the officiating clergyman, saying that she opened the ball with Dr. Ripley as partner, it being his custom to dance the first quadrille with the bride of the evening.

Another incident is related by the great-granddaughter, to whose reminiscences we are so much indebted. It was the custom for the minister to kiss the bride, and Dr. Ripley had followed the custom, until he was notified that his services would be required by two brides at nearly the same time. One was Miss J., a girl of good family and lovely character; the other neither deserved nor received the respect of the community. Miss J., whose wedding came first, was told that he should not kiss her at the time of the marriage, as another wedding was near at hand, and *he would*

not kiss that bride. Miss J.'s wedding passed off with no salutation from the minister. When he had married the second couple, he soon rose to depart, when the mother of the bride called out, "Dr. Ripley, there is one thing you have not done." "What is that, madam?" "You haven't kissed the bride." "Oh well," he replied, "kissing has gone out of fashion. I married Miss J. the other day and did not kiss her."

Kissing did go out of fashion with him, as he never thereafter kissed a bride at a marriage.

In August, 1831, after sixty-six years of wedded life, Madam Ripley died. *One who was present during the last night has told the writer, that when all was over, the last ministries performed, and that which had been loving wife, tender mother and faithful friend, lay "pale, and white and cold as snow," Dr. Ripley, too infirm to walk, was brought in a wheeled chair to the bedside, in the grey chill of dawn. Long and silently he gazed at the irresponsive face; then making the signal to be taken away, said, with slow, painful tears rolling down his cheeks: "She was the light of my eyes." Lovely and pleasant in their lives, they were not long divided by death; for in November Dr. Ripley and his wife were re-united.

For Madam Ripley no record of achievement is claimed save that of great patience; no heroic deeds, save those of loving sacrifice. Typical, representative she was, but in no sense exceptional among Connecticut's women in Revolutionary times.

The sense of moral accountability and of responsibility for the public welfare, which dominated New England, tended to foster in her, as in all New England's children, that "self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control, which alone lead life to sovereign power."

Rebekah Wheeler Pomeroy Bulkley.
(MRS. HENRY THORP BULKLEY.)

* The late Miss Helen Sherwood of Green's Farms.

THE HOME OF FELLOW BALDWIN STOW, MILFORD.

FREELOVE BALDWIN STOW

THE Milford chapter did not need to deliberate long in the selection of a name. The name of Freelove Baldwin Stow, wife of Captain Stephen Stow, appealed to them at once. Not only did Freelove Baldwin Stow give her four sons, Stephen, Samuel, John, and Jedediah, to the cause of liberty, but the following story will show that she was called upon for even greater renunciation.

On a bitter cold winter night in December, 1776, about two hundred half-clothed, half-starved, sick and dying soldiers were landed on the Sound shore at Milford. During the entire day the inhabitants had watched with anxious eyes a suspicious looking craft in the harbor. Under cover of darkness these poor wretches were cast on shore from a British ship to which they had been transferred from the prison ship *Jersey*. Near the landing place were the homes of Captain Isaac Miles and Captain Stephen Stow, who, each at his own fireside, little dreamed of the scenes being enacted within sight of their homes. Suddenly there fell upon their ears strange, indefinable sounds. Springing for their rifles, they opened their doors to find the place fairly swarming with nearly frozen, starving, loathsome humanity. Into the kitchens of Stephen Stow and Isaac Miles these starved, wild-eyed creatures swarmed. For the night they received the best care which neighbors could give them, but the morning plainly showed that nothing could now undo the wretched work which months of destitution had wrought.

The townhouse was hastily improvised as a hospital, but before night the seeds of disease sown in that dreadful prison ship had taken root and nearly every man of them was laid low with ship fever or small pox. To obtain nurses was almost an impossibility. But there was one man who unhesitatingly took up the duty which lay nearest at hand. It was Stephen Stow, the husband of

our heroine. After making his will, an act which gives evidence that he realized the uncertainty of his return, he turned his face on all that was dear to him, home, friends and wife, and taking his life in his hands, ministered day and night to those sick and dying men, until at last, worn out by constant attendance, he too succumbed to the dread disease. Forty-six of the sufferers were laid to rest in the burial ground at Milford, and with them their faithful friend and nurse, Stephen Stow, whose brave wife's claim to the body of her husband after death could not be allowed.

In 1853, a monument was erected to the memory of these prisoner-patriots on which was inscribed by the State of Connecticut the following record of Stephen Stow's sacrifice :

> " In memory of STEPHEN STOW, who died Feb. 8, 1777, aged 51. To administer to the wants and necessities, and soothe the miseries of those sick and dying men was a work of extreme self-denial and danger, as many of them were suffering from malignant and contagious maladies. In this voluntary service Stephen Stow took the disease of which he died. To commemorate his self-sacrificing devotion to his country and humanity, the Legislature of Connecticut resolved to inscribe his name upon the monument."

Travelers by rail between New Haven and New York, as the train nears Milford, often note the tall brownstone shaft which marks the resting place of these Revolutionary patriots, the sight of which may recall the words of One who for the love of suffering humanity made the supreme sacrifice : " Greater love hath no man than this : that a man lay down his life for his friend."

Freelove Baldwin Stow was a woman of gentle birth and could trace her lineage to royal ancestors. She was born December 5, 1728, and was the daughter of Phineas and Rebecca (Baldwin) Baldwin. Her father, Phineas Baldwin, was a descendant of John Bruen, of Bruen, Stapleford, Cheshire, England, whose biography was published in 1799 by authority of the city of Chester, England. John Bruen was a descendant of Robert de Bruen of Cheshire (1220), was born in 1560 and was married three times. His first wife, Dorothy, was a daughter of Sir Thomas Halford of Halford, Cheshire, and of his wife, Jane Booth. His second wife was

Anne Fox, whose son Obadiah Bruen was one of the patentees of the charter of Connecticut. His third wife was Margaret ———, whose daughter, Mary Bruen (b. 1622), came to America with her half-brother Obadiah, and married John Baldwin of Milford.

John Baldwin came from Donrigge, Parish of Aston Clinton, Bucks County, England, and was one of the first Milford settlers of 1640. Freelove Baldwin was a great granddaughter of John Baldwin by both parents, her mother being a granddaughter of John Baldwin's first wife, and her father a grandson of Mary—, John Baldwin's second wife.

The Stows came from Maidstone, Kent County, England, and settled in Roxbury, Mass. Among the first settlers of Massachusetts was John Stow, the Puritan of Roxbury. He was the grandfather of Stephen Stow of Milford. Three of John Stow's descendants were presidents of Yale College and one is named among the founders of Yale. Stephen Stow was also a descendant of John Hopkins, one of the founders of Hartford, and of the Stockings, Moulds, and Bronsons, all of noble name and deed.

Many articles of furniture which were the marriage portion of Freelove Baldwin are still in existence, and tradition says that Madam Stow on occasions used to provide for her friends a delicious brew of tea, none of which came from Massachusetts Bay. It is not known where Freelove Baldwin Stow was buried. She lived at the time of her death in the same house where her husband and sons left her when they went out to battle and death. Tradition says that her son, Jedediah Stow, was close upon the heels of General Putnam at Horseneck, and that John Stow, another son, was at the battle of Saratoga. The present owner* of the Stephen Stow house kindly had one of the original rafters removed that the charter of the Freelove Baldwin Stow Chapter might be framed with wood from the home of Stephen Stow.

Sarah N. Stow.
Mary Merwin Tibbals.
(MRS. J. W. TIBBALS.)

* Mr. Howard Platt.

The authorities used in compiling this sketch were: Baldwin Genealogy; Tuttle Genealogy; Mrs. Haxtun, *New York Mail and Express.*

CHURCH AT SETAUKET, LONG ISLAND.

(Over the first church Sarah Ludlow's husband, Rev. Nathaniel Brewster, was settled from 1665 to 1690.)

SARAH LUDLOW

DAUGHTER OF

ROGER LUDLOW

A Connecticut Founder of 1636

REPRESENTED IN THE REVOLUTION BY

ISAAC JOHNSON

A Connecticut Soldier of 1776-1781

SARAH LUDLOW CHAPTER
SEYMOUR

Genealogical Table showing Sarah Ludlow's connection with Colonial Families, and her Seymour representative of the Revolutionary period.

Roger Ludlow — Elder William Brewster — Jonathan — Peter Johnson Fairfield — Robert Hawkins Milford

SARAH LUDLOW = Rev. Nathaniel Brewster

Ebenezer = Elizabeth Wooster
b. 1649 m. 1671
Derby 1668
m. (1) 1671
m. (2) 1675

Joseph
b. 1642
Derby 1665

John Brewster

Elizabeth Johnson = Jeremiah Johnson, Jr.
b. 1672
m. 1690

Joseph = Elizabeth Gunn
b. 1669
m. 1693

Sarah Ludlow Brewster = Benajah Johnson
m. (2) 1728 b. 1702
m. 1728
d. 1763

Sarah Ludlow Brewster = Joseph Hawkins
m. (1) 1720 b. 1697
m. 1720
d. 1725

Isaac Johnson = Lois Hopkins
b. 1736 Waterbury
m. 1758 m. 1758
d. 1813 d. 1814

SARAH LUDLOW

NO state in the Union is richer in historic and genealogical lore than Connecticut. It is stated that more than one-half of the members of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution have come to Connecticut to trace their genealogy. Of this stock, from which so numerous a company have descended, Judge Hollister, one of Connecticut's historians, says: "The early settlers of Connecticut . . . . could trace their descent through knights and gentlemen of England, back to that wavering horizon where history loses itself in fable."

Connecticut's history begins in the year 1636, when Roger Ludlow and seven others came from the Bay Colony of Massachusetts and established a new colony on the Connecticut River. During the first year Roger Ludlow acted as governor. At the end of the year, a renewal of the commission was not solicited, as the remoteness of the new colony from Massachusetts made it inconvenient to coöperate. Moreover Ludlow and his associates were not intending, when they left Massachusetts, to remain under the jurisdiction of the Bay Colony. Therefore these planters of the river settlement formed themselves, by a voluntary compact, into a distinct commonwealth.

"With sober thought and prayerful consideration, they drew up a constitution, which to-day forms the basis of the constitutions of many states of the American Republic." Dr. Styles of Windsor says: "This document, drawn up with great care and knowledge, seems to bear the marks of a great statesman and of a lawyer-like mind, and the intrinsic evidence, the legal skill, etc., seem to prove that no other hand than Ludlow's drew up this famous Connecticut constitution, which forms the keystone of the arch upon which rest the constitutions of not only the several states, but of the general Federal Constitution of the United States."

This remarkable document was adopted by the Connecticut settlers January 14, 1639. For this work and for his celebrated code of laws, the General Court ordered compensation to Roger Ludlow in formal resolutions, closing with these words: "For his great pains in establishing . . . and in making Connecticut forever illustrious."

From Roger Ludlow, a master-builder of Connecticut's constitution, one-third of the charter members of the Seymour chapter claim a lineal descent. Hence the name of his daughter, Sarah Ludlow, was given to the chapter in Seymour, whose members desire thus to hold in remembrance both the name of Ludlow and the name of Brewster, Nathaniel Brewster, the husband of Sarah Ludlow, being a grandson of Elder William Brewster of the *Mayflower*, from whom also members of the Seymour chapter are descended.

Roger Ludlow was born 1592, and when twenty years of age, matriculated at Baliol College, Oxford, England. He studied for the bar in London and was admitted to the "Inner Temple." He came to America in 1630 in the ship *Mary and John*, and was one of the most eminent of the New England colonists. His second wife was a sister of Governor John Endicott of Massachusetts.

Ludlow was a man whose love of adventure fitted him for the life of a pioneer, and whose exuberant imagination asked for an ample field in which to expand itself. He, therefore, fixed his sagacious eyes very early upon the rich plains of Fairfield and saw at a glance the opportunity they offered for development.

In 1639 he obtained a commission from the General Court of Connecticut to form a new settlement in Fairfield. In 1640 he obtained from the Indians of that section, by "honorable purchase," a tract of land extending "from the sea, a day's walk into the country." This "day's walk" was the northern boundary of the purchase, and later was known as the "North-walk;" hence came the name of the town of Norwalk.

While living in Fairfield County, Roger Ludlow was thrice deputy-governor of the Connecticut Colony and for several years, a colonial magistrate. He was also the first judge of the Fairfield town and county court, as well as the military commander. In 1654 he left Fairfield for Virginia, where resided his

younger brother, George, who, dying the following year, willed most of his estate to Roger Ludlow's children, an act which fixed the future residence of Roger Ludlow and his family in Virginia and in England.*

A few years later Roger Ludlow, with his daughter Sarah, sailed for England. Sarah's affianced husband, Nathaniel Brewster, remained in America to complete his course of education at Harvard College. On his graduation he sailed for England, where he married Sarah Ludlow and twenty years later returned with her to the colonies. Meanwhile her father had lived a part of the time in Virginia and resumed the care of the Ludlow estates.

The Ludlow property in Fairfield was bought by Major Nathan Gold. The ruins and stone work of the cellar are now all that remain of this early home of Roger Ludlow in Fairfield.

Roger Ludlow's mother, Jane Pyle, was a sister of Sir Gabriel Pyle, Knight, and her aunt, Elizabeth Pyle, was the wife of Sir Francis Popham. Hence Roger Ludlow was an own cousin of Chief Justice Popham. Roger Ludlow's father was the uncle of Sir Henry Ludlow, who was a member of the Long Parliament of 1640 and he was a great uncle of Sir Edmund Ludlow, the regicide, who was also a lieutenant-general and who acquired great renown both as an orator and as a soldier.

The Ludlow genealogy is traced to the twelfth century, to Castle Ludlow, located in Shropshire, about twenty miles from Shrewsbury, which is now the property of the Crown. It is described as a magnificent structure, with huge square towers upon the outer walls, a great keep with angular turrets, and a large circular Norman chapel. For many years it was the residence of the Lords-President of Wales, and at one time the royal abode. It was confiscated by Parliament in 1646. The church which contains the Ludlow tomb is situated on the east bank of the river Wiley, a short distance from the castle.*

The Ludlow family in England possessed estates which gave them the rank of gentlemen, and their personal endowments, equalling their fortunes, gave them just claims as Knights of the Shire, to stand as candidates to represent their county in Parlia-

*The History of Fairfield County; The Genealogy of the Pyle Family, by Mrs. Elizabeth Hubbell Godfrey Schenk.

ment—an honor which they seldom failed to attain. Even in Parliament the Ludlows were strong advocates for the liberties of the people, against the usurpation of the crown.

Gabriel Ludlow, brother of Roger, was the progenitor of the Ludlows of the State of New York and of New Jersey, and his son Gabriel was one of the first vestrymen of old Trinity Church in New York City, in 1697. The latter's granddaughter, Cornelia, married Abraham Willink, son of William Willink, an eminent banker and financier of Amsterdam, Holland. Abraham Willink was an early friend of the American Republic, and rendered it great service by negotiating the first loan. Their name is perpetuated in a memorial building called Ludlow-Willink Hall of St. Stephen's College, Annandale, New Jersey.*

The will of George Ludlow, by which the children of Roger became possessed of the Virginia estate, is on record in London. It was proven at the Prerogative Court in Canterbury, England, August 1, 1656, and as no executor was named, letters of administration, with the will annexed, were granted to Roger Ludlow, Esq., as the father and curator of Jonathan, Joseph, Roger, Anne, Mary and Sarah Ludlow, minors, the nephews and nieces of the testator.

Sarah, the youngest child, was born in Fairfield. It is impossible to find much concerning her individual record. What has been discovered represents her as a person eminently distinguished for her genius and literary acquirements. She is said to have taken a thorough course in law under her father's teaching, and seems to have inherited some of her father's legal acumen. "Many a knotty point did she solve for the early lawyers, and in many trials she was the power behind the scenes, the judge often reserving decision until 'Maid Ludlow,' as she was called, could be consulted."†

She married the Rev. Nathaniel Brewster, son of Jonathan, who was the son of Elder William Brewster. Nathaniel Brewster graduated in 1642 at Harvard, and because of the liberality shown at that time in England to dissenters, he returned to England with many of his class. He received the degree of

* "The Old Families of New York," an old book found in the Astor Library.
† Barber's Historical Collections.

Bachelor of Divinity from the Dublin University and was settled as a minister over the parish of Abby, in Norfolk County, England.* It was during his residence in England that his marriage took place. During the twenty years which elapsed before the return of Nathaniel Brewster and his wife to America, three sons, John, Timothy and Daniel, were born to them. From different records it appears that these sons were sent to America to be cared for and educated by their grandfather, Jonathan, and by their aunt, Hannah Brewster, who were living at Setauket, Long Island.

The return of the Rev. Nathaniel and his wife Sarah to America could hardly be called a voluntary act, arising as it did from "the general ejection" of the Protestant clergy in 1662. His final "setting down" in America was at Brookhaven, L. I., but previously he preached for three years in various places in New England, one of his pulpits being the First Church in Boston.

In 1665 he went to Setauket, Long Island, to visit his three sons, and soon became the minister of that place, where he remained until his death in 1690, at the age of seventy years.† He was a graduate in the first class of Harvard University, and is said to have been a good scholar and an able divine. The following is a copy of a call‡ which he received about the same time as the one which he accepted over the church at Brookhaven.

July 10, 1665.

"In towne meeting—If it be your minds yt M^{r}. James Rogers shall goe in the behalf of the towne to M^{r} Brewster, to give him a call and to know whether he will come to us to be our minister, and yt he shall intercead to M^{r} Pill first to be helpful to us herein, manifest it by lifting up your hands. Voted."

The following are extracts from letters of the present pastor‖ over the Brookhaven Church :

"The corporate name of the church for many years was 'The First Presbyterian Church of Brookhaven.' The accompanying

* Genealogical Department of *Mail and Express*, June 18 and July 30, 1898.

† Brine's Ecclesiastical History of Long Island.

‡ Miss Calkins' History of New London.

‖ Rev. W. H. Littell, who has been pastor since 1868.

picture represents the present church building,* built in 1811, the third on the same site. The first church, in which Rev. Nathaniel Brewster preached, was built in 1671: before that services were held in a town building. The old records of the church and town were lost by fire and the church has no record antedating 1797.

"Sarah Ludlow Brewster and her husband were buried in the Presbyterian Burying Ground of Setauket, Long Island, but the inscriptions on their stones are too much effaced to be read. Doubtless the early Brewsters were buried in our churchyard, and one broken stone is near the corner of the church, recording the death of a son of the Rev. Nathaniel, but earthworks were cast up in the yard when the British occupied the church, and stones were broken and old graves cannot be located ; besides previous to the Revolution the Brewsters had a burial plot on property adjoining this, where their descendants of another name now live."

The three sons of Nathaniel and Sarah Ludlow Brewster grew up to be men of excellent character and were highly useful during their lives. A daughter of John Brewster, Sarah Ludlow Brewster, married Joseph Hawkins of Derby, in 1720. They are the ancestors of the Hawkins' families of Derby, who built the first house on Derby Point. Later they built a store and were engaged in importing and selling West India goods which were brought directly to the wharf at Derby Point, for at that time "Derby smartly rivalled New Haven as a shipping point."

Sarah Ludlow Hawkins married twice. Her second husband was Benajah Johnson of Derby, who, after his marriage to Sarah Ludlow Brewster, was a pioneer settler of the town of Seymour. He built the first house of the settlement upon Skokarat.

Two sons of Benajah Johnson and Sarah (Brewster) Johnson his wife, served in the Revolutionary war. Isaac, the third, saw service with the Connecticut State Troops almost continuously from the time of his first enlistment, early in 1776, to the close of the year 1781, the following being his record as found in "Connecticut Men of the Revolution":

Enlisted 1776, Third Battalion, Wadsworth's Brigade, Colonel Sage. Captain Parker's company.

Enlisted August 5, 1776 ; discharged December 25, 1776. Capt. Nathaniel Johnson's company.

Enlisted May 13, 1777 ; discharged May 13, 1780, Sixth Regiment. Captain Humphrey's company.

* See illustration, page 342.

Paid January 1, 1781, to July 31, 1781, Fourth Regiment.

Paid August 1, 1781, to December 31, 1781, First Regiment. Captain Wolcott's company.

At the time of Tryon's invasion of Danbury and Fairfield, Isaac Johnson was appointed captain by Derby and other towns, and directed to go with his company to Danbury to assist General

BURIAL PLACE OF SARAH LUDLOW JOHNSON, SEYMOUR.

(Whose son is the first Sarah Ludlow's Revolutionary representative.)

David Wooster. He was also appointed by the town of Derby on a committee to procure clothing and provisions, and was elected collector of bounty-money for the soldiers.*

He died in 1813 at the age of seventy-eight and is buried in the old Derby Cemetery where his father, who died in 1763, and other members of his family lie. Their stones have been restored and reset.

* Derby Records, Vol. I, Minutes of the Town Meetings.

His mother, Sarah Ludlow Brewster Johnson, died in 1773 and was buried in the so-called Old Indian Cemetery, situated upon a terrace overlooking the Naugatuck River. The picture shows her last resting place, but the stones are broken and the inscription almost effaced. The following is the inscription upon the stone which marks the grave of Isaac Johnson's daughter:

ANNA
Widow of David French and Daughter of
Isaac Johnson of Derby.
Died February 8, 1864,
Aged 85 years.

Her Paternal Grandmother was the granddaughter of the Rev. Nathaniel Brewster, who was the grandson of Elder William Brewster, who landed from the Mayflower, on Plymouth Rock, in 1620.

Julia A. DuBois James.
(MRS. THOMAS L. JAMES.)

Chapter Heroines

CHOSEN FOR THEIR

Personal Service or Endurance in Revolutionary Times

ANNA WARNER BAILEY

AND

FANNY LEDYARD

at Fort Griswold

KATHERINE GAYLORD

at Wyoming

ABI HUMASTON

Among Tories

ANNA WARNER BAILEY CHAPTER
GROTON AND STONINGTON

FANNY LEDYARD CHAPTER .
MYSTIC

KATHERINE GAYLORD CHAPTER
BRISTOL

ABI HUMASTON CHAPTER
THOMASTON

GROTON MONUMENT.

(Commemorates Patriots' Defense at the Fort Griswold Massacre.)

ANNA WARNER BAILEY

IF it be true that a city is best protected which has for its defense "a wall of men instead of brick," how much stronger the defense of that city which possesses also brave and self-sacrificing women, such as lived in the Revolutionary period of American history.

The early history of the American nation is a continuous narrative of endurance, self-reliance and devotion to the cause of liberty on the part of both men and women. From the beginning circumstances demanded a hardy and patriotic race, and both the founders and defenders of this country were equal to the demand. Moreover the American women of our entire history may well take rank with the patriot women of any age or country. As a type of the self-sacrificing and brave woman of early New England, Anna Warner Bailey, chapter heroine of Groton and Stonington, has a conspicuous place in Connecticut history.

Anna, or Nancy Warner as she was called in childhood, was the daughter of Philip Warner and of his wife Hannah Mills, and was born in Groton, Conn., October 11, 1758. When Anna was about ten years of age she and her brother Jabez (two years her senior) suffered the loss of their parents. Anna was soon taken into the family of her uncle, Edward Mills, a tenant farmer living in that part of Groton now known as Pleasant Valley. There were no boys at this time in her uncle's family, and Anna was taught to assist in the care of the stock, in the dairy, at sheep-shearing and to perform such out-door labor as in those days was expected of a farmer's daughter. Absorbed in such duties, Anna grew to womanhood. When the dreadful massacre at Fort Griswold took place in 1781, she was nearly twenty-three years of age. Previous to this she was betrothed to Elijah Bailey, a young farmer who had enlisted in the service of his country and had been placed on garrison duty at the Fort.

At the first alarm on the morning of September 6, 1781, Anna's uncle, Edward Mills, hastened to join the patriots at Groton Heights; and but a few hours after his hurried departure his wife gave birth to a child.

At sunset of that dreadful day of bloodshed and carnage, when silence followed the clash of cannon and musketry and still the patriot husband did not return, Anna having performed the duties of the farm and household, left her aunt in the care of a neighbor and hastened to the battlefield to look for her uncle. She always believed that she was the first woman to enter the fort in search of loved ones. Although daylight was fading, the horrors of the scene were but too clearly revealed. The fort was literally drenched with the blood of her townsmen. To use Anna's own words, "If the earth had opened and poured forth blood instead of drinking it in, it could not have been more plentiful." After searching long among the dead and wounded, many of whom were mangled beyond recognition, she found her uncle, who had been shot and had fainted from loss of blood. Having been left for dead, he escaped the torture of the ride down the hill in the wagon packed with dying patriots. (After the fort had surrendered, the British soldiers loaded a large wagon with the wounded and dying patriots and with wanton cruelty sent it rapidly down the steep hill. In its swift descent it struck with such force

ANNA WARNER BAILEY.

against a tree that several of the sufferers were thrown out and instantly killed.)

Seizing an empty cartridge box, Anna rushed to the well for water and Mr. Mills was soon restored to consciousness. With the assistance of a boy engaged in a like mission as herself, she succeeded in getting her fatally wounded uncle to the nearest house. When he was told of the birth of his child, he exclaimed: "Oh, if I could see Hannah and the baby before I go, I should die content." Thereupon Anna hurried home, saddled and bridled a horse and wrapping the wee little one in a blanket, hastened back to her uncle with his child that it might receive a dying father's blessing. This accomplished, she restored the child in safety to its mother and returned on foot over the lonely road to her uncle. But in the meantime death had ended his sufferings and the soul of a patriot had passed to its reward.

During these incidents Anna had obtained no trace of her lover, who, even as she searched for him in the fort among the dead and wounded, was among the prisoners on the way to New York, where for many months he endured the horrors of captivity in the British prison ships.

It was nearly midnight when Dr. Joshua Downer and his son Avery from Preston, Conn., reached the scene of the massacre, and with their assistance Anna made bandages, brought food and water, did everything that could be done to relieve the sufferings of the wounded. At dawn Anna turned her weary steps toward her saddened home, allowing herself no rest however until the morning duties of farm and household were performed.

So deep were the impressions made by the shocking scenes of cruelty which Anna Warner witnessed during the night of the massacre, that at her uncle's funeral she made a solemn vow "to hate England and the English forever"—a vow which she faithfully kept all through her life.

Hannah Mills, widowed like so many of her neighbors, and with five children, the eldest less than nine years of age, dependent upon her, had no capital save the farm animals and the unharvested crops. This was Anna Warner's opportunity to prove her love and gratitude to the aunt who had been to her as a mother, and to show that if she was intense in her hatred she was

equally strong and faithful in her affections. She immediately assumed the charge of her aunt's business affairs and in due time the crops were safely gathered, the animals provided for and all the arduous work of the farm wisely and faithfully performed. Not until Mrs. Mills was able to provide for herself would Anna consent to be married, and as long as her cousins, the "Mills children," lived she regarded them as under her special care.

In due time Anna Warner became the wife of Elijah Bailey. He was a boy of seventeen when New London was burned and the awful massacre at Groton took place. Just previous to the attack young Bailey and a comrade were ordered by Colonel Ledyard to man a gun at a redoubt a little southeast of the fort. Mrs. Bailey, when referring to this incident in after years, remarked: "He was courting me then, boy though he was."

The married life of Elijah and Anna Warner Bailey was particularly happy. In the eyes of his wife Elijah Bailey seemed to wear a martyr's halo on account of his sufferings on the prison ship in New York harbor. She regarded him with great affection, placed the utmost confidence in his judgment, and through their long life together showed him a rare constancy and loyalty.

Mrs. Bailey's housekeeping was conducted on rules as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. Being a strict Sabbatarian, no work that could possibly be avoided was done in her house on Sunday, no cooking even, and all meals were served cold. She was born of religious parentage; her mother, Hannah Warner, was admitted to the Groton church under Rev. Daniel Kirtland's administration on July 2, 1758, and her father, Philip Warner, was admitted on November 26 of the same year. Anna Warner Bailey herself accepted, on July 15, 1806, the New London Profession of Covenant at the house of William Avery in Groton. Having become a member of the Groton church, she refused to change her place of worship when the new edifice was built in the village of Groton; thus in summer's heat and winter's cold she repaired to the old "Black Meeting House" as it was called and worshipped there "alone with God." It was also her custom every year for fifty-six years to read the Bible through, from the story of the Creation in Genesis to the Benediction in Revelations, and in extreme old age she was able to accomplish this without the aid of glasses.

In 1810, when the relations between Great Britain and America again became unfriendly, Mrs. Bailey was eager for a declaration of war, evidently hoping that the cruel deaths of her relatives and friends at the Fort Griswold massacre would be avenged. When war was finally declared her joy was very evident. She watched the progress of events with absorbing interest and hailed every

MONUMENT HOUSE NEAR THE FORT GRISWOLD MONUMENT, GROTON.

(A storehouse for historical relics. In the custodianship of the Anna Warner Bailey Chapter.)

American victory with keenest delight, on such occasions illuminating her house from cellar to attic.

At this time the famous "flannel petticoat" episode occurred that brought "Mother Bailey" (as she was called in her later life) into great notoriety. In June, 1813, Commodore Decatur was blockaded in New London harbor by the English fleet of Commodore Hardy, which, it was feared, would offer battle.

Many of the inhabitants of New London, remembering the terrible tragedy of 1781, thirty-two years before, feared the worst. Women on both sides of the river fled into the country, taking their children and valuables with them. Mother Bailey sent her effects to a place of safety but with characteristic courage decided to remain at home herself and face the danger.

Major Simeon Smith, afterwards high sheriff of the county, was placed in command of Fort Griswold. Anticipating an attack, Major Smith commissioned Albert Latham, Esq., to have all available arms brought into the fort with all the wadding that could be obtained. But the supply of flannel was not sufficient and hearing that Mother Bailey was at her home, Major Smith sent her word of his dilemma. She alone could not meet the demand but promptly said to Mr. Latham, "Let us search the village; you go in one direction and I will go in another and see what we can find." But their combined efforts did not secure the necessary amount and Latham said, "Why! this isn't half enough." After a moment's hesitation Mother Bailey, seizing the scissors which every matron of that day carried at her side, quickly clipped the strings of her flannel skirt, and stripping the garment from her person handed it to the messenger, saying, "It is a good heavy one, but I don't care for that." The garment was exhibited at the fort and enthusiasically cheered by the soldiers of the garrison to whom the story of its procurement had been told. And so this incident lives in history as exemplifying quickness of thought and promptness of action on the part of a brave and patriotic woman. Miss Calkins, the historian of New London, says: "The Martial Petticoat and its partisan donor have ever since been renowned in our local annals."

Mother Bailey was honored with visits from the distinguished soldiers and statesmen of the day. During the visit of Lafayette to this country in 1824, he called upon her with all his suite. Other distinguished persons who were entertained at her home in Groton were Presidents Monroe, Jackson and Van Buren, Col. Richard M. Johnson and General Cass. This attention gave Mother Bailey evident pleasure and when parting with Colonel Johnson it is related that she took his hand which had been injured in the encounter with Tecumseh and with much feeling remarked

that she could say with Simeon of old, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace." Colonel Johnson, though not as thoroughly versed in scripture as Mother Bailey, made an appropriate response.

After President Jackson's visit to Mother Bailey, she sent him a pair of heavy mittens knitted by herself from wool which she had carded and spun. This was a touching souvenir for President Jackson to receive from a woman over three score years and ten, and in kindly appreciation he sent her in return a lock of his hair. It is said that this relic is still preserved in a box made of wood from the battleship "Old Ironsides," the box having been presented to Mother Bailey by Governor Dodge of Wisconsin. The box bears the following inscription :

"Old Ironsides"
A.D.
1842.

Mrs. Bailey's characteristic loyalty is shown in the following story :

One morning after the war of 1812 with Great Britain, two men, Englishmen in disguise, came to her home asking for breakfast. One of the men carried a musical instrument and while waiting for breakfast they entertained her with her favorite airs, "Jefferson and Liberty," "Hail Columbia" and "Yankee Doodle." Finally they struck up "God Save the King," a performance so little in harmony with her ideas of patriotism, that her self-invited guests were compelled to get their breakfast elsewhere that morning. This was simply a contrived plot on the part of the Englishmen to test her patriotism, which they found was of sterling quality.

The Groton Monument, erected in memory of the slain at the Fort Griswold massacre, was the shrine of her special devotion. No Mussulman ever turned toward the holy city with deeper devotion than did faithful Mother Bailey to the Groton Monument. It was her custom to celebrate the sixth of September of each year by visiting the monument in company with Colonel Benham, Mr. Jonathan Brooks, Dr. Joshua Downer and other men who were survivors of the events there commemorated.

Mrs. Bailey was noted for her qualities as nurse, and in the discharge of her self-imposed duties, by the bedside, displayed remarkable aptness. An instance of her active benevolence is thus related. She was met, on the street, one morning in the winter of 1837, bearing a large bundle of loaves of bread. Being asked, by a neighbor, what had called her out on such a cold morning, she answered (pointing to her package) that she was distributing tracts. She was then seventy-nine years old.

HOME OF ANNA WARNER BAILEY, GROTON.

Early in the year of 1848, the health of Elijah Bailey began to fail, and from that time every thought of Mrs. Bailey centered in the husband of her youth and she took but little interest in public affairs. When his death occurred on August 24, 1848, all the courage and cheer went out of her heart and, although she survived him more than three years, in physical and mental vigor she steadily declined.

Elijah Bailey, it is said, was the last survivor of the Fort Griswold massacre. He was the first postmaster of Groton and

held the office until his death. The office was then tendered to Mrs. Bailey in appreciation of her ability and patriotism and held by her during the remaining three years of her life. Her last years were quiet and uneventful, and were spent in her home on the corner of Thames and Broad Streets in Groton, which has changed but little in external appearance since her occupancy.

On January 10, 1851, her release came, but in a most shocking manner. As she was sitting quietly by the fire one day, her attendant had occasion to go to a neighbor's on an errand. During her absence Mother Bailey fell forward on the open fire and received severe burns on her face, arms and breast. Her sufferings drew from her the cry, "It is terrible," which were the last words she uttered. In a short time death came to her relief and thus passed from earth, at the great age of ninety-two years, this true and faithful Daughter of the American Revolution.

She was buried in the Starr Cemetery, Pleasant Valley, Groton, besides her husband who was her all-in-all. White marble stones mark their resting places, which are tenderly cared for by the Anna Ward Bailey Chapter of Groton and Stonington.

The inscription on Elijah Bailey's tombstone is as follows:

In
Memory of
Capt.
Elijah Bailey
Post Master in this Town
for about forty years:
who died
Aug. 29th, 1848
in the 89th year
of his age.

This spot contains the ashes of the just,
Who sought no honor, and betrayed no trust,
This truth he proved in every line he trod,
"An honest man is the noblest work of God."

The inscription on Anna Warner Bailey's tombstone is as follows:

In
Memory of
Anna Bailey
Relict of
Capt. Elijah Bailey
who died
Jan. 10th, 1851,
Aged 92 years & 3 mos.

Mrs. Bailey having passed through some trying scenes of the Revolutionary war; the patriotism of those times became a prominent trait of her character, which so conspicuously manifested itself during the second war with Great Britain, as to give her a wide celebrity. Honored with the visits and respectful attentions of some of the Presidents of the Republic, and of many distinguished citizens, she was no less endeared to the more humble, by her unostentatious private charities.

Harriet Trumbull Palmer.

Mary Eddye Benjamin.

FANNY LEDYARD

THE patriotic woman for whom the Mystic chapter is named was the daughter and youngest child of Capt. John Ledyard and of his wife Abigail, who was a daughter of Robert Hempstead of Southold, Long Island.

Fanny Ledyard was also a member of the Youngs family—none more important in Southold. Rev. John Youngs, her great-grandfather, was the leader of the company of sturdy colonists who made the settlement in the extreme eastern part of Long Island and named it for the English Southold.

Concerning the early life of her grandfather, John Ledyard, there is little reliable information. Sparks says that "he was a native of Bristol, England, and had been bred a Merchant in London." While still a young man he left his English home to seek his fortune in distant lands. He came to Southold, L. I., in 1717, and was first a teacher, then a trader, and later a successful merchant. He was well educated, prosperous in business and engaging in manner and person. After a few years he married Deborah Youngs, a lady of estimable qualities and of good fortune, the daughter of Judge Benjamin Youngs, a leading citizen of Southold. Shortly after their marriage John Ledyard and his wife settled in Groton, Conn. His ability and attainments seem to have been quickly recognized in Groton, as he mingled freely in public affairs and was made a justice of the peace, an office which he held for many years. He transacted much important business for Groton, for the neighboring towns and for the colony. He also became a prominent member of the General Assembly and was the leading spirit of several committees empowered by the Colony to promote important and difficult enterprises.

After about twenty years' residence in Groton, Mrs. Deborah

Youngs Ledyard died, leaving a family of ten children. John Ledyard married for his second wife Mary, the widow of John Ellery, a lady of high social position and large fortune. Shortly after this marriage John Ledyard established his home in Hartford, where his large house became a centre of gracious hospitality as well as a home for his children and grandchildren. Five children born in Hartford were the offspring of the second marriage.

Until the close of his long life John Ledyard continued to take an active interest in the welfare of church and state and in the cause of education. He died honored and beloved and is remembered for his eminent public services and for the integrity of his character. The ancient freestone tomb erected to his memory still stands in the old Centre Burying Ground, Hartford.

John Ledyard, the father of Fanny Ledyard, was the eldest child of John Ledyard and Deborah Youngs. From his earliest years he followed the sea and became a ship master of much consideration. He was captain of a vessel engaged in the West India trade—a dangerous occupation at that time, when the entire Atlantic coast was infested by privateers and pirates. On one of his voyages, he died suddenly in the prime of life, leaving a widow and four children, John, Thomas, George, and Fanny who was born in 1754.

The mother of Fanny Ledyard, Abigail Hempstead, was the daughter of Robert Hempstead of Southold, L. I., and was a beautiful and accomplished woman, who at the age of eighteen became the wife of Capt. John Ledyard. Of the six children born to them four were living at the time of their father's death. Bereaved and saddened by the death of her husband and two children, Abigail Ledyard devoted herself to the care of her fatherless children. After about nine years of widowhood, Mrs. Ledyard married Dr. Micah Moore of Southold, a physician greatly beloved and a valued member of society and a pillar of the church. By him she had three children, Abigail, who was born in 1765 ; Julia, born in 1767 ; and Phoebe, born in 1769. Dr. Moore died in 1775, leaving his widow with the care of a second family, which she was destined to rear amid the horrors of war, whose desolation and distress were so soon to overwhelm the

American Colonies. In 1775, the British took possession of Long Island. In the immediate neighborhood of Mrs. Moore were quartered companies of English and Hessian soldiers. The Hessians were rough in appearance, in language and manner, and struck terror to the stoutest hearts. Surrounded by these uncouth enemies of our institutions and in the midst of despicable Tories, great inconveniences and even injuries were often endured. But through it all, this wise and prudent mother ordered her house and conducted her affairs with self-possession, piety and fortitude.

One evening about an hour after sunset, an officer with laced coat and polished broadsword, attended by a file of men, unceremoniously entered her house. She had no fire in her hearth at the time and her frightened children were clinging to her for protection. It was a gloomy moment for the lonely woman, but she met it with a heart undaunted. The officer flourished his sword and said: "Madam! I am informed that you harbor deserters. If it is true, by the eternal God, I will lay your house in ruins before to-morrow morning!" Mrs. Moore, with perfect calmness, looked him full in the face and said: "Sir, your language bespeaks . . . not the Englishman, who, I have been taught, is courteous to women. Although unprotected and with my frightened little ones about me, I feel perfectly safe under the protection of that Providence which has thus far sustained me through most sorrowful scenes, in which I should have sunk but for that support of grace. I have no fear of those who would rob us of our just and holy rights. Your attempt to subdue us will prove fruitless, and Truth and Washington will triumph; we, his loyal daughters are destined to serenade him with the glorious song of liberty achieved. Who is your informer as to runaways?" In reply the English officer pointed to his companion, a resident of Southold, Elnathan Burts by name, who had joined the British in their war for the subjugation of his native land. In response, Mrs. Ledyard said: "That guilty looking individual who stands trembling in yonder corner is a liar, and if you, sir, doubt the fact I will prove him such and more." The informer dropped his head and no further search for deserters was made in the home of Madam Moore. Soon all departed, the officer observing to his

guard, "The influence of these American women, I perceive, is measureless."*

From such a heroic fireside Fanny Ledyard came to Groton to visit her uncle, Col. William Ledyard, the commander of Fort Griswold previous to its attack by the British. She was an eye witness of the horrors of that ghastly day in Groton history, the sixth of September, 1781, and became a ministering angel of the fort, her companion in this work of mercy to the dying heroes of Fort Griswold being her own cousin, Mary Ledyard,† who was also a visitor in New London at the time of the massacre. The following quotation is from a letter of a descendant of Fanny Ledyard, who, referring to the event, writes: "She went with her cousin to the place where the dying and wounded lay. She often described the scene and always said that she stepped over her shoe tops in blood."

The scene in this massacre in which Fanny Ledyard took a part is thus recorded in the words of one of the victims:

"Of the massacre at Fort Griswold, which occurred September 6, 1781, Sergeant Stephen Hempstead (one of the thirty-five wounded men who were carried to the house of Ebenezer Avery) says: 'Nothing but groans and unavailing sighs were heard, and two of our number did not live to see the light of morning, which brought with it some "ministering angels" to our relief. The first one was in the person of Miss Fanny Ledyard of Southold, Long Island, then on a visit to her uncle, Col. William Ledyard, our murdered commander. She held to my lips a cup of warm chocolate, and soon after returned with wine and other refreshments, which revived us a little. The cruelty of the enemy cannot be conceived; we were (at least an hour after the battle) within a few steps of a pump well supplied with water and, although we were suffering with thirst, they would not permit us to take one drop of it, nor give us any themselves. Some of our number were repulsed with the bayonet, and not one drop did I taste after the action began, although begging for it, until relieved by Miss Ledyard.'"

Thus the name of Ledyard, identified as it is through the martyred Colonel Ledyard and the courageous Ledyard girls with

*This story is from an old newspaper.

†Mary Ledyard afterwards became the wife of Gen. John Forman.

the ghastly massacre at Fort Griswold, well befits a chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution which draws its membership largely from the historic vicinity of Fort Griswold.

Shortly after the close of the war, Fanny Ledyard became the wife of Mr. Richard Peters of Southold, L. I., where she lived until her death in 1816. The house* which was her home during all her married life, was built more than two hundred years ago by Col. John Youngs, son of Rev. John Youngs, the first minister at Southold, L. I.

The later years of Fanny Ledyard's life seem to have been quiet and uneventful, but, after the stormy scenes in which her youth was passed, and the tragic and terrible experience at Fort Griswold, she was, no doubt, more than content with the peace and comfort of a quiet, domestic life. She and her honored mother must have greatly rejoiced to see the country for which as a family they had sacrificed so much, a free, prosperous nation. Her mother, Abigail Ledyard Moore, died in 1805, at the age of seventy-six. She was noted for her charity and many acts of kindness, and abounded in the graces of Christian womanhood.

John Ledyard, the eldest brother of Fanny, developed in early years a strong taste for travel and adventure. He was a companion of Captain Cook on the disastrous voyage in polar seas in which Captain Cook lost his life. The story of John Ledyard's visits to foreign lands and of his experiences with strange and savage people, forms an interesting narrative, and is given in Sparks' American Biographies.

To Phebe, the third daughter of Abigail Ledyard Moore by her second marriage, the churches of Long Island and Connecticut owe a debt of gratitude. Phebe Moore was married three times, first to Mr. Joseph Wickham of Mattituck, L. I., second to Mr. Edward Smith of Stonington, Conn., and third to Deacon Ebenezer Denison of Mystic, Conn. Two years after her first marriage, at the age of twenty-four, she organized in her own house the first Sunday School of Long Island and the *second of America.*

Mr. Wickham died in 1806. After her second marriage in 1809, she removed to the home of her second husband in Stonington,

* The house is now owned and occupied by Mrs. Rebecca (Peters) Downs.

and there started her second Sunday School, which was the first in Eastern Connecticut. Two years after Mr. Smith's death she returned again to Southold, L. I., and in 1813, started her third Sunday School. In 1816, her marriage to Deacon Ebenezer Denison took place, and she removed to Mystic, where her fourth school was begun in 1817.

Mrs. Denison died in 1840 at the age of seventy-one years. She was a woman of great enthusiasm in religious work, and of unusual gifts of mind and speech. By her gracious gifts and devoted spirit she enriched the life of every community in which she lived.*

The following is a copy of the inscription on the tombstone erected early in the century at the graves of Fanny Ledyard Peters and her husband in the ancient burying ground of Southold :

In memory
of
RICHARD PETERS
who died
Oct. 25, 1810
Ae. 57.

In memory
of
FRANCES
Relict of RICHARD PETERS
who died
Jan. 15, 1816,
Ae. 62.

There the wicked cease from troubling
And there the weary be at rest.

In June, 1895, the Mystic chapter placed a large granite tablet over her grave, bearing this inscription :

The "FANNY LEDYARD" CHAPTER, D. A. R.,
of Mystic, Conn.,
place this tablet upon the grave of
FANNY LEDYARD, niece of COL. WILLIAM LEDYARD,
in memory of her noble work among the wounded
and dying, after the massacre at
Fort Griswold, Sept. 6, 1781.

At the unveiling of the tablet, two poems, written by successive historians of the chapter, were read from which the following selections are taken :

* Wheeler's History of the First Congregational Church, Stonington.

We drop a tear for the patriot brave—
As we raise a shout for a nation saved—
And mark the place of a heroine's grave
With our country's flag above it.
While words, deep graven in granite grey,
Now tell to the stranger who wanders this way
That she merits our notice to-day,
Who long has slept below it.

Her hands, though at last calmly folded and thin,
Were wringing with anguish 'mid battle's fierce din,
On the day that her hero and kinsman fell slain
By the sword which home had defended.
"O, morn's tardy beams! Look kindly within,
To cheer and to brighten the weary eye, dim"—
For alas that it must be! Yonder brave men
Were moaning and dreaming of kindred.

Her hand waver'd not; her young step ne'er was lighter
Than when it encounter'd their life-blood; and tighter
She grasped that first cup of cold water
And held it to lips growing grim.
In the eye that met hers—glowing brighter with fever—
A new hope was born of this sympathy, sweeter
Than e'en life itself; it said to the helper,
"We'll live, God willing, *and win*."*

When War's tempestuous wave
Spread sorrow o'er our land,
No mortal hand could save
That brave, determined band.
The battle well they fought,
The work of courage done,
Thy feet then hurrying came
Ere life's last breath was gone.

By thy hand the cheering draught
To fevered lips was pressed;
In many a patriot's heart
The loving deed was blessed.
How many gazed on thee
Till life's last look was given,
Perchance thy tender soothing
Inspired their hopes of heaven.†

* Mrs. Hortense (Gallup) Fish. † Miss Ann Augusta Murphy.

In the cemetery at Groton other members of the Ledyard family lie buried. The Ledyard lot is conspicuous for its location, its picturesque effects and for its Revolutionary records. The simple dates on several stones tell the sad story of the grief and losses which came to the Ledyard family, chiefly as the sequel of the part taken by the family in the cause of American liberty, all of whom except one son died during the war.

The original tombstone of Col. William Ledyard was a slab of blue slate, which in 1854 was found to be so nearly destroyed by relic hunters that Connecticut appropriated fifteen hundred dollars for a suitable memorial. The present monument was erected in accordance with that act. It consists of a base and shaft, enclosed by an iron railing, with posts cast in the form of cannon.

Across the cap of the base the word "Ledyard" appears in raised letters, and on the die beneath, the following inscription:

Sons of Connecticut
Behold this monument and learn to emulate
the virtue, valor and patriotism
of your ancestors.

On the south face of the die is inscribed:

Erected in 1854
By the State of Connecticut in remembrance of the
painful events that took place in the neighborhood
during the war of the Revolution.
It commemorates the burning of New London, the
storming of Groton Fort, the Massacre of the
garrison, and the slaughter of Ledyard, the brave
commander of these posts, who was slain by the
conqueror with his own sword.

He fell in the service of his country
Fearless of death and prepared to die.

On the north side is the following inscription, which is a copy of the inscription on the original headstone, now sadly mutilated by relic hunters:

Sacred
to the memory
of
WILLIAM LEDYARD, ESQ.

Colonel Commandant of the Garrisoned Post of New London and Groton, who, after a gallant defense, was with a part of the brave garrison, inhumanly massacred by British troops in

FORT GRISWOLD

September 6th, 1781. Aetatis suae 43.
By a judicious and faithful discharge of the various duties of his Station, he rendered most essential service to his Country: and stood confessed the Unshaken Patriot and intrepid Hero: He lived the Pattern of Magnanimity; Courtesy and Humanity: He died the Victim of Ungenerous Rage and Cruelty.

The epitaph on the headstone of Ann Ledyard, wife of Col. William Ledyard, reads:

Here
lieth reunited
to Parent Earth in
the 46th Year of her Life
ANN, for a few years the
disconsolate Relict of

COL. WILLIAM LEDYARD,

Who in a Fort adjoining this Ground, fell gallantly defending these Towns and Harbor. At her fond request her youngest son Charles, aged 8 years, lies interred in her arms.
Those who know how to
estimate female accomplishments in the person of a tender Mother will judge of the Melancholy reverence with which this stone is erected to her Memory by her only surviving child Peter Y. Ledyard.

The following is the inscription on the stone erected to the memory of a daughter of Colonel Ledyard and his wife, Ann Ledyard:

In Memory of
Miss Sarah Ledyard
the amiable daughter of
Colonel William and Anne
Ledyard : who departed this
Life, July 21st, 1781, in
the 17th Year of her Age.

Each tedious Task, Life's toilsome pains are o'er
Her Sorrows cease, Care now she knows no more.
The Conflict's past, She took the pleasing Road,
From us ascended to that bright abode,
Where Faith on Angel's wings, Mounts us on high
To see her there immortal in the sky.

The epitaph on the stone erected to the memory of Fanny Ledyard's father is as follows:

In Memory of
Capt. John Ledyard, Junr.
Who departed this Life
March 17, 1762
Aged 32 years.

Once did I stand amid Life's busy throng,
Healthy and active, vigorous and strong;
Oft' did I traverse Ocean's briny waves,
And safe escape a thousand gaping graves,
Yet dire disease has stopped my vital breath
And here I lie, the prisoner of Death.
Reader expect not lengthened days to see,
Or if thou dost, think, think, ah think of me.

Harriet A. Stanton.
(mrs. henry c. stanton.)

Katherine Gaylord, Heroine*

FIRST PRIZE BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

NATIONAL SOCIETY

DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

DEDICATED TO KATHERINE GAYLORD CHAPTER

BRISTOL CONNECTICUT

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY

FLORENCE E. D. MUZZY

BEAUTIFUL Wyoming—fair Wyoming! Not iron-bound, like these rocky New England shores, but smooth and fertile—easy to till, rich in harvest! Come, let us go!

How often, may we believe, did Katherine Gaylord listen to these and like persuasions before she could bring herself to say: "Whither thou goest, I will go!" and to leave the loved, rock-bound New England for the lovely but fearsome home in the wilderness. It could not have been an easy thing to do, for "only he is strong whose strength is tried," and the time had not yet come to prove her mettle.

The tale of much contention for this most desirable abiding place is oft-told. Over its beautiful woods and streams hovered an atmosphere of strife and hate. The aborigines fought for it among themselves, and when the white man came, fought for it with him.

Later, untrustworthy Indian sales, and ignorant, invalid grants by Royalty added to the confusion of property rights. Finally the country came to be claimed at one and the same time, by the Six Nations, Pennsylvania and Connecticut.

* Reprinted from the American Monthly Magazine, and from an illustrated pamphlet, published by the Press Publishing Co., Bristol, Conn.

In 1768 Connecticut formed here a town, calling it by the suggestive name of Westmoreland.

This was divided into townships five miles square, each to be given to "forty" settlers who should agree to remain there, improve and protect the property. The first forty arrived in 1769 at Wyoming (called by the red man "Waugh-wau-wame," shortened by the white into "Wau-wame," and anglicised later into Wyoming).

In 1770 the forty began the famous "Forty Fort" at Kingston township, Westmoreland, but were interrupted by the Pennamite war. Five times were the Yankees expelled by the Pennsylvanians, and five times came back with true Yankee grit to "man their rights."

The completion of Forty Fort followed the cessation of hostilities. This was built of upright timbers, closely set. A row of cabins, many of them containing several rooms, was ranged against the timbers within; while again within this circle of homes was an open space or parade large enough for the drilling of an entire company. In one of these cabins Katherine Gaylord had afterward a home.

The fort held one store, and a mill consisting of a samp mortar made of a burned log, with a pestle worked by a spring-pole. Before 1773 Westmoreland had called a minister, and a doctor had migrated thither. A tax was laid to support free schools, a land office was established, and military organization not neglected. The soil was prolific, sheep and cattle plentiful, food and clothing abundant. Peace seemed at last to brood over the beautiful valley, while back in New England the war-cloud hung low. No wonder one "Forty" followed another so rapidly.

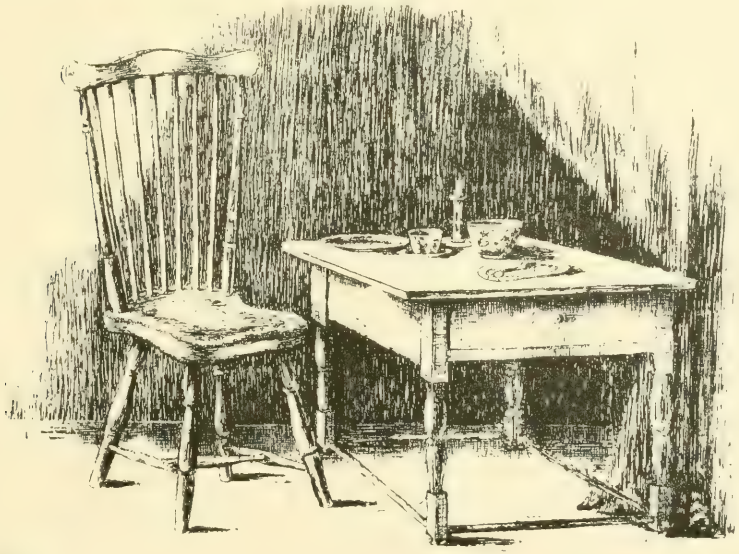
In April-May, 1775, Katherine Gaylord, in her Connecticut home, saw her husband, at the call for troops after Lexington Alarm, march to the front—Boston and vicinity. Detachments of the brigade to which Aaron Gaylord belonged took part in the battle of Bunker Hill. It is probable that he was among them, and he was afterwards appointed to a lieutenancy, this entry being found in Connecticut Records, May, 1777: "Aaron Gaylord established by the Assembly to be lieutenant of Third Company, Twenty-fourth Regiment." At the expiration of his term in

December, 1775, he returned to his home in New Cambridge, now Bristol, Connecticut.

Early in 1776, hearing no doubt wonderful tales of fertile Wyoming, he moved to the "Far West," with his wife, Katherine Cole, and their three children, Lemuel, Phebe and Lorena—the eldest, Lemuel, being about eleven years old at that time.

It is supposed, though not recorded, that they joined one of the "Forties" continually going out. The journey, occupying about three weeks (time enough, in these rapid-transit days, to cross the continent itself three times, or travel half way round the world), was made on horseback, with all their worldly goods.

Doubtless she found it hard enough, even with the strong arm of her husband to hew her path, but looking back upon it, in her terrible journey home three years later, Katherine Gaylord must have felt that, measured by suffering, the way out was ease and comfort, in comparison.



They settled in Forty Fort, and lived the usual frontier life of more or less poverty and deprivation. Katherine related in after years much of that life to her children and grandchildren, but many of her tales are faded and lost in the mists of the past. Viewing, however, the self-sacrificing life of woman as a whole, in those hard days, we may come better to understand her own; for surely she was never one to sit idly by, while others toiled.

From the remembered tales of her own lips, then, and from the recollections of others, we can see her, in addition to the care of her own home and family, toiling in fort or field while the men were away upon public service; planting, garnering grain, husking corn, making hay; riding miles to mill, with laden steed, waiting for the wheat to be ground and bringing it home at night through long stretches of darkening forest; and later even making the saltpetre used in the manufacture of powder for public defence.

When dry-goods were gone and money failed she fashioned garments from her own clothing, that her children might attend school. One hardly knows whether to laugh or cry over the untoward fate of Phebe's new gown, made from her mother's red flannel petticoat! This, having been hung out upon a line to dry, fell a victim to a lawless marauder from neighbor Roberts' pig pen, and Phebe was bereft indeed. Let us hope that good Mistress Roberts possessed an extra flannel petticoat of brilliant hue, which was made a free will offering in behalf of Phebe's education. Every mother knows that there could have been no limit to the daily acts of self-denial which the frontier mother practiced.

Those who remember Katherine Gaylord unite in describing her as small and frail or at least of hardly medium stature, with blue eyes, brown or fair hair, delicate complexion, and fine features—hardly our ideal of a rugged pioneer woman. Power of spirit cannot always be gauged by power of body, nor force of character by outward seeming. In old age she is described by one still living, who knew her well, as a "very intelligent, agreeable and highly respected" person in her community.

It would seem that the family had friends in Wyoming, for

history states that a brother of Aaron, "who died in the service," had settled there.

In December, 1777, six months before his death, Aaron Gaylord is upon the Westmoreland records as one of the appointed "fence-viewers" for the ensuing year. In those days of few and uncertain boundaries, this must have been an important work.

The valley now, 1776 to 1778, held hundreds of homes, with barns, stacks of grain and everything in plenty, agriculturally considered. The commercial status is partly shown by the following list of prices:

Men's farm labor, three summer months, per day	5s 3d.
Women's labor, spinning, per week	6s.
Making horse-shoes, and shoeing horse	8s.
Taverners, best dinner	2s.
Taverners, mug of flip, with 2 gills rum	4s.
Good yarn stockings, a pair	10s.
Beaver hats, best	4£.
Tobacco, in hank, or leaf, 1 pound	9d.
Good check flannel, yard wide	8s.
Winterfed beef, per pound	7s.
Good barley, per bushel	8s.
Dozen eggs	8d.
Shad, apiece	6d.

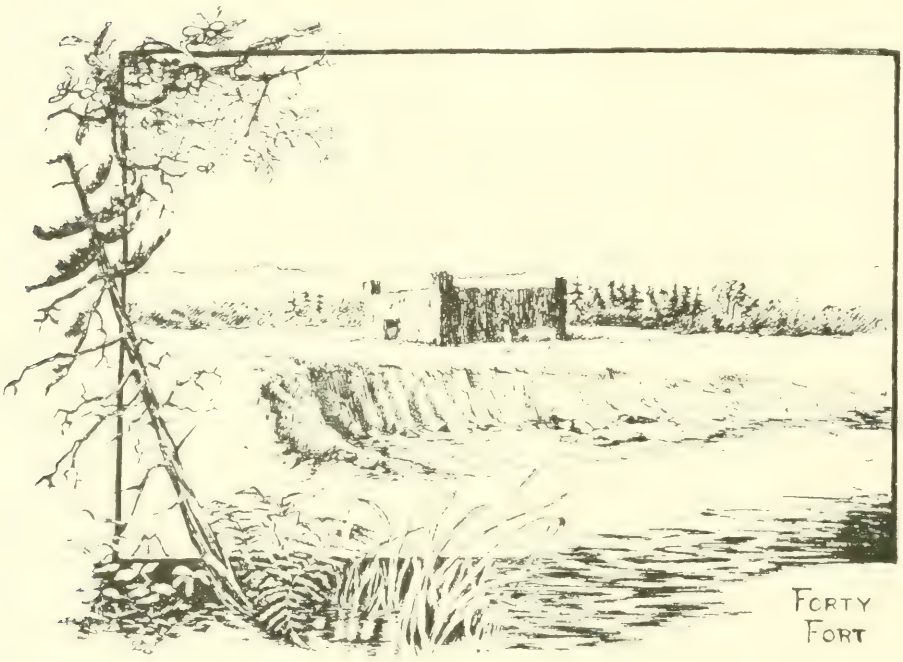
Wyoming was an extreme frontier, the key to a large territory beyond. The Six Nations were within a few hours' canoeing, and nearly all the able-bodied men of the valley were now, 1778, called to help save their country—leaving their own homes to possible destruction. An outbreak seemed impending.

Given these conditions, it was an unaccountable fact that Congress did not respond to the appeals sent now by the helpless settlers for protection. Those remaining did all they could. They went to the field with rifle as well as hoe. They sent out scouting parties to watch the Indian trails and report weekly. In this service Aaron Gaylord must have shared.

In May the scouts began to encounter the savages, although it had previously seemed the enemy's policy to remain in hiding, apparently fearing—as it proved—to alarm the settlers and cause the recall of the two companies from the seat of war before the Six Nations were ready for the attack.

Now and then small squads of Indians, covered with paint, would land before the fort, making warlike demonstrations, to the great alarm of those within.

People from the outer settlements began to come into the forts. Congress was again notified that an attack was imminent, but still the Wyoming companies were not allowed to return.



Appeals to justice, mercy or policy seemed to have no effect upon Congress in its strange obtuseness to the dreadful peril of the colonists. About thirty Wyoming soldiers did return "with or without leave," but even then, the number of fighters was appallingly small.

It is probable that it was at this time of confusion and absence of regular officers, that Aaron Gaylord was appointed temporary commander of the fort, in accordance with the account given by

Katherine to her children ; but in the absence of official record, we are obliged to pass this by as tradition.

The last of June, Senecas and other Indians to the number of six or seven hundred, with four hundred British provincials and a number of tories, descended the river, landed twenty miles above the fort, crossed the valley, and murdered several settlers.

A prisoner taken by them was sent to the fort demanding its surrender, which was refused.

A council of war was immediately held at the fort, at which the majority argued that, as no help could be expected, the massacre of the fort's company was only the question of a few days, and that the only possible way of salvation was to attack and defeat the enemy.

A small minority, of which Aaron Gaylord was one, opposed this plan, feeling that it was worse than folly to venture out knowing nothing of the strength of the invaders ; but being overruled, Aaron Gaylord prepared to go with the others, saying : "*I will go, for I would rather die than be called a coward at such a time as this.*"

One account states that they started early the following morning, July 3, 1778, but Miner's history of Wyoming says that they went out at noon, marched four miles, and formed a line of battle near Fort Wintermoot, where the fighting began at four in the afternoon and the anxious listeners at the fort could tell that the battle was on.

During the half hour of open fighting they drew near to the river, and when about eighty rods away, with Menockasy Island a mile distant, it was suddenly discovered that they were surrounded by Indians, who had remained stealthily in ambush until they had passed. They had fallen into the trap. A hideous battle yell, repeated six distinct times, coming from every side, told the dreadful truth. The Six Nations had surrounded them.

An order to wheel and face the rear was misunderstood as an order to retreat to the fort, which was clearly an impossibility. In the confusion thus occasioned, resistance to such overwhelming numbers was fatal, and so the battle ended and the massacre began ; while the helpless listeners at the fort, realizing a change and fearing the worst, waited in vain agony for those who would

never come again. Only now and then an exhausted, bleeding straggler would stagger in to tell his heart-rending story.

Menockasy Island offered their only hope, and many sprang into the river to swim across. A few escaped, but many were butchered as they swam, or shot in the thigh and reserved for torture, or, happily, killed as they surrendered. In their frenzy, men shot old friends in cold blood, and one tory was seen deliberately to shoot his own brother.

Out of three hundred who went forth, over half were murdered, comparatively few falling in battle.

The leaders of the two armies were of the same name—Butler—and were said to belong to one family.

A detachment of thirty-five men arrived at the fort at evening, but too late. An attempt to concentrate the people of the valley at the fort was a failure, as fugitives were seeking the swamps and woods in every direction. With one company of one hundred women and children there was but one man. Few had provisions. "Children of misery, baptized in tears," were born and died in the wilderness and swamp.

About nine in the evening there came to Katherine Gaylord in the fort, a worn-out fugitive—a neighbor of the fort cabins. He brought to her a hat, narrow brimmed, high crowned—with a bullet hole through the top—her husband's.

He told her all she ever knew of his death. Together the two men had crossed to Menockasy Island closely followed by the savages. It was nearly dusk, and the neighbor, running ahead, secreted himself under an uprooted tree, screened by bushes. An instant later Aaron Gaylord ran by, hotly pursued by the Indians. He was almost immediately overtaken and scalped. The savages returned, peering here and there, but in the gathering gloom soon gave up their search and disappeared.

The man in hiding dared not venture forth until after dark, although he knew by the sound that his friend lived for some time.

At length, creeping cautiously out, his foot struck against the hat of the comrade who had fallen a sacrifice to savage hate. Hastily securing it, he brought it with him to the heart-broken wife at the fort—a last relic of a life that was past.

Before he went out to his death Aaron Gaylord had counselled long with his wife, and had formed careful plans for her flight, should he never come back. Even after mounting his horse he had ridden back again to his own door, and handing her the wallet which contained all the money he had in the world—a few dollars only—said: "Take this, if I never return it may be of some use to you."

That he never would return, seems to have been firmly impressed upon the hearts of both husband and wife. The children, Lorena and Lemuel, afterward related to their children his thoughtfulness in this planning. Lemuel remembered his father as he sat upon his horse giving final directions; and how, in obedience to his father's wish, he went at once to a distant pasture and brought in their horses to the fort.

"For," said Aaron Gaylord simply, but with a thought covering their entire future, "you may need them."

Katherine bade him good bye as a pioneer woman should—bravely and hopefully without, in spite of the sinking heart within; but she seemed to know they would meet no more in this life.

"Great strength is bought with pain." There was no time for tears.

Recalling his wishes and plans, she hurriedly made ready for instant flight. Upon one horse she hastily packed clothing and provisions; upon the other the four were to ride alternately. Family tradition however, records that because of a sudden lameness, Lemuel was forced to ride much of the way, and Katherine herself walked.

Shortly after midnight they rode out of the fort into the horrible blackness beyond, into pathless woods, amongst "savage beasts and still more savage men," into a veritable hades through which they must pass or die! Long, weary, unmarked miles stretched out before her, while he to whom "her heart had turned out o' all the rest i' the world" was suddenly gone to the land that is afar off; his body that was so dear, lying uncared for, behind her in the wilderness. Think of it, "oh, women safe in happy homes."

Little Lorena never forgot that awful moment, and years after would vividly recall it to her grandchildren. "I was Lorena,"

she would say impressively, "and I was the youngest, only seven years old; and I remember but one incident of that night. As my mother, sister and myself, mounted upon one horse, and my brother (fourteen years of age) leading the other, went out from the fort into the darkness, mother turned, and speaking to her neighbors whom she was leaving behind, said: 'Good bye, friends! God help us!' Her voice was so unnatural that I looked up into her face. I shall never forget the expression I saw there. It was white and rigid, and drawn with suffering that might have been the work of years instead of hours. It was so unlike my mother's face that I hid my own in her garments."

Others went out also, fugitives from their own; but from these Katherine and her pitifully helpless little group were almost immediately separated, each seeking safety in the way that seemed best to himself. Some elected to remain at the fort, and these were present at the surrender the following day. Investigation has proved that the many tales of atrocities done at the surrender are in a great measure untrue, as but one murder was committed, although the Indians could not be kept from plunder. After the withdrawal of the British forces, however, a few days later, the savages began an unchecked career of pillage, fire and murder; until those who had remained, hoping the worst was over, were forced to abandon the settlement, which was not fully re-established until December, 1799.

At daybreak Katherine had reached the thick recesses of the forest, but could see from afar the smoke of burning homes, and knew that her flight had been none too hasty. All day long they hurried on. The first night they came upon a settler's deserted cabin, which sheltered them. The three succeeding nights and many others they camped under the primeval forest trees, where, said Lorena, "we tired children, feeling secure with our heads upon mother's lap, slept soundly, while she watched the long night through, listening to the howling of the wolves and hearing in every rustling leaf the stealthy tread of an Indian." How pathetic their trust! how overwhelming the burden thrust so suddenly upon the frail shoulders of the slender young mother!

After the second day one horse became so lame that they left it

to its fate, and were thus obliged to plod wearily on foot, the remaining steed carrying their goods.

On the fourth day they arrived at a large stream. Here, either finding or building a raft, they loaded nearly all their precious stores upon it, intending to float them to a ford which they knew must be somewhere below, hoping there to cross.

To their dismay, after starting the raft they were told (perhaps by fugitives like themselves) that there were Indians below. Small wonder then, after hearing this, that even to save all they owned upon earth they should not venture down the stream. So abandoning their goods, as they had previously abandoned their horse, they found a crossing elsewhere.

Their situation was now desperate indeed. They had their one horse with four to ride; one blanket strapped upon the saddle, for four to use; a precious box of tinder and flint; and one musket, with a small quantity of ammunition, which must be hoarded to the utmost and saved for defence. How many of those hard nights may we suppose that Katherine Gaylord slept under that solitary blanket? Not one, with her three children to be sheltered and comforted!

Their clothing must very soon have become worn and soiled enough; and this, to a person of Katherine Gaylord's natural refinement, must have been an added bit of distress—small though it was in comparison with greater burdens to be borne.

The bullet-pierced hat and leathern wallet were carried always in her hand or about her person, and were in this way kept from disaster and brought safely to her father's house. As long as she lived she treasured them in an old chest, from whence children and grandchildren would reverently bring them forth, to illustrate the never-old story of her escape from the Indians, and of the death of their heroic grandfather, Aaron Gaylord. After she was gone, these priceless relics were in some way most unfortunately lost.

And now for weeks they toiled slowly on and on, following the trail indicated by blazed trees, with many wanderings aside into the pathless forest, with weakness and weariness, suffering and danger, but ever on and on toward home.

After the loss of their provisions, they subsisted for several

days upon berries, sassafras root, birch bark, or whatever they could gather by the way, not daring to start a blaze or fire a musket so near the dreaded foe. Well for them that it was summer. Once they went from Thursday to Sunday afternoon without food. They met then a party of friendly Indians who fed them; but we can hardly imagine their terror at first sight of a red man! They afterward met other friendly Indians as they left Wyoming farther and farther behind, and were never once refused aid in all their terrible journey.

The country, however, was very sparsely settled, and many of the cabins they came across were deserted. As days grew into weeks, they no longer feared to kindle a fire at night or to shoot game, although it was necessary to hoard their slender stock of ammunition with utmost economy.

They sometimes met stragglers from the army, or hunting parties, but these were invariably kind and helpful, and such encounters must have sent many bright rays of hope and courage through the gloom and unutterable loneliness of the vast primeval forest, in the dreary days when they saw no human face but their own.

Once when little Lorena and her sister Phebe were running on in advance of mother and brother—though never out of sight—singing and chasing butterflies, gathering wild flowers, forgetting already the past, fearing nothing so long as they had mother, they came upon two men sitting on the ground. These proved to be hunters, who divided with Katherine their stock of food as they heard her sad story and helped her on her way.

But this incident made a great impression upon Lorena, owing to the fright of Phebe, who screaming in terror, literally dragged Lorena back to her mother, scratching her face, tearing her garments (for the latter mishap there being no remedy, although Dame Nature would mend the former!) and greatly alarming the others. She remembered how her brother, the lad Lemuel, grown since Wyoming to man's estate, his mother's confidante, protector, and sole reliance—stepped boldly to the front, musket in hand, ready to defend his mother and sisters with his life if need be. And the surprise and hearty sympathy of the two men remained always a warm memory with Lorena.

Another day, losing the trail, they came at nightfall in sight of a large building with many lighted windows, which they took to be a wayside tavern. Within they could see a company of men, seemingly soldiers, seated at a table eating their supper.

Faint for want of food and exausted with travel, still Katherine Gaylord hesitated. With the memory of the British and Tory at Wyoming fresh upon her, how could she trust any man!

Desperation at last gave her desperation's courage, and entering a back room, she sank down in the darkness with her little girls drawn close beside her, while her boy strode sturdily forward into the room where the men were gathered, and asked for food for his mother and sisters.

In a moment a light was brought, and they were surrounded by the astonished men, who with curious and pitying faces gazed at the forlorn little group and listened to their pathetic story with manhood's unaccustomed tears. Nothing could exceed their kindness as they rivaled each other in giving comfort to the poor wanderers.

The unwonted luxuries of enough to eat, a bed in which to sleep, and strong, ready protectors, were theirs that night; while the sense of security must have given to the poor mother such a rest as had not been hers for many long weeks.

"The gentlest woman," said Lorena in after years, "could not have ministered to our needs more thoughtfully and generously than did these rough, stalwart men."

In the morning they were loaded with provisions and sent on their way with many kind and hearty words.

They never forgot these friends, although they never knew who or what they were. Possibly, in the same way, their descendants may have heard this tale; and sometimes, even to this day, may ponder the fate of those hapless refugees whom their ancestors befriended in the wilderness.

They often heard at night the howling of wild beasts, but had never been molested. Now, however, for several days an undefined feeling of unusual danger near at hand, had haunted Katherine, who seems to have been one of those prescient souls, delicately susceptible to impressions which one of coarser fiber could not feel.

One night as they camped by their fire they caught a glimpse of a long, crouching, stealthy form in the underbrush, and knew that some savage creature was on their track. All the night long they could see his gleaming eyes in the firelight, but he dared not attack them. Neither dared he touch them by daylight, and in the morning they cautiously and fearfully went on their way, not venturing to stop for rest or food. Lemuel led, and the others followed upon the staunch back of their sorely-tried friend—the one remaining horse. A driving rain set in, and the blanket formed but poor protection.

All day long they moved slowly on, with that fearful nightmare creeping ever softly behind—biding his time!

When night drew near their outlook seemed hopeless. To go on in the darkness and storm would be impossible. The soaking rain precluded all hope of a fire, while to stop without a fire meant instant attack, and—a reward to the dogged determination of the brute behind them, of which they dared not think.

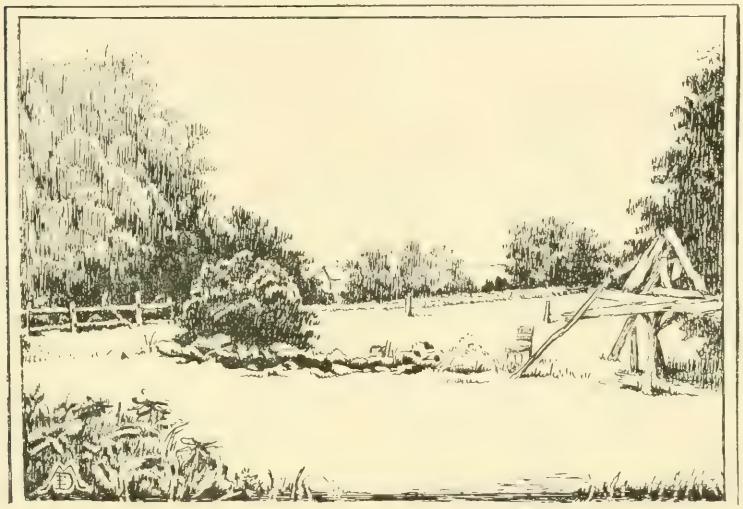
With the knowledge of all this and with a dreadful doom seemingly so near, the faith and fortitude of the heroic mother did not fail. She drew her frightened children as closely as possible to her side, and in her helplessness prayed ceaselessly for that help which to human vision could never come.

Faith and works go hand in hand to fulfillment; and while she prayed she kept moving, straining her eyes in the darkness which settled so awfully upon them. And Katherine Gaylord never doubted that the Ever-Present Power in which she trusted led their feet neither to right nor to left, but directly into a little clearing where the dark outlines of a deserted cabin with open door appeared to their gladdened eyes!

Straight through the friendly portal—not stopping to dismount! Lemuel swung to the heavy door, dropped the bar into its place, and they were saved. Often in after years did Katherine say that she believed that they were directly led by Providence.

The cabin contained one room, with a small lean-to in which the horse found luxuries undreamt of in his recent philosophizing—warmth and shelter. The place had evidently been abandoned in haste, for they found stacks of firewood, with potatoes and corn meal in plenty.

A good fire soon warmed body and soul; and with safety, shelter, warmth, dry clothing and a hot supper of roasted potatoes and corn meal cakes, they felt a rush of fresh courage and new life. Their steadfast friend in the lean-to shared with them—though whether or not, in the exuberance of their reaction, the children roasted for him the potatoes, history does not say.



SITE OF THE HOUSE IN BURLINGTON WHERE KATHERINE GAYLORD LIVED FOR FORTY YEARS.

And then they sat around the glowing fire, while Katherine thanked the Power that led them hither.

In the morning the panther had disappeared, but fearing its return they remained in their place of safety, and rested two days, then went on, strengthened by their enforced period of waiting.

Somewhere on this weary road they must have met, but passed unseen the brother of Katherine, sent out by her anxious father, who had heard of the Wyoming tragedy, to find and help her home. "Our unknown losses!" What a subject for thought. The brother however must have kept the trail which she often lost; and so it came about that she was first to reach home.

After many weeks, as they saw once more the hills that compassed that dear home on every side, how tumultuous her thoughts! while the mingled fear and suffering of the weary way by which they had come, already seemed as a troubled dream.

The news of their coming went before, and all through the familiar streets as they passed, old friends came out to greet them as those risen from the dead. Many went on with them to her father's house. As he came out to meet her, brave Katherine broke down at last, and throwing herself into his arms, burst into tears—the first she had shed since that fatal night at Wyoming. And not the least touching of all was her determined attempt still to keep up, prefacing her tears by the cheerful greeting: "Well, we are the worst looking lot you ever saw."

Love, home and care were hers once more—even though that which was gone could never return. Here she found refuge at last; but she could not rest while her country suffered. Although she had seemingly given all—yet her patriotic heart consented to one more sacrifice.

In 1780, when Lemuel was about sixteen, she gave him to serve his country in its need, as he had upheld his mother in her own. Remember, he was her only son and she was a widow. When we realize all that he was to her, we can more fully appreciate the intensity of her patriotism as shown by this final offering. Lemuel was at the surrender of Cornwallis, and then, some time after the war, he left his mother at New Cambridge and returned to Wyoming, drawn perhaps by more interests than one; for here he married Sylvia Murray, daughter of Noah Murray. They settled finally in Illinois and had a family of ten children.

Phebe, Katherine's eldest daughter, married Levi Frisbie, and in 1800 moved to Orwell, Pennsylvania, where they had five children.

Lorena, the "baby," married, in 1799, Lynde Phelps, of Burlington, Connecticut, and was the mother of seven daughters.

So Katherine Gaylord lived, in spite of fate, to see twenty-two grandchildren. After her brood had flown and no longer needed the care which once was literal life to them, she stayed on with her parents and cared for them. Her father, James Cole, living to be over ninety, was one day left for a short time alone in the house.

In some way the roof caught fire and the building was burned to the ground. It was with difficulty that Mr. Cole was rescued, and shortly after this he died. Almost nothing was saved, and again Katherine was homeless.

She went then to live with Lorena, and for forty years she passed in and out among them, taking the liveliest interest in helping to "raise" the seven daughters of her daughter, who remembered ever her kind, motherly care, and the quiet, patient, Christian character she maintained.

In 1799 she had united with the Congregational Church of Bristol, and she proved ever the truth of the beautiful thought, so suggestive of her spirit :

> " Our life is no poor cisterned store,
> That lavish years are draining low,
> But living streams that, welling o'er,
> Fresh from the living fountains flow."

Her sturdy independence was characteristic to the last. When in her nineties her daughter Lorena begged her to lie down in the daytime to rest, she determinedly refused, giving as her reason that she "did not wish to get in the habit of it!"

HOUSE IN WHICH CATHERINE GAYLORD DIED.

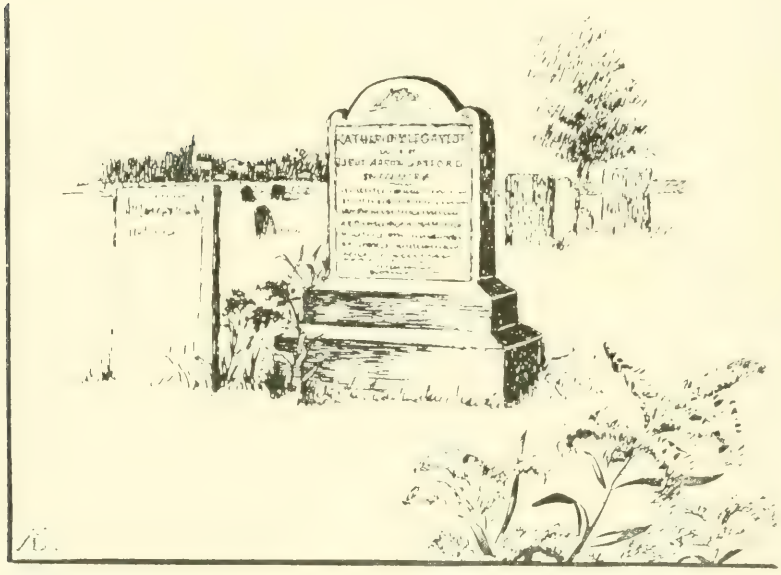
In extreme old age, later events faded from her mind, but Wyoming and its fateful memories were never dim.

She is said once to have been so overcome by the sight of a picture representing an Indian in the act of scalping a man, that she fell to the floor—so vividly did the horrible past return to her.

At the very last of her life here, she would sit for hours by the fire, lost to her surroundings, apparently living over the days

gone by. She would sometimes start up in terror, calling to her children to hide from the Indians! Again she would seem to be in fear of wild beasts and cry out pitifully. Sometimes she would speak her husband's name, and smile—seeming to hold communion with him. Perhaps she did—who knows? And at the last, after ninety-five years, she passed peacefully away, feeling no doubt in regard to the love of her youth, that while

"Clouds sail and waters flow,
Our souls must journey on,
But it cannot be ill to go
The way that thou hast gone."



Monument erected to Katherine Gaylord in Burlington, Connecticut, bearing the following inscription:

KATHERINE COLE GAYLORD,
Wife of
LIEUTENANT AARON GAYLORD,
1745–1840.

In memory of her sufferings and heroism at the massacre of Wyoming, 1778, this stone is erected by her descendants and the members of the Katherine Gaylord Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, July 3, 1895.

The storm and tumult of her life seemed to follow her even unto death. At the time of her going a terrific snow storm occurred in New England, blocking the roads and shutting off all possibility of immediate interment. The village carpenter, who was also the village undertaker, had probably time to provide a suitable casket before the storm; but it was several days before the men could venture out even to break paths. Owing to a fierce wind, in many places the paths had to be twice cleared.

When at length the last storm which should ever rage over the head of devoted Katherine had raved itself into calm, a handful of men left the "Center" to do for her the last service she would ever need at their hands. They started with horse and sleigh, but after going a few rods the plunging steed tore off a shoe, cutting his foot so badly as to disable him; and so they abandoned his help, even as Katherine had abandoned her steed near Wyoming long years ago. The men then drew the sleigh across the drifted fields to the place two miles away, where, heedless of all tumult now, the body of the heroine lay in peace.

Greatly exhausted by the hard road and digging, the men were obliged to rest and take food before making further effort.

One still living, who as a boy was present at this strange burial, recalls clearly the occasion, and how the body of Katherine was placed upon the sleigh, while her old friends and neighbors with their own hands drew it to its final place; even as in ancient times great heroes were borne upon the shoulders of those who would do them honor. Eight men were present at this final scene, but no woman was among them. A tragic ending to a tragic life!

"Never more, O storm-tossed soul—
Never more from wind or tide,
Never more from billows roll,
Wilt thou need thyself to hide!"

The name of Aaron Gaylord may be found upon a list of the killed, given in the History of Wyoming. Also, in a quaint set of verses upon the "Revolutionary War," may be found this couplet:

"Next, Aaron Gaylord unto death did yield,
With Stoddart Brown on the tented field."

The Wyoming monument is situated in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, and has upon it two Bristol names—Aaron Gaylord and Elias Roberts. The following is a copy of the inscription:

Near this spot was fought on the afternoon of Friday, the third day
of July, 1778, The Battle of Wyoming,
In which a small band of patriotic Americans, chiefly the undisciplined, the youthful, and the aged, spared by inefficiency
from the distant ranks of the Republic, led by Col.
Zebulon Butler and Col. Nathan Dennison,
With a courage that deserved success, boldly met and bravely fought
a combined British, Tory and Indian force of thrice their number.
Numerical superiority alone gave success to the invader, and widespread havoc, desolation and ruin marked his savage
and bloody footsteps through the valley.
This Monument
Commemorative of these events and of the actors in them has
been erected
Over The Bones Of The Slain
By their descendants and others, who gratefully appreciate the
services and sacrifices of their patriot ancestors.

Florence E. D. Muzzy.

(MRS. ADRIAN JAMES MUZZY.)

ABI HUMASTON

MRS. ABI BLAKESLEE HUMASTON, for whom the Thomaston Daughters of the American Revolution have the honor of naming their chapter, was a native of Northbury, now Thomaston. She was the oldest of the ten children of Jude Blakeslee and of Experience his wife. Her parents were cousins, Jude Blakeslee being the son of Abram Blakeslee, and Experience being the daughter of Abram's brother, Thomas. Jude Blakeslee, Abi's father, was known as Ensign Blakeslee, a title which indicates that he had a share in the local military proceedings of the time, but there is little actual record concerning him to be found.

Thomas Blakeslee, the grandfather of Abi, was born in 1700, in North Haven, Conn., and from there moved to Sunderland, Mass., where he married Mary Scott, a daughter of Richard Scott of Sunderland. In 1731 they removed to Northbury, Conn., and were the third family to settle there. The signature of Thomas Blakeslee appears upon the earliest documents of Northbury, and the town records are replete with his name and show him to have been a man of considerable prominence in town affairs. He was the first captain of the "Northbury Train Band," regarded in that day as an office second in importance to that of the minister. To this office he was appointed at the May session of the General Assembly of 1740, the Colonial Records of Connecticut of that date having the following entry: "This Assembly do establish and confirm Mr. Thomas Blakeslee to be Captain of the Third Company of the Train Band in the town of Waterbury, and order that he be conditioned accordingly." His name also heads the list of petitioners of the "Up River" inhabitants of the town of Northbury, who in September, 1736, craved "the privilege of hiring a minister for the three winter months."

The husband of Abi Blakeslee, Jesse Humaston, was the youngest of the ten children of Caleb Humaston and of his wife, Susannah Todd. Their home was in Plymouth, and so far as known, North Haven was the home of Jesse Humaston's grandparents.

According to the record in "Connecticut Men of the Revolution," Jesse Humaston responded to the first call for troops made by the Legislature in April and May of 1775, the call which followed close upon the Lexington Alarm. He was a private in the Eighth Company of the First Regiment under the command of General Wooster. This regiment was encamped during the summer at Harlem, and in September, 1775, under orders from Congress, was marched under General Schuyler to the Northern Department and took active part in the operations along Lakes George and Champlain. The regiment assisted in the capture of St. John and was afterwards stationed in Montreal. Much sickness prevailed in this command and many soldiers were furloughed or discharged in the following October and November. Jesse Humaston received his discharge November 25, 1775.

The tradition of the hardships endured by these soldiers is still preserved in the families of Abi Humaston's descendants, and the incidents of her life as given in this sketch are contributed by her grandchildren and great grandchildren, but the narrative is very incomplete and made up of disconnected reminiscences.

During the first years of the Revolution Connecticut was full of Tories,* and the bitter feeling on the part of patriots against Tories was especially intense early in the war. In March, 1775, complaints against individuals and companies began to be made to the General Assembly and at each session thereafter for several years. Connecticut papers published lists of names of Tories and held them up to public view as enemies of their country. They filled the jails to overflowing.

There seems no room for doubt that one of the greatest obstacles the patriots had to contend with was the Tory. The Tory colonel, John Butler, was in command of Tories and Indians at

*The following four paragraphs concerning Tories are taken in part verbatim from articles in The Connecticut Quarterly, Vol. IV, Nos. 2 and 3 (1898), entitled The Tories of Connecticut, by James Shepard, Esq., of New Britain.

the horrible massacre of Wyoming. Tory guides led Tryon at the burning of Danbury. New Haven was plundered under the guidance of a captain of a Tory command. The Tories continually carried on an illicit trade between Connecticut and Long Island. Every county and town had its Tories. But Fairfield county was a Tory center, and the hills of southeastern Litchfield county—including the adjoining corners of Plymouth, Harwinton,

THE HOME OF ABI HUMASTON.

(On Humaston Hill, between Thomaston and Northfield.)

Burlington and Bristol—were a stronghold of Toryism and meetings were held there from all parts of the state.

In the Burlington ledges at the southwest of the town is a cave known as the Tory Den, which was often resorted to by Tories for longer or shorter periods of refuge. For their own defense bands of Tories worked together first on one farm, then on another. If a party of the Sons of Liberty approached, the Tories fled to the Den, their faithful wives being always on the

watch, who, at the sight of Tory hunters, would blow a horn or a conch shell as a warning.

But so watchful were the patriots of Northbury, even of their soldiers, that in October, 1775, it was reported to the General Assembly that a major portion of one company in Northbury (now Plymouth) was inclined to Toryism and a committee was appointed to inquire and report.

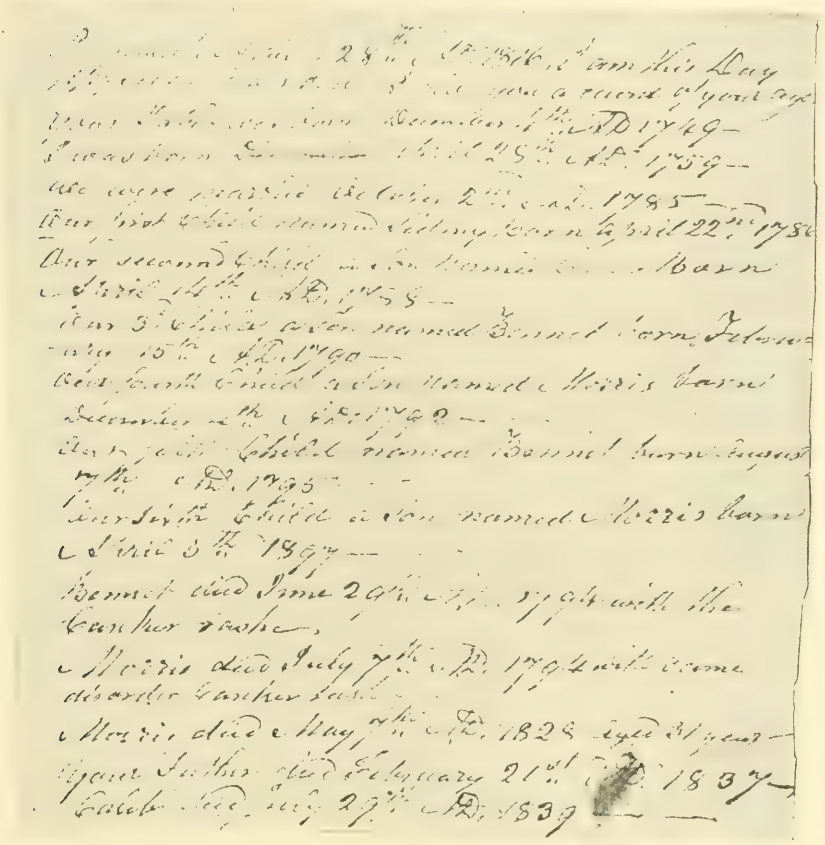
Moreover Northbury being a frontier settlement, was exposed on the north and west to attacks from the Indians, which kept its people ever upon the alert. The Tories made frequent raids, confiscating for their use any supplies or provisions which they could get. The Northbury families had been constant sufferers, and an instance of our young heroine's disapproval of Tory methods is related by a grandson.

"The British or Tories had once been through this part of the state and on the march had foraged and stolen all the provisions which they could find, taking at the time all the supplies of meal and sausages which my grandmother had prepared. Hearing of their second coming, she had a supply of sausages on hand, made especially for them, the ingredients of which were red broadcloth and turnips. The outside of the bags were duly greased and the sausages were hung on a stick to dry, as was the manner of preparation in those days. She had warning of the approach of 'those durned Tories,' as they were called by the farmers ; for she could hear them as they came across 'Castle Bridge,' over the Naugatuck River. She hurriedly placed the sausage in evidence, which on their arrival they seized and made off with, notwithstanding her entreaties to leave some."

It is not recorded that the Tories ever came for a third supply of sausages, but there is a tradition that during those troublous times our heroine, like many other women in patriot homes, made tea from the leaves of the spice bush, drying the leaves herself. Pearlash she made from corncobs burned to ashes on the cleanly washed hearth of the fireplace, which she then carefully gathered and used in place of saleratus.

Jesse Humaston and other soldiers, when leaving home for the army, took many dogs with them, which on their march home from Canada they were obliged to kill for food to

keep themselves from starvation. Rumor also says that their buckskin pockets which had been made for them by their mothers and sisters and wives, they roasted and ate. Their shoes were worn



FACSIMILE COPY OF ABI HUMASTON'S PENMANSHIP.

(From the fore part of a book of poems, written by Abi Humaston.)

out and they were forced to march barefooted through the snow, their feet frozen and bleeding and staining the snow as they marched through it.

Five sons and one daughter, Sydney, were born to Jesse and Abi Humaston between the years 1786 and 1797. Two, Bennet and Morris, died in childhood within eight days of each other, and two sons born in the following three years received in turn the same names Bennet and Morris. Three sons grew up to manhood, but only two children (a son and daughter) survived their mother, who lived to be eighty-eight years old. Morris, the youngest, died in 1828 when thirty-one years old, and Caleb, the second, in 1839, when fifty-one years old, his father having died two years previous.

A granddaughter* relates the story of her grandmother Abi Humaston's efforts to teach her to write when she was almost too young to hold a pen. She was also taught by her grandmother the Commandments, and as she sat on a stool at her grandmother's side, repeating them after her, Abi Humaston used to say, "Child, it is an easy matter for people to be Christians in these days when churches are near by, heated and cushioned, but think what we used to do; ride on a pillion from two to five miles, weather below zero, and then sit in a church without a fire, have morning service and a long sermon, and in the afternoon another service, making an all day affair of it, with the long ride home in the cold, supper to get, and the work of the family to do."

Abi Humaston was a devoted Episcopalian, ready and glad to do her part in any church work. Her Bible and prayer book were the companions of her old age. To the last she took great interest in the affairs of the day and was fond of the company of her many friends. She was extremely hospitable, and in her home there was always room for one more and a hearty welcome for all. She was a woman of strong convictions and well educated for that period. She was a diligent reader and at the age of eighty could read fine print without the aid of glasses. She wrote a little book of poems, a verse or two on each birthday, the last one being written on her eighty-fourth birthday.

From this quaint little book, which is in the possession of her granddaughter,† the following verses are taken. They were

*Mrs. Emily A. Woodruff, Eldorado Springs, Mo.

†Emily A. Woodruff, Eldorado Springs, Mo., from whose letter the story of Abi Humaston's Bible instruction and what follows is taken.

written by Abi Humaston upon her eighty-first birthday, April 28, 1840, and are characteristic of the thought of her time, which expressed itself even in poetry usually in terms of pity and religion.

My children dear, who now are here,
I hope you'll seek and pray,
To Jesus Christ, who gave his life,
To wash our guilt and sins away.

* * * *

Don't take God's holy name in vain,
Nor dare His Sabbath to profane,
Nor curse, nor swear, nor lie or steal—
In anger—God with such will deal.

If worldly goods you do possess
Pity the poor and the distressed ;
Always be kind, and mercy show,
And think them only lent to you.

If you are poor and stand in need,
Look in God's word and you can read,
That He has riches kept in store,
For those who humbly Him adore.

Although each poem is dated, the day, month and year being given, Abi Humaston did not once sign her name, and nothing bearing her signature has been found. But the owner of the little book of poems cut a leaf from the fore part of the book and sent it to the writer of this chapter sketch as a sample of Abi Humaston's penmanship. It is a record of the names and birth dates of Abi Humaston's children ; also of her husband's and her own birth dates. It was written eighty-five years ago, and bespeaks the careful, cultured hand of a woman who when a girl attended the country schools of Connecticut previous to the Revolution.

Short and sturdy of stature, with abundant snowy white hair, hidden under the conventional cap of the day, she retained her faculties till the last day of her long life, which was spent wholly in her native town of Thomaston (originally called Northbury, 1739, later Plymouth, 1795), where many of her descendants are still living.

Mrs. Abi Humaston was buried in the Old Cemetery on the site of the present Town Hall building in Thomaston, and was afterwards removed to Hillside Cemetery, overlooking the picturesque valley of the Naugatuck river.

BURIAL PLACE AND HEADSTONES OF JESSE AND ABI HUMASTON.

The inscriptions on the gravestones erected to Abi Humaston and her husband are as follows:

In memory of
JESSE HUMASTON
who died Feb. 21st 1837
aged 87 yrs.

In memory of ABI,
relict of JESSE HUMASTON
who died May 7th 1847
aged 88 yrs.

Frances E. Blakeslee.

The grandchildren of Mrs. Abi Humaston who furnished incidents for this paper are:

Caleb and Morris Humaston of Thomaston, Conn.
Mrs. Emily Woodruff of Eldorado Springs, Mo.
Mrs. Minerva P. Judd of Watertown, Conn.

Other authorities consulted are:

The Histories of Plymouth and Waterbury, and the Plymouth Town Records.

EMMA HART WILLARD

An American Educator

Daughter of a Revolutionary Captain

SUSAN CARRINGTON CLARKE

Second State Regent of Connecticut

A Descendant of Esek Hopkins, First Commander-in-chief of the American Navy, 1775

EMMA HART WILLARD CHAPTER
BERLIN

SUSAN CARRINGTON CLARKE CHAPTER
MERIDEN

Emma Willard

(By courtesy of Miss Sarah H. Willard, Boston.)

EMMA HART WILLARD

IN considering a title with which to designate the Berlin and Kensington Chapter, one name came almost concurrently into the minds of its charter members. It was the name of Emma Hart Willard. Indeed anyone familiar with the history of Berlin, if asked to name the most distinguished woman who had originated within its limits, would name this one woman as Berlin's most celebrated daughter.

She belonged to a family prominently and honorably identified with the history of Berlin from its foundation,—a family closely in touch with the Revolutionary period through the services of her father and her oldest brother, while she herself won an almost national reputation through the strong democratic sentiments which dominated her life—her teachings—her writings: hence the fitness of her name as the patronymic of a patriotic society was beyond question.

Emma Hart Willard was of English blood and of good old Puritan stock, her father, Samuel Hart, being a descendant of Thomas Hooker, one of the founders of Connecticut. Samuel Hart's mother, Mary Hooker, was the daughter of John Hooker of Farmington, the granddaughter of Rev. Samuel Hooker (who was the first minister of Farmington), and the great-granddaughter of Thomas Hooker of Hartford.

On his father's side, Samuel Hart was descended from Stephen Hart, one of the deacons of Thomas Hooker's church. Stephen Hart was the oldest of a colony of eight who emigrated from Hartford to Farmington.

Some years after the settlement there, his grandson, John Hart, then a lad of eleven years, returning after a night's absence from home, found his father's house a heap of smouldering ruins, in the flames of which his father, mother, brothers and sisters had all been consumed. It was believed that the entire family had been

murdered in their home by the Indians, who then fired the house.

This boy lived to be the father of three sons, of whom Samuel Hart, the grandfather of Mrs. Willard, became one of the founders of Berlin.*

Concerning the Revolutionary services of Capt. Samuel Hart, the father of Emma Hart Willard, the following statements are on record,† the first from the pen of his youngest daughter:

"The military title of Captain Hart was of Revolutionary origin. A company was organized in the town of Berlin, of which he was captain, to go to the seacoast of Long Island, to prevent the depredations of the British, who had burnt Danbury and given much alarm to the inhabitants of other towns. In my childhood I have often heard my father describe the incidents of this campaign. At one time when the enemy was near New Haven, some of our troops were looking through a telescope. My father said to one near him, 'We had better leave this place, we may be exposed to their guns,' when there came from those guns a shot which killed the man my father thus addressed."

Secondly is the following statement taken from a memoir‡ of Mrs. Willard:

"Samuel Hart bore the title of Captain first in the militia, while yet a young man. He had resigned the office before the Revolution began and was then, by law, free from military duty. That his neighbors placed unlimited confidence in his patriotism, courage and conduct, is shown by the fact that when, during the Revolution, Tryon invaded Connecticut, all capable of bearing arms, but not bound by law, volunteered in Berlin to form a company to defend the State; and among them was one who had been a colonel in the regular service, and a general in the militia (Gen. Selah Hart). The company, which had the soubriquet of the

* Prof. Fowler's Memoir of Mrs. Willard.

† The New York Genealogical and Biographical Record for July, 1884, an article written by Mrs. Almira Lincoln Phelps, then in her ninety-first year. Mrs. Phelps was the youngest child of Capt. Samuel Hart, and author of Lincoln's Botany and Phelps' Chemistry; she was Principal of the Patapsco Female Institute, Maryland, and scarcely less distinguished than her sister Mrs. Willard.

‡ Memoir of Mrs. Willard by Prof. Henry Fowler, Rochester University, N.Y. Published in American Journal Education, March, 1859.

'Stag Company,' made choice of Capt. Samuel Hart as their commander for the dangerous service."

Emma Hart Willard was born in Berlin, February 23, 1787, the sixteenth child of Capt. Samuel Hart and the ninth child of Lydia Hinsdale, his second wife, who was the mother of ten of Captain Hart's seventeen children.

In childhood she was sent to the district school, and her father, a man of fine mind, supplemented the instruction of the day by teaching his children in the evening. Thus at the age of fifteen Emma, his daughter, had acquired all the knowledge to be gained in the local schools and through her reading was familiar with much biography and history and with the best British poets and essayists.

She attended for a time a school kept by a Yale graduate, Dr. Miner, who encouraged her to make all possible attainment, especially in English composition, the results of which are manifest in her publications and in her extensive correspondence, which in later years showed a health and vigor, a clearness of reasoning, and a conciseness of statement rarely found.

She was enabled by the help of her financially prosperous brothers to spend a part of two years at a school in Hartford, after which she was engaged in teaching first in Berlin, shortly after in Westfield, Mass., and later in Middlebury, Vt. Here at the age of twenty-two she married Dr. John Willard, a prominent politician and the Marshal of Vermont. This marriage withdrew her from active work as a teacher until 1814, when, owing to financial reverses, she opened a school in Middlebury, which established her reputation as a teacher of rare ability. Appreciating the great need for a higher and better education for women, Mrs. Willard addressed the New York Assembly in behalf of woman's education, and asked for a state appropriation for the establishment of a seminary for women. Disappointed in obtaining this appropriation, she availed herself of the very substantial offer made to her by the citizens and city corporation of Troy, and founded there the Troy Female Seminary, the first school of its kind in America and which proved the crowning achievement of her life. Heretofore the accomplishments had been considered all that was necessary in a girl's education, while in

Mrs. Willard's school in Troy the spirit of instruction was always a desire for thorough knowledge in the solid branches of study,—the need of better text-books being met by Mrs. Willard herself, who wrote treatises upon both geography and history.

In 1825, General Lafayette visited America and was welcomed at the Troy Seminary—a song composed by Mrs. Willard and sung by the young ladies of the school being a part of the program on that memorable occasion.

The poem is as follows :

"And art thou, then, dear hero, come,
And do our eyes behold the man,
Who nerved his arm and bared his breast
For us, ere yet our life began?
For us and for our native land,
Thy youthful valor dared the war;
And now in winter of thy age,
Thou'st come and left thy loved ones far.

Then deep and dear thy welcome be,
Nor think thy daughters far from thee;
Columbia's daughters, lo! we bend,
And claim to call thee father, friend.

But was't our country's rights alone
Impelled Fayette to Freedom's van?
No, 'twas the love of human kind—
It was the sacred cause of man;
It was benevolence sublime,
Like that which sways the eternal mind!
And, benefactor of the world,
He shed his blood for all mankind.

Then deep and dear thy welcome be,
Nor think thy daughters far from thee;
Daughters of human kind, we bend,
And claim to call thee father, friend.

This event was afterward referred to in a very graceful manner by the General in a letter to Mrs. Willard, and on her first visit to Paris in 1830, she was received with great courtesy by him and his daughters, presented at Court, escorted to the Chambers of Deputies and introduced to the most distinguished persons of the French Capital.

The succeeding years were devoted mostly to the conduct of the seminary. In 1844, when she was fifty-seven years of age, she made the following statement: "I have had under my care as nearly as I can calculate, five thousand pupils, of whom as many as five hundred have been teachers. I think more than half of these have been educated without present pay, their bills to be paid later from their earnings." It is estimated by others, on reliable information, that not more than two-thirds of these pupils ever paid the expenses of their education. Hence more than one hundred and fifty young women were gratuitously educated by Mrs. Willard, who thus became not only a well-known American educator, but a benefactor to womanhood everywhere. In 1854 she practically withdrew from the management of Troy Seminary, leaving it to the care of her son, John H. Willard, and his wife, and after her return from a second visit to Europe she spent some years quietly at her home in Troy engaged in literary work.

The stirring times preceding the Civil War again brought her before the public. She endeavored by letters and memorials to influence prominent men to avoid the horrors of war and maintain peace between the North and South. When over seventy years of age she brought before Congress a petition, signed by over four thousand women, in the interest of peace, but it was of no avail. When war was actually begun, she recognized the necessity for energetic measures and was intensely in sympathy with the administration.

Her published works are many. Her text-books for schools were for years universally adopted. She wrote many odes for special occasions, but her ocean hymn, "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," is her masterpiece. At the bicentennial celebration of the Farmington church in 1840 she delivered before the assembly an original poem entitled "Bride Stealing," which was a portrayal of a peculiar custom prevalent two hundred years ago, and which awakened much interest in Connecticut circles.

The last entry in her diary was on the fifth of April, 1870. She died on the fifteenth of the same month, beloved and honored and leaving a record remarkable for its achievements in the cause of education.

Mrs. Willard, born just at the close of the Revolutionary war,

reared in a home where the memories of the great struggle were sacredly cherished, tutored and inspired by parents and kindred who had fought and sacrificed for the great cause, the hardships, heroism and glory of the war were burned into her in her girlhood, by constant recital. Endowed by nature with exceptional ability, which was later trained by fine scholarship, her life is an inspiration to all noble attainment and awakens the admiration of her countrywomen.

She grew to womanhood not only an enthusiast in her love for the young Republic, but while still a young woman became one of her country's earliest historians. Her work was entitled "A History of the Republic of America." It was written in 1828 and was used for many years as a text-book in schools and was an acknowledged authority.

It was dedicated to her mother, and that Mrs. Willard appreciated the sacrifices made by her mother and other women in the Revolutionary struggle is shown in the dedication, and is one of her claims to remembrance by the patriotic chapters of her state.

"Accept this offering of a daughter's love,
Dear, only, widowed parent, on whose brow,
Time-honored, have full eighty winters shed
The crown of glory.
Mother, few are left
Like thee, who felt the fire of freedom's holy time
Pervade and purify the patriot's breast.
Thou wert within thy country's shattered bark,
When trusting Heaven, she rode the raging seas
And braved with dauntless, death-defying front
The storm of war. With me retrace the scene,
Then view her peace, her wealth, her liberty and fame,
And like the mariner who gains the port
Almost unhoped for, from the dangerous waves,
Thou canst rejoice!—and thankful praise to God,
The Great Deliverer, which perchance I *speak*—
Thou, in thy pious heart, will deeply *feel*."

Mrs. Willard's life was one of activity to its very close. Her diary shows unabated interest in everything about her. She lived to see the Union pass through the storm of the Civil War, the blot of slavery removed, and peace restored to the again "United"

States—the fulfillment of a prayer-prophecy expressed in a patriotic ode written by her in the early period of the civil war, when she was seventy-five years of age.

God save America!
God grant our standard may,
Where'er it wave,
Follow the just and right,
Foremost be in fight,
And glorious still in might
Our own to save.

God keep America—
Of nations great and free,
Man's noblest friend;
Still with the ocean bound
Our continent around,
Each state in place be found,
Till time shall end.

God bless America—
As in our father's day,
So evermore!
God grant all discords cease,
Kind brotherhoods increase,
And truth and love breathe peace,
From shore to shore.

Her burial place was fitly chosen. It is in Oakwood Cemetery, overlooking the valleys of the Hudson and the Mohawk rivers. Below lies the city of Troy, which had been so long her home, and where fifty years before she founded an institution which has been an honor to our age and country.

Alice Norton.
Anne Amelia Hart.
(MRS. SAMUEL A. HART.)
Clara E. Bidwell.

The writers are much indebted to Dr. John Lord's "Life of Emma Willard," and to material furnished by a granddaughter, Miss Sarah H. Willard, and by Miss Emily T. Wilcox, a grandniece, formerly Principal of Troy Seminary.

MISS SUSAN C. CLARKE.

(Late State Regent Connecticut.)

SUSAN CARRINGTON CLARKE

SUSAN CARRINGTON CLARKE was born in Rhode Island in 1831. She died October 20, 1895, in Atlanta, Georgia, while on a visit to the Exposition held there. She was a descendant of Esek Hopkins, first Admiral of the United States Navy, and at the outbreak of the Revolution probably the best known sea captain in the colonies. While the title of admiral was not given him by the formal act of the unfledged Republic of the United States, he was unanimously chosen December 22, 1775, as the head of the new navy and ranked with the general-in-chief of the land forces, and was addressed as admiral by the Marine Committee and by the officials of the Continental Congress. Esek Hopkins commanded the first naval squadron sent out by Congress. The line of descent is:

Susan Carrington Clarke, daughter of John Hopkins Clarke and Susan Carrington Miles, his wife; granddaughter of Dr. John Clarke and Amey Hopkins, his wife; great granddaughter of Esek Hopkins and Desire Burroughs, his wife. On her grandmother's side Miss Clarke was the great grand-niece of Stephen Hopkins of Rhode Island, who was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

When she was still a little girl, Miss Clarke went to Middletown, Connecticut, to live with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hubbard. She was educated on the lines of old-fashioned intelligence. She read "Paradise Lost" with her aunt, making it a Sunday reading as especially appropriate for that day. Then Mrs. Hubbard began a course of Scott's poems with her niece. But when one Sunday the youthful niece read a canto of "Marmion" she was called "naughty" by her aunt, such was the division between Milton and Scott in the estimate of the day. When Mr. Hubbard was appointed postmaster-general in the cabinet of President Fillmore, Miss Clarke, as a young lady, went

with Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard to Washington, and while there saw the best society of that time. She was acquainted with Daniel Webster and Charles Sumner and, also connecting link with the days of yore, she met Mrs. Dolly Madison, the widow of James Madison, our fourth President, and himself an actor in the Revolution of 1775. Miss Clarke may have taken the public-spirited turn, which was marked in her character, at this time.

HOME OF SUSAN CARRINGTON CLARKE, MIDDLETOWN.

(Second State Regent Connecticut.)

In 1855 Mr. Hubbard died, but Miss Clarke always kept up her interest in Washington, both politically and socially, and she was always a welcome guest to her friends there. During our War of the Rebellion in 1861 she was intensely patriotic for the defenders of our insulted flag. Later she had a year of European travel with Dr. and Mrs. Cummings.

In 1885 Mrs. Hubbard died after several years of failing powers which made her a great charge. Through all the care and nursing Miss Clarke never spared herself, and she came very near sacrificing her health if not her life to her aunt. Not only was her care unfailing, her loyalty and affection were most beautiful, and to the last moment of her life she quoted her aunt's theories and practices as among the things that were wise and profitable.

When she recovered in some degree from the effects of her aunt's illness and death, Miss Clarke found herself in possession of a large fortune and a beautiful home. How full the ten years following were of kind thoughts and deeds. She administered her great fortune with a man's large-heartedness in the matter of public objects and with a woman's sympathetic kindness in thoughtful private ways. She saw the good of each object and even the Salvation Army will miss her aid in the coming years.

The Middletown chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution was the first formed in the state. Miss Clarke was a charter member and the first treasurer. Her gifts were many, and if there was a deficit or likely to be, she put her hand in her own pocket—she was a treasurer indeed, and often the chapter and the delegates and regents of other chapters were entertained at her own home.

Two years later she was elected Regent of the James Wadsworth Chapter, but did not complete her term of office because she was elected State Regent of Connecticut in the February following. She was also a member of the Society of Colonial Dames and the vice-president of Connecticut of the Mary Washington Memorial Association.

Among her interests and kindnesses was her friendship for the society of Δ. K. E. of the Wesleyan University of Middletown. She gave them so much help in rebuilding their club house, which stands near her own home, that she was practically considered a member of the society. They gave her the society pin set in diamonds. In all but the name she was their patron saint.

Miss Clarke died in Atlanta while on a visit to the Exposition given there in honor of the Centennial birthday of the state. Words of regret came from the people she met there and assur-

ances that, but for her, the colonial part of the exhibition would not have been what it was.

The Meriden chapter, for which this is a memorial, the last one organized by Miss Clarke, began its existence on the first of October, 1895. The members hesitated about a name. While still deliberating the matter, on the twenty-first of October came the news of the death of Miss Clarke. By the energetic action of a few members a meeting was called immediately and it was unanimously voted that the new chapter should call itself the Susan Carrington Clarke Chapter, in honor of her who had been most friendly while the organization was forming.

When the charter of the chapter came from Washington it was framed in pieces of the old historic Charter Oak of Hartford, given by the family of Miss Clarke, and below the picture of Martha Washington, which adorns every charter, is that of Susan Carrington Clarke.

Kate Foote Coe.

For much of the matter in this sketch of the life of Miss Clarke the writer is indebted to the article written by Miss Gilmore of Middletown, Connecticut, and read by her at the first state conference held soon after the death of our beloved regent.

Chapters Named to Commemorate Localities

Coast Towns near the Enemy's Lines

NORWALK STAMFORD GREENWICH

NORWALK CHAPTER
NORWALK

STAMFORD CHAPTER
STAMFORD

PUTNAM HILL CHAPTER
GREENWICH

WHERE THE BATTLE OF THE ROCKS WAS FOUGHT.

(Norwalk, July 12, 1779.)

NORWALK

NORWALK was a simple, quiet village in the time of the Revolution. The toil of five generations of colonists had sufficiently cultivated its farms to admit of a comfortable home life in substantial houses which made no pretensions to architectural elegance. Far from official centers, we find no indications of a gay social life among its residents of a century ago, and to the outside world Norwalk was at most only a stopping place on the high road between Boston and New York. As such Washington knew it, spending a night there in passing on several occasions. He stopped once at Ozias Marvin's on the Westport road, and lunched on bread and milk. Both the table and bowl used in serving him are carefully cherished by the Marvin descendants. Continental troops also marched through Norwalk's quiet streets on their way to the seat of war, taking with them many Norwalk men.*

The British troops were only fourteen miles away across the Sound on Long Island, and their marauding bands often disturbed the peace of Norwalk and of its outlying farms, keeping all southwestern Connecticut constantly on the alert. Danger was indeed near enough to test the courage of the women of Norwalk and doubtless they were no less brave and self-sacrificing in their country's behalf than other Connecticut women during the dark days of the Revolution ; but history seems quite oblivious of their deeds, and not one of them is sufficiently distinguished for the local chapter of Daughters of the American Revolution to adopt her name. While the men from the patriot households of Norwalk were fighting on distant battlefields, their wives and mothers were doing double duty at home, directing the affairs of their farms as well as performing the manifold labors of a house-

* According to Bancroft, Norwalk sent more men to the war of the Revolution, in proportion to its population, than any town in the thirteen colonies.

wife of that day. Besides, clothing had to be made for the soldiers, the wool had to be carded, the flax hetcheled, and both spun and woven before the cloth was ready for the needlewoman,—the community being divided into districts and a certain number of garments being levied* by the town from each district.

The only engagement with the British in Norwalk during the

FITCH'S POINT, NORWALK.
(Where Tryon landed, July 11, 1779.)

Revolution occurred July 12, 1779, when Capt. Stephen Betts,† with a command of fifty Continental troops and a few militia, resisted a superior force under General Tryon at the Rocks on France street, fighting for five hours with such success that the British retreated to their vessels at Fitch's Point. As they went they burned the town. All but six houses on their line of march were destroyed, together with the churches, barns, mills and all the vessels in the harbor. It was a day of terror in Norwalk,

* Norwalk Town Records.

† W. S. Bouton in Hurd's Fairfield County, from original papers in State Library.

and the women and children took flight to retreats of safety, and cattle were hastily driven to distant meadows. The burning of Norwalk occurred in July, and tradition, preserved by the descendants of a Revolutionary mother, relates that there were two aftermath hay crops in Norwalk that season and many sheep had twin lambs the following year, which helped make good the losses.*

FOUNTAIN SMITH'S FARM.

(Here Norwalk's first prisoner, Fountain Smith, was taken by the British.)

Mrs. Goold Hoyt, though not a loyalist, exercised sufficient diplomacy to save her house by a personal appeal to Tryon. Certain of her relations had been of special service to the British elsewhere, which doubtless influenced the General to clemency.†

Mrs. William St. John was preparing some loaves for baking in the oven when the alarm was given that Tryon was coming. A

*Related by Miss Juliette Betts, daughter of Captain Hezekiah Betts, a Revolutionary veteran.

†Selleck's Norwalk.

neighbor, Mr. Thomas Belden's housekeeper, hurried in and asked Mrs. St. John if she were going to stay in her house. "No," said Mrs. St. John, "I shall get out of the way." "Well," said her neighbor, "I shall stay and ask General Tryon to save our house, for when he was governor, he once stayed there over night with his attendants and horses. I shall say we are his friends." "Take

THE GOOLD HOYT HOUSE, MAIN STREET, NORWALK.

my dough if you are going to stay," said Mrs. St. John as she hurried off. The Belden house was saved, thanks to the housekeeper's plea, who went herself to Tryon on Grumman's Hill, which was "all red with the British" that day, and, in response to her plea, Tryon detailed some soldiers to save the house.*

Mrs. Jacob Jennings was a lady of culture and a social leader, who took pains to teach botany to her children—an unusual study for those days. Her home was one of the most attractive in town, with well kept surroundings. It was one of the few houses which escaped burning, owing to its proximity to a Tory's barn.†

* Hall's Norwalk. † Selleck's Norwalk.

Another Norwalk resident, Mr. Thomas Benedict, was too ill to follow his family whom he had sent up to Belden's Hill for safety, and General Garth's men found him in bed. The English decided to leave their own wounded in Mr. Benedict's house, while the able-bodied troops marched on to join General Tryon in upper Norwalk after having refreshed themselves freely with wine and

THE JACOB JENNINGS HOUSE, MAIN STREET, NORWALK.

cider which they found set forth for the American defenders of Norwalk. Thus the Benedict house was saved.* This was the home of Hannah Benedict, afterwards Hannah Benedict Carter, for whom the New Canaan chapter is named.†

* Hall's Norwalk.

† The site of the Benedict home is now occupied by the residence of U. S. Congressman E. J. Hill, whose wife was the founder and first regent of the Norwalk Chapter, D. A. R. The first meeting of the chapter was held in Mrs. Hill's drawing-room on Dec. 16, 1892.

Another house which escaped burning was that of Capt. Jabez Gregory,* who was absent at the war, leaving his wife Mercy in their comfortable home on the bank of the river. Her dairy was a marvel of dainty cleanliness, cooled by a spring which was noted for miles around for its clear coldness. Mrs. Gregory long survived her husband, dying in 1839 at the age of one hundred years.

GRUMMAN'S HILL.

(On which Tryon made his headquarters while Norwalk was burning.)

One of the hospitable homes in Revolutionary days, was that of Mrs. Josiah St. John,† whose home on Cannon street is still in existence and is a typical one of its time. Mrs. St. John was originally a New Canaan girl, and her friends from that place when driving into Norwalk often stopped at her home for a cup of tea, even in the days when patriots used small teacups. Her father-

* Selleck's Norwalk. † Ibid.

in-law is said to have reproved his daughter for using tea so freely during the war, but her hospitality was unchecked by this rebuke.

Capt. Seth Seymour of Norwalk was one of the prisoners in the New York Sugar House, where he died and filled an unknown grave. Afterwards, when Washington passed through Norwalk with his troops, he ordered muffled drums and reversed muskets as they marched by the Seymour house on West Avenue.* Mrs. Seth Seymour used to relate to her grandchildren that on this occasion the Norwalk women and children gathered armfuls of the flower called prince's feather which grew abundantly in their gardens, and strewed these flowers in the road before Washington's horse, and ever afterwards mothers taught their children to call the blossom Washington's glory or America's glory instead of prince's feather.

CHAIR IN WHICH TRYON SAT ON GRUMMAN'S HILL.

(Owned by Rev. C. M. Selleck.)

Norwalk, like all the towns along the Sound in southwestern Connecticut, was much troubled by raiders from the British army who occupied Long Island. Such a band landed at Ring's End, Stamford, one day, and went through Rowayton and West Norwalk on a foraging expedition. There were not enough men at home to resist them openly, but a number of farmers harassed the march of the raiders by firing from behind the roadside fences as the British returned to their boats. No loss of life is reported, but the soldiers were exasperated by the running fire, and, in upper Five Mile River they paused long enough to take revenge by firing a house. The family was not at home, but a woman from the neighboring house, who was drawing water at the well, saw the soldiers go into the

* Related by Miss Amelia Seymour, Capt. Seymour's great-granddaughter.

house, with a sabre rip open a straw bed and throw a shovelful of coals from the hearth into it. As the men came out she hurriedly went in and threw her bucket of water on the blaze, putting it out. The soldiers jostled her and jeered a little, but did not otherwise molest her. Then they made a second attempt to burn the house, taking some of the dry straw and placing it on the outside close to the shingled wall against which stray American bullets were flying. The marauders thought she would not dare go in face of the bullets, but this dauntless woman promptly drew another bucket of water and in the midst of the firing extinguished the second flame. As it was getting late the marauders made no further attempts to fire the house, but marched away, passing our heroine's house on their way, but did not stop to do further mischief. Unfortunately her name is forgotten.*

OVEN IN THE JOSIAH ST. JOHN HOUSE.

Mrs. Sally Selleck was an ardent patriot, and, much to her grief, found that her husband in an over-thrifty spirit had become an agent for the British in securing live stock, to offset which she became a self-appointed sentinel in the American cause, and through her efforts many Tory plans were broken up in that

*Related by Mr. William R. Lockwood, to whom the story was told by his grandmother who was living when the incident occurred.

vicinity. When any of the Continental troops met Mrs. Selleck on her patriotic rounds, sometimes gun in hand, they were wont to greet her with "Hurrah for Sally!"*

Mrs. Phineas Waterbury, of Rowayton, heard a band of British driving off her cattle one night, and raising her window, she

THE JOSIAH ST. JOHN HOUSE, CANNON STREET, NORWALK.

called, "Turn out the guard! Turn out the guard!" in tones so loud that she was heard a mile away. One of the Tories called to her to be quiet or he would shoot her. "I am not afraid of you," said she, repeating her call. A ball whistled by her head, but the

* Selleck's Norwalk.

Tories retreated in fear of the home guard who responded to her call. At another time her son, aged twenty, was shot while on guard duty and brought back to his home dead. Her husband was also captured and taken to New York as a prisoner.*

Of the physical endurance of many of the women of Revolutionary times, Miss Sybil Whitehead is an instance. She was a schoolmistress in Norwalk and, in 1780, when ninety years of age, joined the Baptist church in Stamford. Every Saturday for several years she rode on horseback thirteen miles to the meeting in Stamford, returning Monday morning. Her last attendance was in May, 1789, when she walked nine miles from Old Well (South Norwalk) to Stamford, and returned Monday on foot. She was then ninety-nine years old.†

The inventory of Fountain Smith's losses by Tryon's raid serves to show what a typical house of the period contained, excepting the barrel-making supplies, since Fountain Smith was a cooper by trade. This time-stained document was found by a member of the Norwalk Chapter in a secret compartment of an old chest, about a year ago. It was prepared as a claim for damages and presented to the Connecticut Assembly, who granted land in Ohio in the Connecticut Western Reserve to sufferers from the fire.

Fountain Smith Loss By Burning of Norwalk, July ye 11, 1779.

One house 28 by 26 one Story and a half Wall finished Below,	£ 65.. 0. 0
One Shop 20 feeat by 18 wide finished	£. 5.. 0. 0
Two Load of Good English hay two tun	£. 4..10. 0
One Chist of Curld maple Draws	£ 2.. 0. 0
Two Square Table one Wallnut and one White Wood	£ 1.. 0. 0
Eight Black Chears part Worn	£. 0..10..0
One Brass Cittle of 30 We	£. 1..10. 0
One Larg pott Iron About 4 Gallons	£. 0..12. 0
One Larg Iron Cittle About 2 Gallons	£. 0.. 6. 0
One pair of Styllards	£. 0.. 3. 0
One frying pan	£. 0.. 6. 0
One Small Loocking Glass	£. 0..10. 0
Two Good new Corn baskets	£. 0.. 4. 0
Two Good Duch Wheallls at 15/pr peas	£. 1..10. 0
One Reall	£. 0.. 4. 0
One Learge Wheall	£. 0.. 6..0
Two bedsteads and 2 Cords at 10	£. 1.. 0. 0
One Large Duftail Chist with a Lock	£. 0..12. 0
Two puter plates and 2 porringers	£. 0.. 4. 0
One Dozen of Spoons	£. 0.. 2..0
Two wooden Beads	£. 0..12..0

*Hall's Norwalk.

†Recorded in the records of Stamford Baptist Church, quoted in Huntington's Stamford.

Two Good pillows filled With fethers	£. 0.. 8..0
One Iron Ladel	£. 0.. 3..0
One Brass Skimmer	£. 0.. 4..0
Six Butter Tubs at 3 pr peas	£. 0..18..0
One hundred Weight of fish	£. 0..19. 0
Three Pork Barrell at	£. 0..12. 0
One Barrell of Tobacco About 60 WE	£. 1..10. 0
Two Good Seder Tubs	£. 0..10..0
Twenty two flax Seead Casks at 3/pr. p.	£. 3.. 6. 0
Seventy five flower Casks at 1/6/2	£. 5..12..6
Six hundred White oak Staves and heading	£. 1..10. 0
Eight sets of Barrells Trushoops	£. 1.. 4..0
one Thousand Black oak Shaves	£. 1.. 0..0
three sinter Stocks	£ 0.. 9..0
four hundred Black oak Staves for fax Seed Casks at 5/pr hundred	£. 1.. 0..0
Two shaving horses	£. 0.. 6. 0
One hundred hoop poales	£ 0.. 4..0
One Seder tub half barrell	£ 0.. 4..0
One Churn at 4/pr	£ 0.. 4..0
one half Dozen of round bottels	£ 0.. 2..0
Three Athorn pals 1 Gallon Each	£ 0.. 3..0
Six Wooden boles 2 Quarts Each	£ 0.. 6. 0
One Bread Tray	£ 0.. 3..0
One Larg Salt Morter	£. 0.. 6..0
One Weaned Calf	£. 1.. 0..0
fifteen Geas at 1/6 pr. p.	£. 1.. 1..0
Two Iron Candlesticks	£. 0.. 3..0
one half Barrel of Soape	£ 0. 10. 0
fifteen pounds of Soap Graess	£ 0. 3. 0
Six pounds of Tallow at 6	£ 0.. 3..0
one hundred of Chestnut rayles	£. 1..10..0
Thirty Weight of Good Flower	£ 0.. 5..6
Three Large bee hives at 1/6	£. 0.. 3. 6
one half hogshead Tub	£. 0.. 3..6
one half Barrell Cask of Vinergar Barrell and all	£. 0..18. 0
one Box Iron	£. 0.. 3..0
Two wooden Bottels of /3	£. 0 . 6. 0
Two out Side jackets half Worne Both Wooling	£. 0..15..0
Six pair of Good pillowbears at 3 pr pair	£. 0..18. 0
One Large Earthan platter	£ 0.. 1..6
One Large Earthan pan	£ 0.. 1..6
One Cradel White Wood	£ 0..16..0
One pair of hand Bellows	£. 0.. 3..0
three Crows-Stocks for hogsheads And 2 barrell Crows Stocks at 1/6	£ 0.. 7..6

The descendants of Norwalk women of the Revolution have, many of them, made brilliant records, having for generations been heard of in the world of affairs, social and political, judicial and military, and in widely separated places; it was our task not to write of them, but of their brave mothers of the Revolution.

Angeline Scott.

The illustrations in this sketch are from photographs made by Mrs. Harry Hall Finch.

THE DAVENPORT HOUSE AS IT WAS BEFORE REMOVAL.

(Taken from an old print.)

From the pillared piazza Lafayette received the people who came to welcome him.

STAMFORD

WHEN in 1640 the dissatisfaction in Wethersfield had become so deep rooted that a state of feud* existed, by the wise counsel of the Rev. John Davenport of New Haven terms were arranged for a peaceful separation, and Stamford was founded as a haven of rest for a people weary of tyranny in the land of their birth and of the petty annoyances of their first homes in New England. They brought with them the original church records, therefore the Congregational Church of Stamford maintained its distinctive rank as the "first born of Connecticut churches." †

The church had no bell, the worshippers were called together by the sound of a drum beaten in the turret. The congregation were seated according to "dignitie" and military rank, the delicate duty of assigning seats being entrusted to a committee.

But even in Stamford these early settlers did not lead lives of peace and plenty. The constant fear of the Indians, the dissentions among themselves, the strict laws laid down as rules of life were hard to endure. Even the Rev. Richard Denton, who had led the flock to Stamford, crossed the Sound three years later and sought a new home where people could vote who were not members of the church.

Stamford, like Salem, found now and then a "witch" within the gates, who was forced to stand trial and bear the punishment

*"The reason for that condition may never be fully known."—*Huntington.*

"Having no settled minister contentions and animosities arose and continued for years and were the means of scattering the inhabitants and forming new settlements and churches in other places."—*Trumbull.*

†"Taking with them the church records as well as its appointed minister, it is fairly claimed that this constituted a transfer of the church organization to the new field, that organization dating from 1635 makes the Congregational Church of Stamford the "first born of Connecticut Churches."—*Picturesque Stamford*, page 28.

meted out for such offenses. Harboring of Quakers was a specially grievous misdemeanor. One Goodwife Crabb of Greenwich, accused of this "sin" met the officers sent from Stamford to arrest her with force of language and a flow of words that probably made the grave men, Bell, Scofield, Waterbury and Slauson, wish they could with dignity retreat. Goodman Crabb* said in defense of his spouse, "She was a well bred woman in England and a zealous professor from her childhood, but when she is suddenly surprised she hath not power to restrain her passions." But this plea was not sufficient to acquit Goodwife Crabb; a fine was imposed and the Crabbs were ordered to move, and to make public acknowledgment at Stamford.

Shoes being high in price, the court ordered that "those shoemakers be informed that if they do not give satisfaction for what they have done amiss in time past and reform for time to come they will be dealt with at the next term of Court."

With the end of the town's first fifty years and the dawning of the new century the condition of the colonists greatly improved. In spite of the hardships and privation of their lives they had steadily risen in civilization and refinement. Religion and industry were their chief concerns and the Bible was their book of books.

In 1695 the Rev. John Davenport was called to the Congregational Church in Stamford, his "sallory" to be one hundred pounds a year and fire wood, the fire wood to be supplied as soon as the minister was settled in a family, and this he lost no time in doing.

The soldier spirit was a necessary part of the pioneer character and John Underhill was the Miles Standish of the Stamford colony. Whittier says of his coming to Cocheco town:†

> "He said to the elders—'Lo, I come,
> As the way seemed opened to seek a home,
> Somewhat the Lord hath wrought by my hands
> In the Narragansett and Netherlands,
> And if ye have work for a Christian man,
> I'll tarry and serve you as best I can.'"

* Picturesque Stamford.

† Poem entitled "John Underhill."

'Tarry with us,' the settlers cried,
'Thou man of God, as our ruler and guide.'
And Captain Underhill bowed his head,
'The will of the Lord be done,' he said.
And the morrow beheld him sitting down
In the ruler's seat in Cocheco town."

While not in the ruler's seat in Stamford town, John Underhill was there and looked up to and honored as early as 1643.

All males over sixteen were taught the use of arms and the general training days were seasons of excitement and interest. These general training days did good work. When the French and Indian war began and Connecticut was called on for troops there were soldiers ready and well drilled. "Among the men of Stamford who came out of these campaigns trained soldiers were David Waterbury, Charles Webb, Jonathan Hoyt, Joseph Hoyt, and Col. David Wooster, who afterwards bore a general's commission, as did Waterbury." *

In 1775 there were sixty-seven towns in Connecticut and in population Stamford was the sixteenth. In that year Stamford was represented in the Senate by Abraham Davenport and in the State Assembly, by David Waterbury and Charles Webb. From the first alarm the patriot ranks were filled with men whose family names are today on our voting list, Waterbury, Webb, Weed, Hoyt, Scofield, Bell, and other men staunch and true whose memory we honor today.

The patriotic feeling that prevailed in Stamford is evident from a letter written by General Lee to Washington dated at Stamford in January, 1775, and published in Irving's Life of Washington. Lee writes: "I find the people of this province more alive and zealous than my most sanguine anticipations. I believe I might have collected 2,000 volunteers. I take only four companies with me and Waterbury's Regiment."

Stamford was not the scene of bloodshed. The dramatic incidents which are found in the history of Greenwich, Ridgefield, Danbury and Norwalk have no counterpart in Stamford, which was, however, of greater importance than the neighboring towns,

* Huntington's History of Stamford, page 200; Gillespie's Picturesque Stamford, page 70.

and therefore was better prepared for defense. It was garrisoned and usually had a large military force within it. It was also a depot for military and medical supplies and hospitals had been established there. Its "fort," which at times had a garrison of eight hundred men, was a part of a general system for the defense of the Sound towns. According to tradition, this fort was planned and laid out by Israel Putnam. Little of it remains today, but

SITE OF FORT NONSENSE, STAMFORD.

enough can be seen to locate three of the bastions. It is about three and a half miles from the town, and as war gave place to peace and as one generation succeeded another, the wonder grew why a fort should have been located on such a remote site. Its name, if it had any other than "the fort," was forgotten and it became known as Fort Nonsense.

In 1777 the British general, Tryon, advanced within two miles of Stamford, but was met by a superior force under General Lee on Palmer's Hill, which held him in check and drove him back.

Stamford was not the scene of an actual engagement with the enemy, and did not suffer destruction by fire, but there are preserved in its history several accounts of deeds of daring and sacrifice. Among them is the brilliant achievement of Major Benjamin Tallmadge. The enemy at Lloyd's Neck, L. I., had erected a fort and manned it with a force of five hundred men, and an organized band of marauders under its protection had long molested the towns along the Connecticut coast. Major Tallmadge determined to put an end to the freebooters. He embarked with one hundred and thirty men from Shippan Point on September 5, 1779, and crossed the Sound, attacked the enemy, captured the whole party and landed them at Stamford before morning without losing a man himself.

A similar expedition was carried out by Capt. Ebenezer Jones, who was in charge of the "Boat Service,"* which was a number of whaleboats with specially organized crews, and which coöperated with Major Davenport, commander of the town guard, in defense of the port. A frigate and a sloop belonging to the British were anchored in Oyster Bay. Captain Jones, taking advantage of a foggy morning, rowed close to the sloop, angrily denounced the carelessness of the watch in allowing rebels to row in the bay all night and threatened to report the watch to the admiral. While the British officer tried to mollify the supposed old Tory, Captain Jones's patriot crew climbed on board and at a given signal took possession of the vessel, slipped her cable and towed her over to Stamford—a valuable prize with her twenty guns, ammunition and provisions.

On one of their marauding expeditions the British and Tories chased Benjamin Weed to his home, but Benjamin Weed being very fleet of foot outdistanced them and, while they were searching the lower portion of the house, secreted himself in the attic behind the great chimney. Believing that her brother was likely to be discovered and recalling that a single shot was the signal agreed upon to summon the neighbors, Prudence Weed, nineteen years old, seized a gun, ran to the yard and resting the musket on the old gate post, fired the signal for aid. The invaders, realizing

* Picturesque Stamford, page 84, also Huntington's History of Stamford, page 217.

that they were foiled and by a young girl, hurried from the house and after breaking her gun into fragments on the post, fled. Descendants of the Weeds are living on the same land today and the old house in which Prudence Weed was born is still standing but remodelled. The gate posts are no more but the old step by the gate near which Prudence probably stood when she fired the signal shot is a treasured relic.

HOUSE (REMODELLED) IN WHICH PRUDENCE WEED WAS BORN.

A most exciting incident took place in the eastern part of the town in what is now Darien (then called Middlesex Society and a part of Stamford), which resulted in the capture of Dr. Moses Mather and the men of his congregation who were gathered for the afternoon service on Sunday, July 22, 1781. During the preceding night the British raiders had crossed from Lloyd's Neck in seven boats and, secreting themselves in a swamp, they awaited the arrival of the congregation. When the service was duly begun, they suddenly surrounded the house and only four or five of the most agile of the congregation escaped; the venerable

pastor, who had been forty years a minister, was subjected to much indignity and compelled to march in front of the line of prisoners to the shore, where they took boats for the Tory stronghold across the Sound. Twenty-four were released on parole, the remaining twenty-six, including Dr. Mather, were sent to the Provost Prison in New York, where their sufferings were similar to those endured by the inmates of the Jersey Prison Ship. Nineteen of the

GRAVE OF PRUDENCE WEED.

(The stone is within railing, in the center of the picture, and at the base of the slender trees.)

number survived the cruel treatment and were released the following December, among them Dr. Mather.

Other men whose names are best known today in connection with the Revolution are Gen. David Waterbury and Col. Charles Webb. Colonel Webb was born in Stamford in 1724. He early became prominent in civil and military affairs and was elected twenty-three times to the Legislature. When war was declared he was from the first looked to as a leader and served with distinction. As an officer he was prompt and efficient and a strict

disciplinarian. In 1775 Charles Webb was commissioned colonel of the Seventh Continental Regiment, Nathan Hale being captain of the Third Company in the same regiment.

David Waterbury was born in Stamford in 1722. He had served in the French and Indian war. That he was ready at the opening of the Revolution to serve the patriot cause is shown by the offices he filled and honored. As early as January, 1775, Major-General Lee wrote to David Waterbury to call his men

THE HOME OF DR. WEBB, SON OF COLONEL WEBB, WHO IS BELIEVED TO HAVE LIVED HERE.

together and to lose no time, and in March Waterbury left Stamford with his regiment. From this time on his life was one of great activity and responsibility in New York, at King's Bridge, Crown Point, and at Ticonderoga, whence he was ordered to Long Island, an order which later was countermanded.

The following letters taken from Huntington's History show the esteem in which Waterbury was held by Washington and Trumbull :

LEBANON, April 29, 1776.

Sir :—David Waterbury, jun., of Stamford, Esquire, Col. of a regiment from this colony in the northern department the last year, and at the taking of St. Johns and Montreal and lately in the service at New York with Major-General Lee, at all times behaved with bravery and honor. When you have a vacancy in the army answerable to his rank, I do heartily commend him to your kind notice and regard.

I am with great esteem and regard, sir, your obd. humble servant,

JONA. TRUMBULL.

To his excellency Gen. Washington.

INTERIOR OF THE DR. WEBB HOUSE.

NEW YORK, May 13, 1776.

Sir :—Governor Trumbull has been pleased to mention you to me as a proper person to succeed to the command of a regiment lately General Arnold's. If you incline to engage in the service again, I shall be obliged to you for signifying as much, in order that I may lay the matter before Congress for their approval.

I am, sir, with great respect, your most obd. servant,

GEO. WASHINGTON.

To Colonel David Waterbury, of Stamford.

In his reply to this proposal of General Washington, Colonel Waterbury stated that he had not hitherto received the promotion which was his due, and while he asked no further commission, he pledged himself as ready to volunteer his services at any moment when they might be needed.

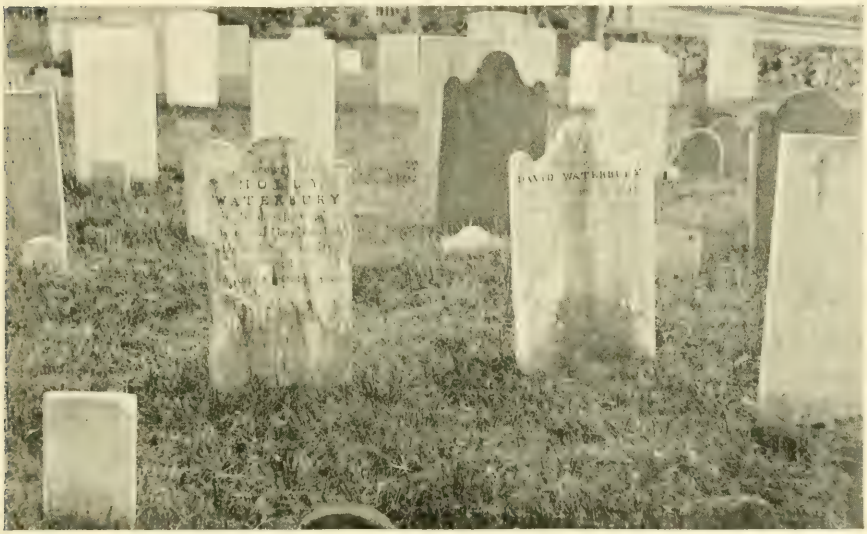
In June, 1776, he was commissioned brigadier-general. In July he shared the command with General Wadsworth and hurried to

PARTY DRESS AND SLIPPER OF MOLLY WATERBURY.
(A daughter of General Waterbury.)

Lake George, and later General Schuyler wrote of him : "I know him to be a good man as well as a good officer." On the fourteenth of September he was taken prisoner and Sir Guy Carleton wrote to Lord Germain in great exultation, "We have taken Mr. Waterbury." He was soon exchanged, however, and continued in command. At the close of the war he returned to his farm on the west side of Stamford harbor and died in June, 1801. He left a son and one daughter, the latter young and unmarried. Her party dress of brocade and the tiny high-heeled slippers in which

she perhaps danced the stately minuet are in the possession of one of Stamford's chapter members, who is a descendant of General Waterbury.

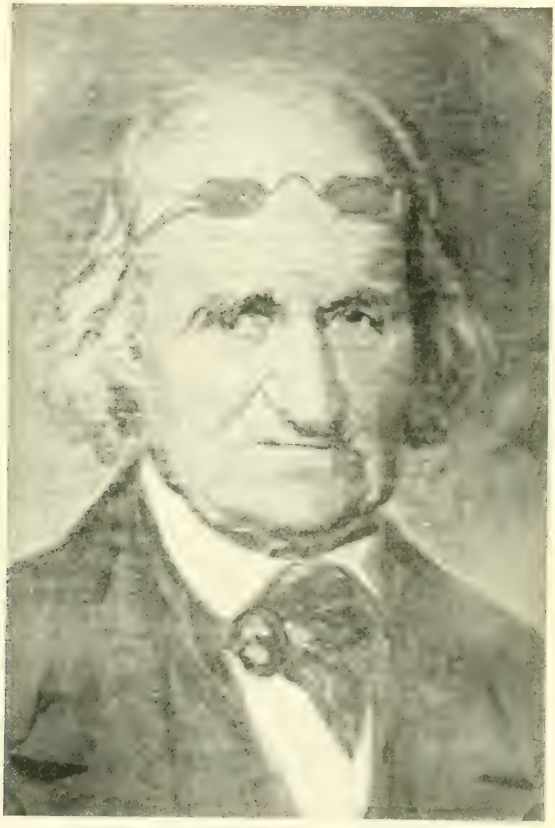
After the siege of Boston, while the army was encamped on Manhattan Island, Washington's Life Guard was organized. It first consisted of one hundred and eighty men and afterwards was increased to two hundred and fifty. The motto of the Life Guard



GRAVES OF GEN. DAVID WATERBURY AND OF HIS DAUGHTER MOLLY.

was "Conquer or Die." The uniform was a blue coat with white facings, white waistcoat and breeches, black half gaiters and cocked hat with blue and white plume. The members were chosen on account of their excellencies, moral, mental and physical. It was a mark of distinction to belong to the Life Guard. A son of Stamford, Usal Knapp, was thus honored, and was the last survivor of that famous body of men. He served in the Continental Army from the beginning of the war and entered the Life Guard at Morristown in 1780. He died in 1857 at the great

age of ninety-seven. His body lay in state in Washington's headquarters in Newburg, N. Y., for three days. He was buried at the foot of the flagstaff near the mansion and over his grave is a handsome mausoleum of freestone.

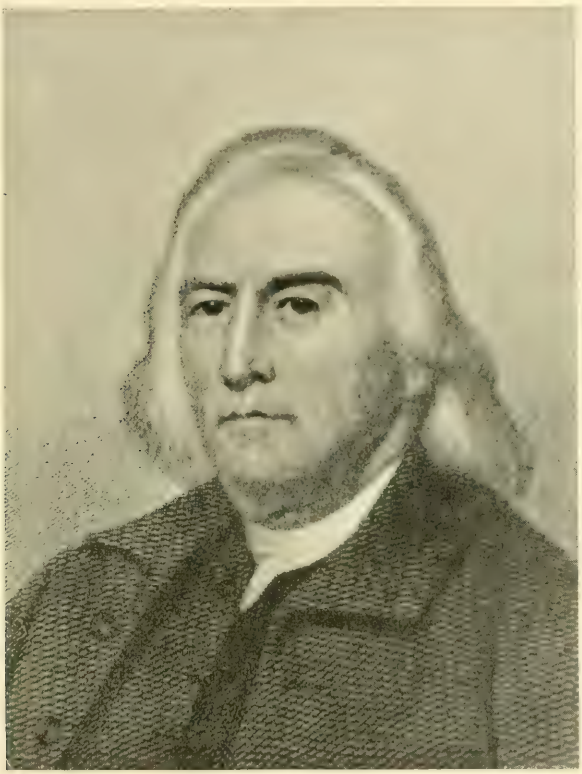


USAL KNAPP.

(Last survivor of Washington's Life Guard.)

The old house is still standing where Abraham Davenport lived, whose place in our town history is unique. We can picture him, aged seven, called by the sound of the drum to the square

pew to listen to his father's words from the pulpit; we can follow him through boyhood to an upright, respected manhood. To the business of the town he gave trustworthy guidance, to its political organization he brought courage and force, in social



ABRAHAM DAVENPORT.

life he furnished an example of a scholar and a gentleman. He was to Trumbull what Trumbull was to Washington—a trusted adviser. When the dark day* in May, 1780, caused panic in the

* May, 19, 1780. Described in a poem by Whittier entitled "Abraham Davenport;" also in Gillespie's Picturesque Stamford, page 70.
Huntington's History of Stamford, page 385.
Connecticut Historical Collection, by J. W. Barber, page 403.

Senate chamber, Abraham Davenport arose and said, "If it is not the Day of Judgment there is no reason to adjourn; if it is I prefer to be found doing my duty: bring in candles."

"And there he stands in memory to this day—
Erect, self-poised, a rugged face half seen,
Against the background of unnatural dark,
A witness to the ages as they pass,
That simple duty has no place for fear."

WEBB'S TAVERN, LONG KNOWN AS THE WASHINGTON HOUSE.

(It sheltered many famous men in its day. Torn down in 1868.)

From the piazza of the Davenport House,* Lafayette, on his second visit to America, received the people who came to greet the friend of Washington. Through the kindness of members of the Stamford chapter and other friends, the Stamford charter is framed as follows: the body of the frame was taken from a beam from the Davenport house, while the corners are of wood which was once a part of Webb's tavern, a building well known in its day

* See frontispiece, p. 430.

and in front of which the Stamford patriots burned the Bohea tea; the ornaments of the frame are the rungs of a chair once the property of David Waterbury. When the charter was unveiled the flag was lifted by two young people, descendants of families whose names are associated with the wood in the frame.

Stamford Chapter is not named for a heroine. Yet there were heroines here in those days though their deeds were not chronicled and their names were not recorded. The following poem recalls an incident which took place a few miles from Stamford, and pictures one of Stamford's heroines, the story of whose heroism survived—not dependent on chronicles and records.

GRANDMOTHER'S GRANDMOTHER.*

Grandmother's grandmother, long ago,
When the colonies rose up against the king,
And a comrade might turn and become a foe,
Knew not what tidings each hour might bring.

Grandmother's grandpa, a Major then,
The county militia bravely led;
Member of Congress, a man among men,
The king had offered a price for his head.

His homestead stood on old Pound Ridge,
A landmark for all the country round;
A sheltering roof for his patriot friends,
Who here a home and a helper found.

'Twas a fearful night, that first of July,
The storm beat fierce, none expected the foe,
But a whisper came swift for the Major to fly,
For the Redcoats were seen in the valley below.

* * * * *

They had reached the place in a moment more,
Had vaulted the fence and crossed the yard,
But were stopped and faced at the very door
By grandmother's grandmother, standing guard.

* * * * *

*Hannah Smith Lockwood, wife of Major Ebenezer Lockwood of Pound Ridge, N. Y.

She stood her ground and blocked the way,
  But the men were eager, the prize was near,
They could not have meant a woman to slay,
  But one drew his sword with an ugly sneer.

And e'er she could turn he dealt a blow,
  And grandmother, senseless, lay at his feet;
They all rushed in for the prize, but lo!
  Grandmother's Major was safe in retreat.

Grandmother's grandmother did not die,
  She lived to welcome her hero again,
But the homestead from which he was forced to fly,
  Was burned to the ground by Tarleton's men.

Grandmother's grandmother lived to see,
  Her homestead restored on the dear old hill,
Her husband honored, her land made free,
  And we, her children, revere her still.*

Mary C. Hart.
(MRS. N. R. HART).

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* Poem written by Charlotte Elizabeth Betts, a member of the Stamford chapter.

The material for the above sketch was largely taken, some of it directly copied, from Gillespie's Picturesque Stamford and from Huntington's History of Stamford. Use has also been made of Sparks' Letters of Washington, Hollister's History of Connecticut, Irving's Life of Washington, and Barber's Connecticut Historical Collections. Valuable assistance has also been given by Mrs. John Davenport, Mrs. O. G. Fessenden, Miss Susie Miller, and Miss Josephine Scofield.

PUTNAM HILL

GREENWICH was the scene of many remarkable events during the Colonial and Revolutionary periods, some of which are recorded on the pages of history, others are preserved only through family tradition ; but both show that the town had its baptism of fire before independence was finally secured.

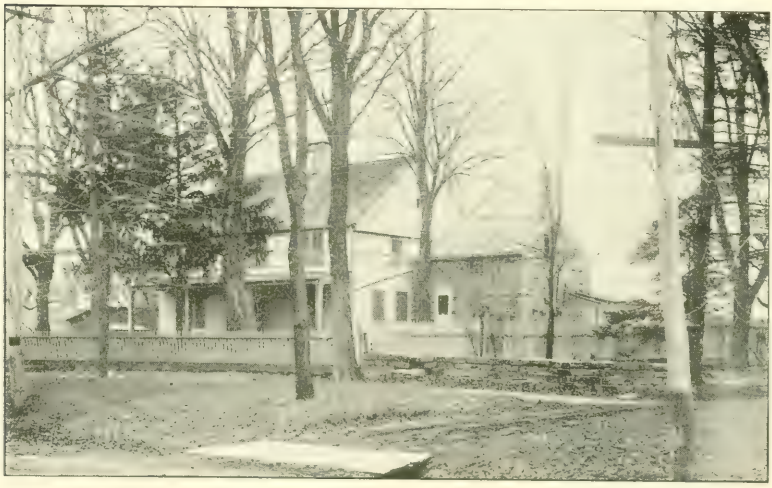
The township of Greenwich was purchased of the Indians in 1640, by Robert Feaks and Daniel Patrick, for the colony of New Haven. But the purchasers violated their contract with New Haven and, together with the few later settlers, placed themselves under the government of New Amsterdam. The Indians were hostile to the Dutch and thus early in its history Greenwich was attacked by the Indians and was the scene of bloody conflicts. Once in 1646 fifteen hundred Indian warriors were encamped about the settlement and several hundred inhabitants were massacred, many women and children being tomahawked or burned.

Greenwich had a prominent place in Revolutionary history. Among the memorable events were the raids of the British under General Tryon, the first of which took place April 22, 1777. Tryon, with two thousand soldiers, landed at Compo Point, Fairfield, marched to Danbury, burned eighteen houses and destroyed eighty thousand dollars' worth of Continental stores there collected, but was driven back to his ships by the citizen soldiers, among whom were many from Greenwich.

Another disastrous raid occurred two years later, when, on July 8 and 9, 1779, General Tryon marched from New York with a large force and destroyed much property belonging to the patriots of Greenwich. The town of Fairfield, including its court house, several churches and school houses and over two hundred barns and stores, were burned. Gen. Israel Putnam at this time was

stationed with his forces at Reading (or Redding), a position whence he could aid the garrison at West Point and also protect the towns on Long Island Sound.

The most destructive of Tryon's invasions took place February 26, 1779. With three regiments Tryon marched from Kings Bridge, a few miles north of New York, for Horseneck, Greenwich, to destroy the salt works situated near the present station of Cos Cob. Horseneck (now called Putnam's Hill) was one of the



THE PUTNAM COTTAGE, GREENWICH.

outposts of General Putnam, who visited Horseneck almost every day to watch the movements of the enemy. The main body of Putnam's troops occupied a position of safety on the Stamford road, while General Putnam with a small force was stationed near the Hill for the defense of the town.

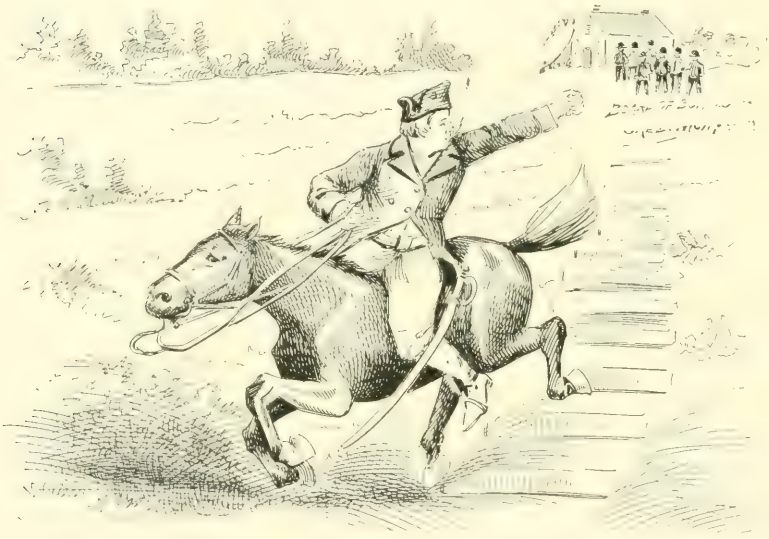
When the British appeared on February 26, 1779, Putnam with a single piece of artillery was preparing to defend the high ground of Greenwich on the summit of which now stands the Second Congregational church. A detachment of British coming suddenly in

sight, he quickly ordered his company to retire and started himself for Stamford for reinforcements. Being hotly pursued by the British, General Putnam "plunged down the precipice on a full trot," dashed across the road and reached the thicket at the foot of the hill, one of the many shots fired at him passing through his hat. When this event occurred an Episcopal church stood on the hill, and to accommodate its members, a series of about a hundred stone steps had been placed, leading directly

Israel Putnam

up the precipice to the church. It was down these steps that Putnam took his mad plunge, and the British dragoons, a swords-length behind him when the precipice was reached, dared not follow. Thus occurred General Putnam's memorable "leap into history." Before the enemy reached the valley by going around the hill, Putnam was well out of their way, but he was compelled, by the superior numbers of the British, to fall back and join his forces on the Stamford road.

General Tryon while in Greenwich made his headquarters in the house now occupied by Oliver Mead and his soldiers took entire possession of the town. They entered Joshua Smith's house, whose sole occupant at the time was his mother-in-law. She was struck down and killed by a British soldier, and the raiders then burned the house to the ground. During this raid the British



PUTNAM RIDING DOWN THE HILL.

(From an old print.)

captured thirty-eight American prisoners, among whom was Sergeant John Redington,* who was marched to New York City and imprisoned in the old Rhinelander sugar-house. From his testimony of the barbarities inflicted upon the unfortunate soldiers confined in that vile enclosure, some idea may be had of the terrible sufferings of the Revolutionary patriots. The following is a brief description by Charles Burr Todd :

* John Redington was the grandfather of the writer of this sketch.

"The old sugar-house was a five-story structure of stone, with small, deep windows rising tier upon tier like port holes in a "hulk," and its apartments were dismal in the extreme. When occupied by prisoners it was guarded by English or Hessian soldiers lest the unhappy captives might seek to escape from the wretched quarters to which the misfortunes of war had doomed them. They were wedged in to form a solid mass of humanity (no seats provided) and their miserable beds of straw were alive with vermin. An eye witness paints them in the stifling heat of summer crowding the narrow apertures of windows, each striving to gain a breath of fresh air from the outside world. Food of the

THE RHINELANDER SUGAR-HOUSE.

worst quality, and that in meagre rations, was dealt out to them, while deadly weapons caused those who were charitably inclined to turn away, when they sought to carry relief to the starving hosts within. Death was welcomed as a happy release from the sufferings of captivity, and the remains of the dead were daily thrown out to be buried without funeral rites of any kind."

Sergeant Redington finally regained his liberty through an exchange of prisoners, and upon meeting Capt. James Dana of Waterbury, who later was his commanding officer, the latter,

noticing his changed appearance, said to him with streaming eyes, "John, you look like—Time in the primer!"*

Greenwich's most influential man in the Revolution was Gen. John Mead, who had been chosen nine times to represent Greenwich in the General Assembly. King George III. sent him a commission as captain but John Mead declined to serve in the King's army. The commission was afterwards found by his political enemies when the invaders plundered his house and taken possession of with the intention of using it to prove a charge of treason against him, but their opportunity never came.

When John Mead first entered the American army he was commissioned a major and for his ability and brilliant service was rapidly promoted. Three years before the war closed he held the rank of brigadier-general.† He was commander of the American forces in the vicinity of Greenwich and was in New York City when it was captured by the British, having command of the last troops to leave the city.

General Mead's house was situated west of Toll Gate Hill at Greenwich, just beyond the American line, and because of its owner's active patriotism and high official position his home was frequently plundered. General Mead's family was so harassed, and kept in such constant fear, that he was finally obliged to remove them to Norwalk until hostilities ceased.

In General Mead's family were twin daughters, Anna and Mary —young girls just developing into womanhood. Several instances are recorded which exhibit their good sense and remarkable bravery. One morning when General Mead and his friends were breakfasting at his house, warning was given of the approach of some Tory Light Horse. General Mead and his guests had barely time to escape by a rear door when a horseman rode directly into the dining room and commanded Anna to tell where her father

*This statement is made by John Redington's daughter, Mrs. Laura A. Ferguson, a *real daughter* of the Cleveland Chapter, and now living (May, 1901) in Cleveland, Ohio.

† In May, 1775, he was in the 9th regiment of Conn. Militia as Lieut-Colonel; in May, 1777, as Colonel; in May, 1781, three years before the war closed, he held his commission as Brigadier-General of the 4th Connecticut Brigade.—Year Book 1896 of "Sons of Revolution," N. Y. City.

was hidden. She refused to tell and the Tory angrily raised his sword, vowing he would kill her. Anna dodged the blow and the sword struck the door casing, making a deep cut in the wood. In the hope of over-awing her he tipped over the table with its china, and shattered a large mirror with a blow from his sword, but finding that this did not affect the courageous girl the Tory rode away, muttering revengeful curses.*

General Mead's oldest son, John, was also in the American army. One time when he was at home on parole, Mary, his sister (who was washing near a spring some distance from the house) saw her brother suddenly run from the house and take shelter in a thicket nearby. A moment later she was surrounded by a band of British and Tory Light Horse. The leader commanded her to tell them where her brother was concealed, at the same time drawing his sword and placing the point at her breast. Under this trying ordeal the young heroine remained calm and self-possessed and quietly explained that she had come from the house early in the morning and all by herself had been occupied ever since simply with her washing. Mary's apparent ignorance of her brother's whereabouts and her serenity of manner under such trying circumstances were so convincing that the soldiers rode off, while her brother lay hidden within sound of her voice, and the young man was saved from imprisonment and perhaps from death by the self-possession of his sister.

Another heroine of Greenwich at this period was Abigail Howe Mead, whose home was at Indian Field, near the Sound, where she lived with her palsied husband, Deliverance Mead, and their family of little ones. Many of the inhabitants of Greenwich had been forced to leave the town and seek refuge in the interior of the state, on account of the raids of the British and the persecutions of the Tories. Circumstances made it necessary for the Mead family to remain at home. Three times Abigail Mead's house was sacked by the British and Tory soldiers, and all provisions and valuables carried off. Her courage, however, never faltered and during these trying times her husband, the palsied

* Family tradition of the Misses Louise and Susan Mead, members of Putnam Hill Chapter.

STONE ERECTED BY THE PUTNAM HILL CHAPTER, GREENWICH, JUNE 16TH, 1900.

patriot, even contributed his remaining cattle to the cause, driving them himself to the American camp when provisions were scarce, in his helpless condition exposing himself to capture by the British and Tory troops and possibly to death. Moreover, this contribution was made when their own supplies were low and the outlook for the future very dark, the heroic Abigail Howe Mead comforting her children thus: "Never mind, children, the soldiers must be fed if they would fight, and we still have the black mussels!" In fact the shell fish on the shore was their main dependence for food, but Abigail's words may have had a double meaning, for under a great heap of mussel shells in the door yard was a small excavation where the stores and valuables of the family were concealed.

No pewter platters were handed down as heirlooms in Abigail Mead's family, for they were melted and moulded into bullets and were used to help win American independence.

Huldah, a little daughter of Deliverance and Abigail Mead, had several experiences which must have been extremely trying for a little girl. Early one evening a commotion was heard without, and a band of Tory marauders entered the house and began to carry off all movables. Breaking into the room where the children were sleeping, they rolled Huldah off her great feather bed and carried the bed away, leaving the little girl on the floor.

Mrs. Mead's parents lived five or six miles distant in the country, and as she was riding home one day on the same horse with her father, Isaac Howe, her infant in her arms, they became suddenly aware that they were followed in the distance by a band of mounted Tories. That the Tories were in pursuit of her father she was confident and earnestly begged him to let her dismount, that he might ride away and escape. Mr. Howe at first refused, but her entreaties at last prevailed. Mrs. Mead slipped to the ground and as her father stooped to hand her the baby one of the Tory bullets whistling near him grazed his shoulder, but he rode rapidly away and escaped. The Tories in hot pursuit of Mr. Howe passed the brave woman without notice.

The incidents related in this sketch are representative of the usual rôle played by Greenwich people in the war for American

independence. Greenwich, being on the boundary line between New York and Connecticut, was the nearest of Connecticut towns to the enemy's camp and was considered lawful prey by both the Tories and British soldiers. For seven years a kind of border warfare was almost constantly kept up—from the time the British took possession of New York, September 15, 1776, until November 25, 1783, when the city was evacuated by the British.

But the local chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, in its choice of title, honors especially the memory of Gen. Israel Putnam, the hero of Putnam Hill. On June 16, 1900, the chapter marked the site of Putnam's leap with a large granite boulder, placing on it a bronze tablet bearing a fitting inscription to General Israel Putnam. Among the speakers on this occasion were Governor Lounsbury, of Connecticut, General Miles, General O. O. Howard, Colonel Pope, and Compte de Lafayette. Compte de Lafayette is a great-grandson of General de Lafayette and raised the new flag on the pole which the chapter had recently had placed on the Hill. A lineal descendant of General Putnam unveiled the tablet.

The chapter also desires to collect and preserve anything in history or tradition relating to the historic town of Greenwich which can be hereafter of interest to its citizens. It is especially ambitious to own as a chapter house Putnam cottage,* where history says General Putnam was stationed when he was surprised by the enemy and made his escape down the hill then called Horseneck, but which has ever since been known as Putnam Hill.

Helen Redington Adams.
(MRS. H. H. ADAMS.)

* See page 448.

The authorities consulted in compiling this sketch were:
Hurd's History of Fairfield County.
James Grant Wilson's History of the United States.
Mead's History of Greenwich.
Trumbull's History of Connecticut.
Hinman's Historical Collections.
History of Westchester County.

Chapters Named to Commemorate Localities

Interior Towns on the Line of March from New England to the Hudson River

SOUTH MANCHESTER TORRINGTON
WINSTED WASHINGTON

ORFORD PARISH CHAPTER
SOUTH MANCHESTER

TORRINGTON CHAPTER
TORRINGTON

GREEN WOODS CHAPTER
WINSTED

JUDEA CHAPTER
WASHINGTON

WOODBRIDGE TAVERN.

(Kept by Deodatus Woodbridge, Orford Parish, now Manchester.)

ORFORD PARISH

WHEN the South Manchester chapter was organized in 1895, its charter members dedicated the chapter to the memory of old Orford Parish. Orford was the name of the present town of Manchester from the time of the Revolution until 1823, and thus the shibboleth of the South Manchester chapter honors the bravery of every Orford man who went away to battle for his country, and commemorates the patient heroism of every Orford woman under the yoke which the war placed upon her at home.

When Thomas Hooker and his sturdy band founded a home at Hartford in the year 1636, their purchase from the Indians included a three-mile tract on the east side of the Great River, called the Three-Mile Lots. About forty years later a contract was made with Joshua, the sachem of the Western Niantic Indians, to purchase an additional five miles eastward. The old chief dying before the conveyance was made, the "valuable consideration" was paid to his heir, and recorded in due form at Hartford, January 21, 1683. This land was called the Five Miles, and extended north to Windsor, south to Glastonbury, and east to the Commons—the present Bolton line. In 1731 most of the Five Mile purchase was laid out into tiers, and the original proprietors received lots the sizes of which were in proportion to their rates.

For years the settlers in that "parsell of land commonly called the Five Miles" attended church in the Three-Mile Lots, but as their numbers increased, and as they lived "some five and some eleven Miles from the Meeting House"*—a long distance when saddle and pillion were the mode of travel—a strong need was felt for a more convenient place of worship, and finally, in 1763,

*From a document marked "Judment assembly five mils," and dated 2d Thursday of May, 1763.

the General Assembly allowed them to have preaching seven months in the year in a dwelling-house near the thirty-rod highway, at the present center of Manchester. For several years the settlers at Five Miles voted the necessary money—usually about forty-five pounds—to pay society charges, "S*d* Sum to be paid in Wheat Rye Indian Corn and oats at the market price & to be Delivered where the Comt. Shall order but not beyond Hartford ferry." In 1767 they again appealed to the General Assembly, desiring to be incorporated into an "entire Ecclesiastical Society," in order to enjoy in a greater measure "ye usual & ordinary means of grace ye greatest gift of God to lapsed men."* This memorial is signed by sixty-nine voters, most of the names written in the farmer's clumsy hand, but among the number is only one man who put "His Mark." The course of law was slow then as now, but the committeemen, by keeping their petition before the Assembly each year, obtained their desire at the session held in May and June, 1772; and then began the records of Orford Parish. It remained, however, a part of the town of Hartford until 1783, when it was set off with East Hartford as a separate township on the east side of the river, and "Five Miles" was thereafter known as "Parish of Orford, in the town of East Hartford," until Manchester days began in 1823.

Three volumes of records of the parish have been preserved, and these, with the tax lists, memorials to the General Assembly, and a few private documents, make up the sum of its history as told by contemporaries. One volume of the records gives the covenant of the Church; the names of its founders, sixteen men and two women; the admonition, discipline and excommunication of delinquent members; the lists of births, baptisms and marriages; and lastly, the "Bill of Mortality." A second volume contains the votes passed at meetings which were held to provide for the support of the church, and includes for a few years the school and highway votes. The third volume is the school record book from the year 1796.† The highway record book is unfortunately missing.

*From a document marked "Five Miles Society Votes."

†Most of these old records have been copied by the historian of Orford Parish Chapter.

It has been said that the name Orford was formed by using the last syllable of the two names Winds-*or* and Hart-*ford*, but nothing authentic is known concerning its origin. Of sixty towns represented in the Connecticut General Assembly in 1788, fully two-thirds borrow their names from persons or places in the Mother Country. Perhaps Orford was named for Sir Robert Walpole, Earl of Orford. His foreign policy was always favorable to the

RUINS OF THE PITKIN GLASS WORKS, MANCHESTER.

(Built at Orford Parish 1783.)

colonies, and it was not until his retirement from office that the severity of English rule in America culminated in the Stamp Act, a measure which Walpole had always condemned.

With the desire for a church grew the necessity for better educational advantages. In the spring of 1772, a new school-house was "Sett up" near the house used as the temporary church, and during six weeks of the first summer seventeen pupils attended the

"Master School." Later in the year the parish was divided into six regular school districts, in each of which school was kept from six weeks to three months every year.

Surveyors worked some time marking "staddles" (small forest trees) and setting stakes before the exact boundaries of the parish were settled, and the people were "duly satisfied" to build a meeting-house near the temporary church on the thirty-rod

GLASS BOTTLES.

(Relics of Orford Parish Industries.)

highway, and "over the Stake that was Set by the Comm^{te}. that was Sent by the assembly in may 1773." The frame of the new meeting-house had a "bigness" of fifty-four feet in length by forty feet in width, and the work was hardly begun on it before many of the most active men in the parish had enlisted in the trainbands to march away from home for the defense of the country. Under the "Burden of a Long and Tedious War with the Great Cost arising therefrom,"* the little society was sorely tried for several years to collect even the pastor's salary of

*From Orford Parish Records.

one hundred pounds, the same to be paid in grain, "or other Artickles Agreable or in money that Shall Purchase the Like Artickles,"—and many years passed before the new meeting-house, the First Church of Christ in Orford, was completed.*

The streams which flowed through the Five Mile tract afforded excellent water power, which was utilized even in the earliest days to run saw-mills and grist-mills. Many of the original settlers were skilled artisans, and as soon as they had cleared the land, started manufacturing enterprises of various kinds on a small scale—powder, wool, cotton, glass and paper being among the articles manufactured. The account of the battle of Lexington which appeared in the Hartford *Courant* was printed on paper made in an Orford mill. Shortly after the war began this mill came into the possession of Hannah Watson and Sarah Ledyard, and when it was burned in 1778 they obtained permission from the General Assembly to "set up" a lottery to raise money to rebuild the mill, as "said paper mill is of public necessity and utility."†

Benjamin Lyman of Orford was the first in Connecticut to manufacture iron plows and hubs; and Timothy Cheney and his brother Benjamin made tall, eight-day clocks of sterling workmanship, a handsome one with brass works costing about twelve pounds. The picturesque stone ruins of the Pitkin glass-works, some of the quaint old bottles made there, and several Cheney clocks which still keep good time, are treasured memorials of old Orford industries.

The land in Orford was not as easily tilled as the fertile alluvial of East Hartford near the river, but the undulating hills, with their well-timbered tracts, gave each farmer both open fields for crops and excellent uplands for pasturage and wood lots. Slaves were owned in the parish, eighty pounds being paid in 1758 by one of the farmers for "one certain negro Man named Zacheus, one negro Woman named Diana & a negro boy, to have & to hold

*On the twentieth day of November, 1794, the society voted to accept the meeting-house as finished, "provided the Pew Doors are well hung and the Read Paint covered on the front Side of Sd house."

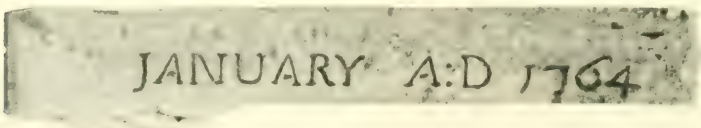
†From Pub. Records of Conn., Vol. I, page 503.

said Negro Slaves for Ever,"* but most of the work was done by the settlers themselves; and the best the most thrifty could win from soil, or mill, or shop was a simple, well-to-do prosperity.

In the year 1773 the list of voters numbered ninety-four, and on the back of the old document which contains their names is written:

"No. of Houses in Orford, . . 112
on the East Side, ... 56
on the West —— . . . . . 56"

Each of these houses was taxed according to the number of "smokes" or fire-places,—a parlor-smoke rating higher than a kitchen-smoke.



DATE ON FIRE-PLACE OF A HOUSE IN ORFORD PARISH.

The old meeting-house, the center and heart of Orford society, is no longer standing, but there are a dozen or more old houses which have survived the wear of time, and these are of good proportion, though entirely without ornamentation. The farmers built remote from each other, selecting their house lots to suit their own convenience, and Orford had no line of handsome dwellings like the street in East Hartford.

One of the earliest settlers in the Five-Mile purchase was Thomas Olcott, and he opened a tavern there in 1711. From that time for a hundred years some member of the Olcott family paid a tax as a "taverner" at the west end of the tract. The inn of revolutionary days was burned, and John Olcott built a new house of entertainment which is still standing, though the tap-room is no more. Just south of the John Olcott tavern stands a small house with a gambrel-roof, which is over one hundred and twenty-five years old. It was the homestead of Charles Bunce, and when first occupied had but two lights of glass. There are three old

*From original bill of sale.

houses on which the date of their erection is given. The house now owned by Mrs. L. B. Watkins has this date carved upon the stone fire-facings: "January, A.D. 1764." Here lived early in the century just closed "Aunt Anne Case," a maiden lady, beloved by the whole parish. The George Griswold house, now owned by the Misses Eldridge, has the date 1770 carved upon the stone beside the doorway; and the chimney of the Alexander McKee house bears the date 1803. A picturesque house, called Minister's Tavern, was the home of Ireanus Brown, and its hospitable roof

IREANUS BROWN HOMESTEAD.

sheltered many young divines who came to preach in Orford to families of the Baptist faith. As far as can be ascertained, the Timothy Cheney homestead, now called Orford Farm House, on the country road east of the meeting-house site, is the oldest house now standing. This was built in 1757. Later the owner moved into a smaller house in his South Lots where he had a saw-mill and a grist-mill. This house, which is usually called the Cheney Homestead, is built into a side-hill, with a cellar on the same floor with the kitchen. The parlor, above stairs, has a

separate entrance with a porch on the hill top, a convenient arrangement for best-room company.

An old ledger containing the accounts of Timothy Cheney from 1757 to 1795 gives a pleasing idea of generous provision in the parish. His home was comfortably furnished, and that housekeeping tasks were made easy is proved by such entries as the following: "Sarah How came to live at my House; W*d* Mary

TIMOTHY CHENEY HOMESTEAD, NOW CALLED "ORFORD FARM HOUSE."

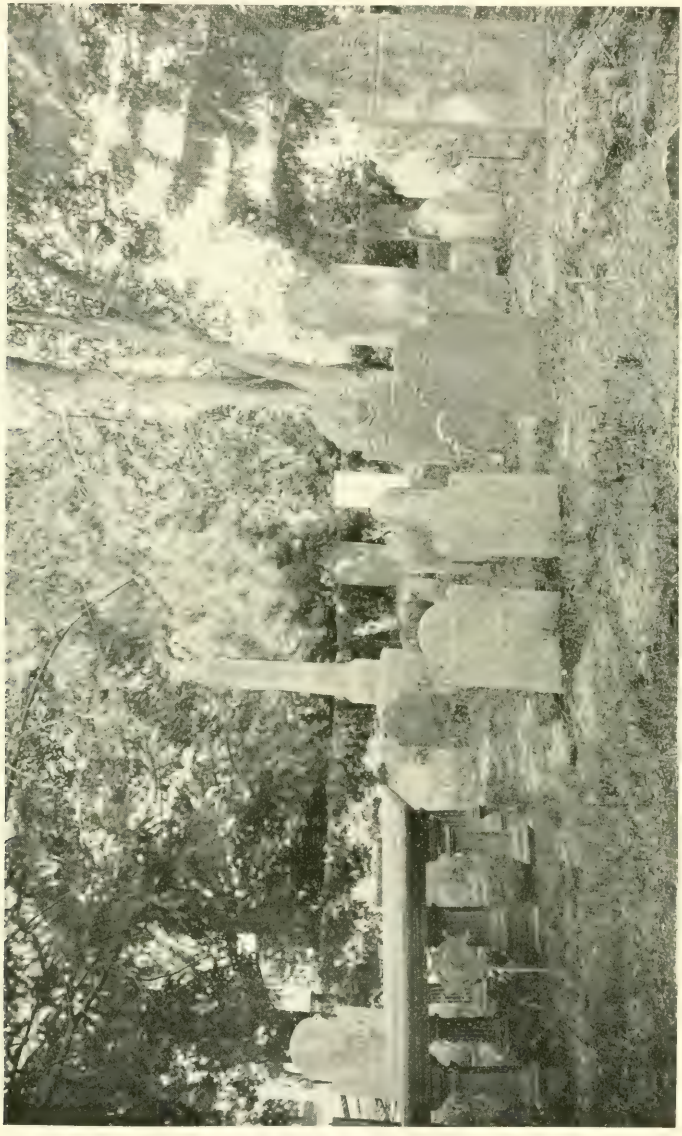
Evens came to work at my House; Cate a woman of color came to work for me; Pd. Elizabeth Briant for weaving coverlid and Bedstick; Pd. for weaving 34 yds. check linen, whitning 19 yds. of Cloth & Spinning 2 run of 12 not yarn." Such items as: "Silk bunnit for Wife; a Silk Crape gown; pr. of stais; pr. womens shoe buckles; hat pin; silk handkerchief; String of gold Beeds; one open top Cariage;"—suggest a proper outfit for the house-wife for Sunday church-going. Rum was bought by the barrel, but tea-parties were not of frequent occurrence in this family. In 1763, half-a-pound of tea was purchased, and again,

in 1767, quarter-of-a-pound of tea was entered in the book. After that time none at all was used.

From the distribution of the estate of Deacon Robert McKee in 1798, it appears that the Widow's Third was carried out to the letter of the law in Orford. Mabel McKee came into possession not only of her third of the "Home Lott" and other lands, but

CHENEY HOMESTEAD.

had for her improvement during life "the West front Room and the West Bed room one half of the Kitchen Chamber one third part of the cellar at the North End with liberty to Wash Bake and Brew in the Kitchen With liberty to use the Well and one third part of the Door Yard and eight Rods of Ground for a Garden at the West end of the house extending South to the highway the Southwest part of the Barn viz from the floor to the west end half way across the Barn from North to South with liberty to thresh her grain &c. on the floor."



CORNER OF EAST BURYING GROUND, ORFORD PARISH, NOW MANCHESTER.

No mention is made of whipping-post and stocks in Orford, but the Church acted as a sterner check to wrong-doing than any gaol. Church-members were admonished for tavern-haunting, disorderly behavior in the house of God, false remarks, imprudent speech, theft, and use of ardent spirits. If no confession was made, the unlucky victim was excommunicated in the following form: "We do withdraw our Watch and fellowship from him and in the Name of the great head of the chh. do give him back to the World we do in the language of the scripture Deliver him unto Satan for the distruction of the flesh that his sperit may be saved in the Day of the Life. We do no longer consider him as a member of the chh. but is unto us as a heathen man and publican."

In 1791 was started the first Public Library Company in East Hartford—"said library to forever remain in the Parish of Orford"—but the proprietors, as they were called, paid their annual dues only a few years, for in 1807 the books, one hundred and one volumes, mostly religious and instructive, were sold out at auction.

When the Revolution began, the men of Orford responded promptly to beat of drum, and formed a company in the Lexington Alarm Regiment from Hartford. This is the roll—

Timothy Cheney, Capt.	Josiah Olcott, Jun^{r}	Theodore Keeney
Richard Pitkin, Lieut.	Alexandar Keeney, Jun^{r}	Robert McKee
Ozias Bissell, "	Abiathar Evans	Solomon Gilman, Jun^{r}
Simon Gaines, Serjeant	Ozias Bidwell	Josiah Loomis
Elisha Buckland, "	James Bellows	Samuel Bryant
Joseph McKee, "	David Buckland	Jedediah Darling, Jun^{r}
Samuel Evans, Jun^{r}	Ephraim Webster	Timothy Bryant
Mathew Cadwell	Joseph Stedman	David Goodrich
Nathaniel Dewey		

Several of these men saw actual service in other companies, but no one among them distinguished himself pre-eminently in the field.

The society meeting held in Orford on the third Thursday of January, 1777, voted "to abate the Society Rates that was made on the Heads of the Soljers that were in the Publick Servis," but unfortunately their names were not given, evidently because they were so well known to all in the parish. It is difficult to identify the men who died in service, for their names were not passed from generation to generation as were those of the soldiers who escaped

the hazards of war and returned home to tell of their adventures in camp and field.

In the three cemeteries of Manchester are the graves of twenty-three soldiers of the Revolution, and these are commemorated by revolutionary markers, placed there by the Orford Parish chapter. All of these patriots were married, and so many of them had established their homes before war days began that it is appropriate here to record the names of the wives with the list of soldiers.

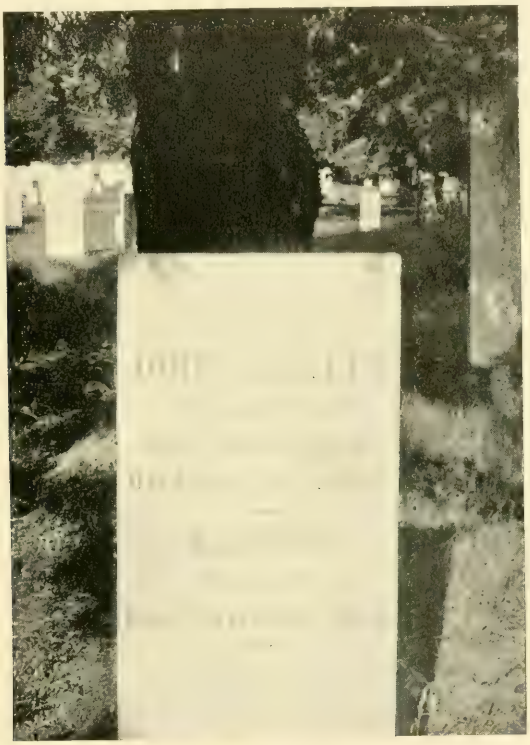
Soldiers.	*Wives.*
Captain Ozias Bissell.	Mabel Bissell.
" Timothy Cheney.	Mary Cheney.
" Richard Pitkin.	Dorothy Pitkin.
Lieutenant Simon Gains.	Sarah Gains.
" Nathaniel Olcott.	Irena Olcott.
Sergeant Elisha Buckland.	Elizabeth Buckland.
" Elihu Geer.	Eleanor Geer.
" Joseph McKee.	Ruth McKee.
Ensign Russell Bissell.	Eunice Bissell.
Private Ebenezer Bryant.	Lois Bryant.
" George Buckland.	Elizabeth Buckland.
" Moses Evans.	——— Evans.
" Joshua Flint.	Sarah Flint.
" White Griswold.*	Elizabeth Griswold.
" Josiah Hollister.	Mary Hollister.
" Ashel Keeney.	Sarah Keeney.
" Richard Keeney.	Mabel Keeney.
" Allen Marsh.	Mabel Marsh
" Robert McKee.	Dorothy McKee.
" Andrus Millard	Mabel Millard.
" Nehemiah Risley.	Martha Risley.
" Ashua Symonds.	Ruth Symonds.
" William Wilson.	Lovina Wilson.

In the east cemetery is buried a negro named John Jacklin, and his grave-stone records with pride his service: "Waiter to General Washington."

Capt. Ozias Bissell, the greatest fighter from Orford, served five years and eight months in the Revolution, and was repeatedly wounded and taken prisoner. Timothy Cheney of the Lexington Alarm company received a commission as captain of the ninth company in the nineteenth regiment, Connecticut Militia; and Richard Pitkin, Nathaniel Olcott and Simon Gains were officers

*White Griswold died in service, and upon the stone marking the grave of his wife is this additional inscription: "P. S. Mr. White Griswold died in Philadelphia, Decr., A. D. 1777, in the 50th year of his age."

under him. The roster of the men is missing. This company went to New York in August, 1776, with the troops under Brig.-Gen. Roger Wolcott. Captain Cheney was recalled by Governor Trumbull to resume the manufacture of powder-sieves, of which



GRAVE-STONE IN EAST CEMETERY, MANCHESTER.

the new powder-mills of the state were in pressing need. He did not re-enlist, and Richard Pitkin took his place as captain. Richard Pitkin, Jr., a boy too young to enlist, followed his father when on a campaign, and drove an ammunition wagon. Josiah Hollister was in the corps of artificers at Valley Forge, and had the honor of making a cabinet or wardrobe for Martha Washington to use in camp.

White Griswold and his son Asa were in the northern department in 1776, and some extracts from a letter written by White Griswold will give an idea of the hardships endured by the patriots during the summer:

DOROTHY PITKIN.
(Landlady of Pitkin Tavern, Orford Parish, now Manchester.)

"Fort George, 10th August, 1776. Although at a great distance from you yet I have an opportunity which I gladly embrace to let you know something of my circumstances since I came from home, but where and how to begin I am at a loss for the time is short in which I have to write. I have been into Canada as far as the 3 Rivers 90 miles above Quebeck which is 278 miles from this place and on the March we underwent an un-

known deal, both by fatigue and want of provisions also by the small pox so that we have undergone almost everything but death. But thanks be to God I and my son are in comfortable circumstances at present. Our business for some days past has been making coffins. I counted the graves Saturday night the 10th of August and there were 130 graves and sundry have two bodies in

DOROTHY PITKIN CHAIR.

them, and tis not more than 30 days since the first was buried there. Although death is so frequent tis minded among the greater part of the soldiers no more than among a herd of cattle which makes it the most doleful to behold." The next year White Griswold was taken prisoner at Brandywine, and died in captivity.

Moses Evans, senior and junior, entered the army together; the father lost his life early in the conflict. Moses Evans, the younger, served from Bunker Hill to the end of the war, and

escaped serious injury, though he lost an eye in battle. He was with Putnam's little band when the general made his daring escape on horseback; once on a winter campaign his bare and bleeding feet left a red track upon the snow, and his rations were

DEODATUS WOODBRIDGE.
(Landlord of Woodbridge Tavern at Orford Parish, now Manchester.)

half-a-pint of rice a day; he had small pox at New London, and his mother, hearing of his illness, went for him with a horse and cart and brought him home to nurse him. All these hardships did not change his cheerful disposition, and in his old age when he was entirely blind, his home was the center of revolutionary story-telling. He would sing all the old songs like "Yankee Doodle" and "Don't let them fool you, girls." One of his favorite war songs began thus:

"We'll take our knapsacks on our backs,
With a piece o' pork and pumpkin-pie,
And gang down to New York
To make the red-coats fly."

ESTHER WELLS WOODBRIDGE.
(Landlady of Woodbridge Tavern at Orford Parish, now Manchester.)

The women of Orford were too far away from the scene of actual warfare to show heroism in camp or field, but the fortitude with which they took up the double duty of household and farm was born of patriotism as unflinching as that shown by the men.

At the old Olcott tavern, situated at the west end of the parish, many a weary soldier partook of a substantial meal of Mistress Olcott's own cooking, and went his way rejoicing. The tavern at the eastern end of Orford was kept by Capt. Richard Pitkin and

his wife Dorothy.* The following receipted bill shows that Dorothy Pitkin had a busy day early in the War: "Hartford Jen'ry 14th 1776. Then Receiv'd of Richard Pitkin twenty one meals of Victuals for my Soldiers on their march to Cambridge Camp: John Pennoyer Lt." On the other side is written: "To 21 Meals Victuals att 8d = L O. 13 s. 6 d."

When Rochambeau's army crossed Connecticut in the summer of 1781, a detachment of the troops passed through Orford. As soon as word of the approach of the "French Army" was received at the Pitkin tavern, Dorothy and her daughters at once began preparations to feed as many of the hungry soldiers as possible. First they started the bread-making; then filled great kettles with beef, pork and vegetables, and hung them to boil. After the cooking was well under way, they improvised tables outside the inn, and when the soldiers arrived they found a savory meal spread for them, willing hands to serve them, and smiling faces to cheer them. It was a day always remembered with pride by the Pitkin family, for the gratitude of the soldiers was sincere and heartfelt.

Toward the close of the war, Deodatus Woodbridge and his wife Esther opened a public house near the Pitkin Inn, where were entertained Governor Trumbull and other distinguished men as they passed through the state. When Washington was President he made a journey to Boston in 1789, and upon his return through Connecticut he rested at Woodbridge tavern. In his diary under the day Monday, November 9, 1789, he writes: "We passed through Mansfield (which is a very hilly country and the township in which they make the greatest qty. of silk of any in the state) and breakfasted at one Bingham's in Coventry. Stopped at Woodbridges in Et. Hartford, where the level land is entered upon, and from whence, through East Hartford, the country is pleasant and the land in places very good; in others sandy and weak." This must have been the time when Washington "stopped at Woodbridges" that the little daughter

*They were married in East Hartford, and a special service was held there to offer prayers for the welfare of the young couple about to depart to the wilderness! Their tavern-home in the wilderness, (i. e. the Five Miles) is no longer standing.

of the house, Electa Woodbridge, presented him with a glass of water, an honor of which she was justly proud all her life.

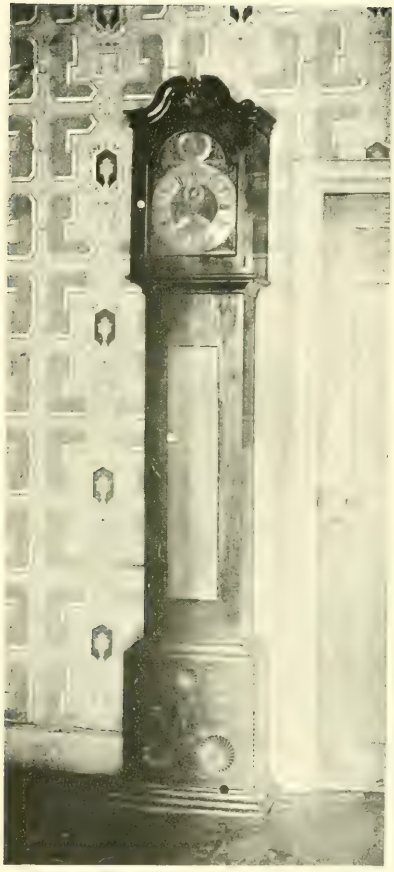
This tavern* is still standing on the turnpike at Manchester Green, but has lost some of its old-time character; and the gaily

ELECTA WOODBRIDGE CHENEY.

painted sign—a lion with a twisted tail—which used to swing before the door, has long since disappeared. The house sheltered all good patriots who passed that way, and the Daughters of the American Revolution of Orford Parish have preserved a piece of the time-eaten oak from the tavern in the frame of their charter.

Alice Barrett Cheney.

* See frontispiece, p. 458.



REVOLUTIONARY CLOCK.

(A trophy of the New York campaign. The property of Captain Shubael Griswold, Torrington, now in possession of his descendants.)

TORRINGTON

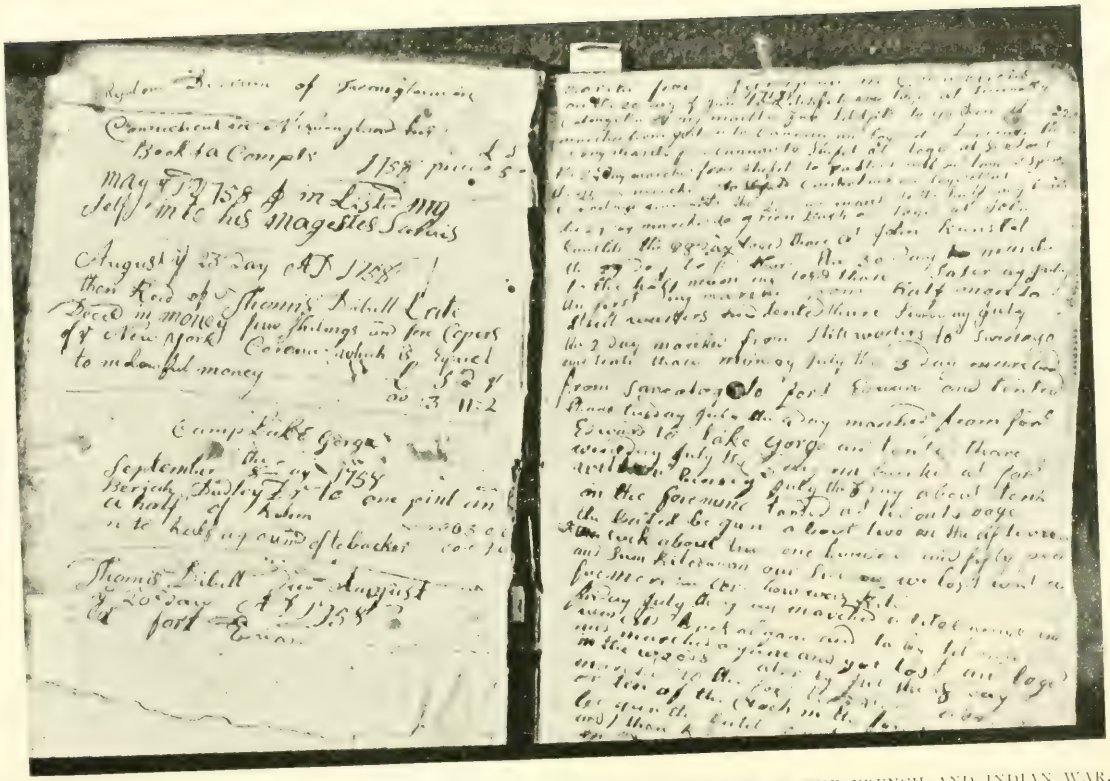
IN 1741 Torrington was incorporated as a town. It was indeed a town of small beginnings. In 1737 one man from Durham, with his family, made the place his home; another from the same vicinity soon followed and in four years fourteen families, from the neighboring towns of Windsor and Durham, had settled there. Over this little flock the Rev. Nathaniel Roberts was ordained as minister in the summer of 1741.

As it was a frontier settlement and exposed to depredations from the Canadians and Indians, a fortification was erected not far from the center, no trace of which can be seen to-day.

During the Revolution it was far from the scene of battle and as it was not on the regular line of march between Connecticut and the Hudson River there is little local connection between Torrington and the war. In the year 1781, however, the French allies marched through the town on their way to join Washington's army at New York, and encamped on the hills of Torringford, the eastern section of the town. No record of any incident connected with this encampment remains and little information has been discovered about the passage of the French army through Torringford. The turnpike over which they marched is now disused and has become part of the farm pastures adjoining. Their camp was near the old church, no traces of which remain, a house having been erected nearly on the site of the original church.

Captain Shubael Griswold, ancestor of a member* of the Torrington chapter, served in the French and Indian War and kept a careful journal of his campaigns. To obtain a legible copy of Captain Griswold's journal was difficult. But on the first page

*Miss Isabelle Wallace Griswold.



FACSIMILE COPY FIRST PAGES OF CAPT. SHUBAEL GRISWOLD'S DIARY KEPT IN THE FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR.

of this interesting relic of our Colonial Wars, as pictured in the accompanying illustration, can be read—

"May ye 1st 1758 I inlisted myself into his Majeste's servis."

On the opposite page can be deciphered the first entry of his journal which records the march of Litchfield county men to Ticonderoga, and their arrival in time for the famous battle there between Abercrombie and Montcalm. It reads as follows:

Marched from Torrington on the 20th day of June 1758.
March from Litchfield " " 22nd.
The 23rd day marched from Canaan.

* * * *

On Saturday July the first day marched . . . to Stillwater and tented there.

July the second day marched from Stillwater to Saratoga and tented there.

Monday July the 3rd day marched from Saratoga to Fort Edward & tented.

* * * *

Tuesday July the 4th day marched from Fort Edward to Lake George and tented there.

Wednesday July the 5th Day imbarked at fort ———.

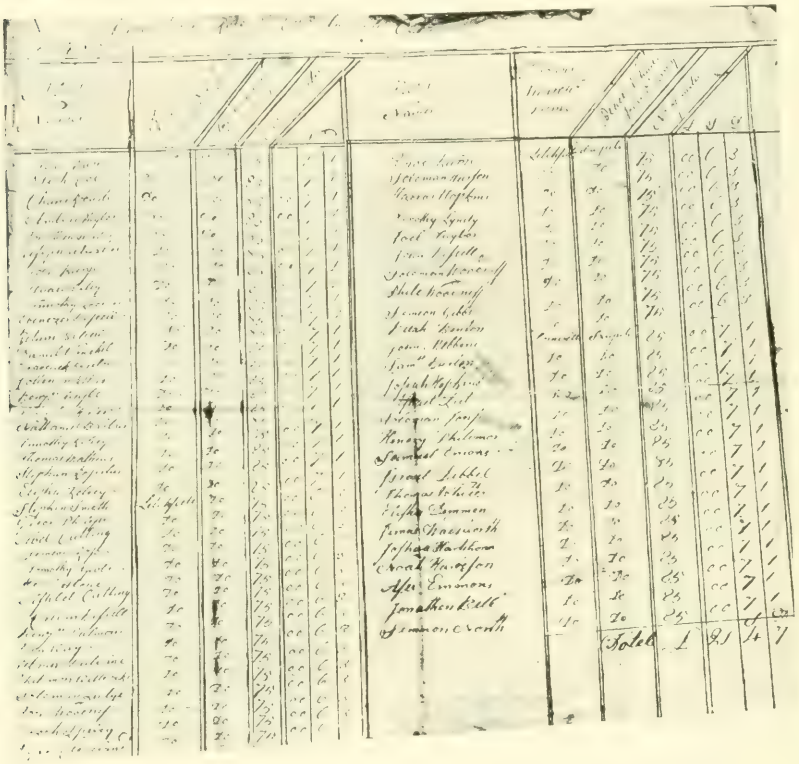
July the 6th day about forenoon tented at ticonderoga the batel began about two in the afternoon . . . took about one hundred and fifty pr[isoners.] Some killed. On our side we lost . . . a few men, one Lord Howe was killed.

Friday July the 7 day marched a litel ways and was called back again and lay by till nite, and marched again and got lost and lodged in the woods.

Saturday July the 8 day marched to the fort Ticonderoga about nine or ten of the clock in the forenoon then begun the batel and lasted til the sun set, and then retreated.

The above is simply a captain's record of the march of the Litchfield county men to the scene of war. Of the forces on the English side, later historians say, "It was the largest army which had ever yet marched through the forests of America. On July 5th, 1758, nine thousand provincial troops and six thousand British regulars embarked in a thousand boats on the shore of Lake George for the strong French Fort at Ticonderoga held by Montcalm with about thirty-six hundred men." An assault was made by General Abercrombie on July 8, 1758, on Fort Ticonderoga. The attack

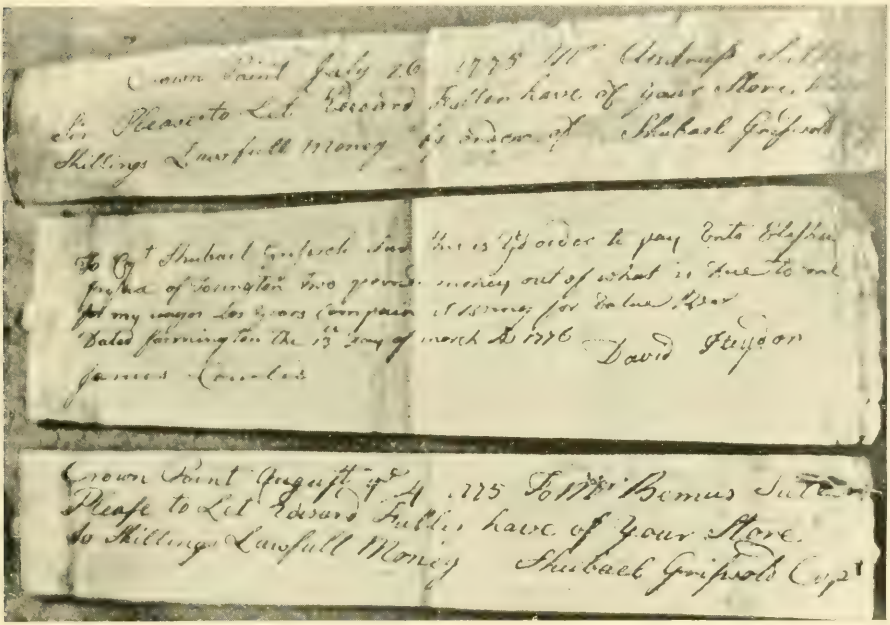
was conducted with unsurpassed intrepidity but was as bravely repulsed by Montcalm. The English lost nearly two thousand killed and wounded. The popular young English general, Lord Howe, was killed (mentioned in the diary under date July 6), whose early death was mourned both in England and the colonies.



FACSIMILE COPY OF CAPTAIN SHUBAEL GRISWOLD'S MARCHING ROLL, DATED MARCH 4, 1777. TORRINGTON.

During the Revolutionary War Captain Griswold wrote little that has been preserved. His "Marching Roll" of his company, or his "Belting Orders" as he called it, is, however, in the possession of his great-granddaughter, who kindly allowed a photo to be taken of the same for this sketch. The resi-

dences of the men in Captain Griswold's Company are given opposite their names on the "Marching Roll." Those from Torrington are first and are as follows: John Burr, Seth Coe, Charles Roberts, Ambrose Fyler, Jonathan Miller, Asaph Atwater, John Birge, Isaac Filley, Timothy Loomis, Ebenezer Bissell, Return Bissell, Daniel Winchell, Frederick Bigelow, Cotton



FACSIMILE COPIES REQUISITIONS, ORDER AND SIGNATURES OF CAPTAIN SHUBAEL GRISWOLD, TORRINGTON.

Mather, Benjamin Frisbie, Thomas Skinner, Nathaniel Barber, Thomas Kelsey, Thomas Matthews, Stephen Rossiter, Elisha Kelsey.

In addition there are still preserved a few requisitions on the sutler. Two are dated at Crown Point during the year 1775 and are as follows:

Crown Point, July 26, 1775. Mr. Andruss, Sutler, Sir.: Please to let Edward Fuller have of your Store three Shillings Lawfull Money, by order of Shubael Griswold Capt.

Crown Point August ye 4 1775. To Mr. Bemus, Sutler. Please to Let Edward Fuller have of Your Store Six Shillings Lawfull Money.

SHUBAEL GRISWOLD, Capt.

To Capt. Shubael Griswold, Sir. This is yr order to pay unto Elisha Frisbie of Torrington two pounds money out of what is Due to me for my wages last year's Campaign it being for Value Recd.

Dated farmington the 13th Day of March A. D. 1776.

JAMES COWLES. DAVID HAYDON.

In the Capt. Shubael Griswold homestead stands an ancient brass clock, which still keeps good time. The works of this clock were taken from the house of a Tory in New York by a patriot soldier, who carried them off in his knapsack, and afterwards sold them to Captain Griswold, who paid half a bushel of rye for the works and had them put in their present case.* The family from whom the clock works were taken was well known, and their name is still a well-known name in New York.

According to the records† the list of Revolutionary soldiers from Torrington included *every voter* and not one was disloyal to the American cause, every man keeping to the letter his vows of fidelity.

That the women of Torrington bore their share of the burdens of the Revolution is beyond doubt. During the war they held weekly meetings at Benjamin Bissell's tavern‡ to receive and discuss the news from the soldiers. Many instances are preserved of the privations of the soldiers' families, left dependent on their own resources. One woman, Mrs. Noah Beach, had for weeks no bread in the house, only griddle-cakes of buckwheat bran, of which her son said years after, "If they were baked from morning until four o'clock they would still be too sticky to swallow."§

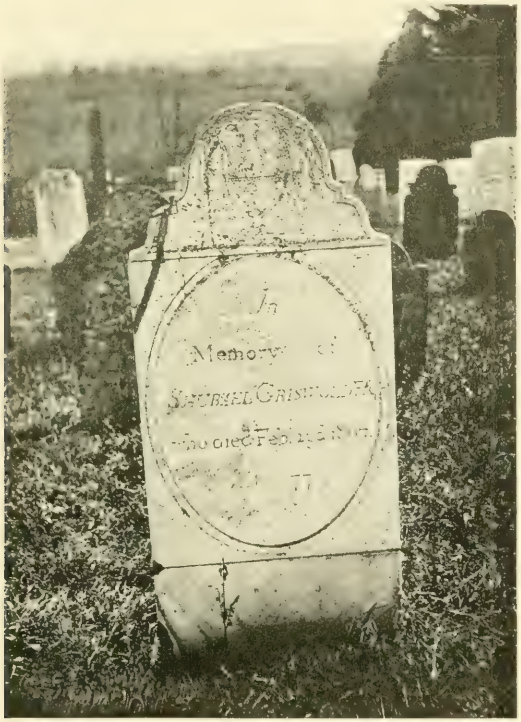
A family tradition in the neighboring town of Goshen preserves the following incident: The head of the household was at the war; a heavy and unexpectedly early fall of snow rendered imperative the rescue of a flock of sheep in a distant pasture. The wife, with the assistance of another woman, yoked the oxen

* See frontispiece, page 478.

† History of Torrington, Orcutt, p. 232. ‡ Ibid, p. 75. § Ibid, p. 234.

and attaching a heavy stick of timber to the chain, drove the team to the pasture and in the path thus made managed to get the sheep safely home.

Another bit of family history, given in the words of the narrator, is as follows: "I have heard my grandmother say that her grand-



GRAVE OF CAPT. SHUBAEL GRISWOLD, TORRINGTON.

mother was extremely fond of tea; but it was considered unpatriotic for families to use tea, so she used to make it secretly—on the sly, as boys say—and as long as she lived never overcame the habit, if she was making tea and heard some one coming, of snatching the teapot from the fire and hiding it."

On receiving news of the invasion of Danbury, a number of Goshen men started to aid its defenders. Arriving too late to be

of assistance they remained until the British had gone and helped to plunder the Tory houses which had escaped the burning.

"Fisk Beach filled his saddle-bags with heads of hatchelled flax; James Thompson brought home articles of wearing apparel;

GRAVESTONE OF MRS. MEHITABEL BURR, TORRINGTON, THE WIFE OF A REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIER.

Jonathan Wadhams had in his saddle-bags a pair of sad-irons. It is said, however, that his wife and daughter strenuously refused to use them on the ground that 'the receiver is as bad as the thief.' Oliver Norton, when he got home found in his pocket an old milk cup with the handle off. Josiah Roys brought something,

Isaac Pratt something. This loading back from Danbury was the occasion of much sport and joking among the people after their return." *

In the Torrington burial grounds is the last resting place of Captain Shubael Griswold, who, according to the inscription on the headstone, died in 1807 at the age of seventy-seven years.

Bearing the names of two women of Torrington whose husbands served in the war, there are two stones, one of which is given in the illustration and has the following inscription :

In memory of Mrs
MEHETABEL BURR The Amiable &
Much Refpected
Confort of Mr Reuben
Burr Who Departed
This Life Septr ye 29th
AD. 1793. In the 45th
Year of Her Age.

Be not too Anxious hear
My Real State to know
That all God's ways
Most Righteous are
A Future Day will show.

The name of Cotton Mather on the other stone suggests a connection with the great Bostonian of the same name. The epitaph to his wife, like Mehitabel Burr's, is an example of the stone cutter's art—or lack of it—and of ye quaint epitaphs :

Here lies the Body of
Mrs Zilpah wife of Mr.
Cotton Mather. She
died March ye 24th AD. 177$\frac{4}{3}$
in the 23d year of her age.

i hope i never shall fergit
the counsel gave to me
before she did resine her breath
into the frozen arms of death.

In later history Torrington has had some distinction as the birthplace of the famous abolitionist, John Brown. He was born

* Manuscript volumes of "Goshen Statistics and Family History," written by Lewis M. Norton between 1830 and 1860. The fifty pages of Revolutionary history contained therein were all on the authority of Revolutionary soldiers living at that time (1840 to 1845) and whose stories Mr. Norton, in many cases, took down verbatim.

here on March 9, 1800. He was fifth in descent from Peter Brown, who came over in the Mayflower in 1620, and was the grandson of a Revolutionary captain who had died in Washington's army. He left Torrington a lad of five years, and half a century later was a pioneer in the conflict which was to free a nation of its African

(From a copyrighted photograph kindly loaned by John J. Brooks, Esq.)

slaves. In point of time he belonged to the nineteenth century, but in his characteristics he seemed an offshoot of an earlier age. He had the stern virtues, the resolute will, and the God-fearing conscience of the men who founded the New England colonies.

But the town of Torrington, in its earlier or later history, is not rich in historical associations, either of place or people. To its loyal sons and daughters, however, it speaks of prosperity and contentment, and to them and to the many others who year by year take their way to Litchfield county there are attractions of nature's own in the invigorating air of its mountains and the restfulness of its valleys.

Mary E. Brooks.

GREEN WOODS

IN Litchfield County the northeastern townships were the latest of the colony towns to be settled and incorporated. The Winsted chapter, in its title Green Woods, preserves the name given by the early proprietors of the section to the rugged highlands lying south of the Massachusetts line, between the valleys of the Farmington and the Housatonic rivers. It was a tract of precipitous hills and pathless swamps, covered by a luxuriant growth of hemlock and laurel, while the banks of the ponds were a tangle of thorny vines as impenetrable as the chaparral of southern latitudes. The region belonged to the towns of Windsor and Hartford and even before the earliest surveys it was called the Green Woods tract.

On its division into townships the center of the tract was called Winchester, and on the central eastern border of this town in later years the village of Winsted grew up, becoming in 1858 an incorporated borough.

In 1759, before any settlement had begun, the General Assembly at its May session ordered opened "a new country road from the mansion house of Samuel Humphrey in Simsbury to Col. David Whitney's in Canaan—to the great accommodation and benefit of his majesty's subjects, and especially in time of war, occasionally traveling or marching." This thoroughfare was opened in 1761 and was known as the North Country Road. According to tradition it was the wonder of the times that a direct and passable road could be built through the jungles and rocks of the Green Woods tract. It was not an Appian Way, but it was of great importance to travel, especially during the Revolution when it was used for the transfer of troops and munitions between Hartford and Albany, all the soldiers from Eastern Connecticut probably passing over it on their way to northern frontier service.

It was on the old North Road that Grand Juror Balcom attempted to arrest Col. Ethan Allen for desecration of the Sabbath day. Colonel Allen was on his way to Ticonderoga, and on Sunday, instead of stopping at one of the inns in the vicinity—at Landlord Roberts's on Wallen's Hill, or Freedom Wright's near Rowley Pond, or at the Rockwells' or the Phelpses', a little further westward—he continued on his journey. "My authority does not allow you to travel on the Sabba' day," cried the important

ON THE OLD NORTH ROAD, GREEN WOODS, NOW WINSTED.

Balcom. The colonel drew his sword, flourished it aloft and with a great oath exclaimed, "Get into your burrow, you woodchuck, or I'll cut your head off," and went on his way without further parley. It is said Balcom was careful ever after as to whom he hailed on the Sabbath day.

In 1762 the Assembly ordered another highway to be opened along a bridle-path from a point "three rods from Mr. Gold's fore door in Torringford to Still River, thence by Spectacle Pond and Mott's house to a stake and stones in Norfolk." This was the old South Country Road; it was so difficult a road to travel that it was said Landlord Burr on Hayden Hill used to detain his

guests on their journey until after morning worship, that they might have the benefit of his prayers in behalf of their efforts to get up the "dugway" west of Burrville.

Over both the North and the South Country Roads detachments of Burgoyne's soldiery marched as prisoners of war after the battle of Saratoga. An aged lady, still living, relates from memory an incident told to her by Grandma Paine (Mindwell Roberts) of Wallen's Hill. Mrs. Paine's mother, when she saw Burgoyne's troops coming over the hill, pulled in the latch-string and taking her two children, Mindwell, four years old, and a baby sister (Lucy Roberts), fled out of the back door and hid behind a brush fence. From this hiding place she pulled aside the brush to see the British soldiers march by.

Here and there along their route prisoners escaped, or being ill were left behind, some of whom became inhabitants of the Green Woods towns. Their names appear on local records of Revolutionary date, generally with the descriptive word "Hessian," and their descendants still remain in this vicinity.

The township of Winchester was of slow settlement. Although its pioneers did not suffer the horrors of Indian warfare, their hardships were peculiar and severe. The historian of the town remarks: "It is a wonder that any but outlaws should have resorted to a region so forlorn in its physical characteristics and so niggardly in its proprietary management." Large numbers of the early comers did remove later to the rich lands of Western New York when the latter were opened to settlers. At the organization of the town, in 1771, there were but twenty-eight families on the South Road and but four on the North Road. The roads were five or six miles apart, and before 1780 the only means of communication between them was by a crooked and difficult bridle-path.

In 1774 the second colonial census gave Winchester a population of three hundred and thirty-nine, a large proportion of whom were women and children, hence the severe strain on Winchester when the call came for soldiers, and hence its meagre Revolutionary record.

The infant town, however, supplied her quota of men, who left behind them on their hill farms families dependent on their own

exertion often for food and homespun. The records are somewhat pathetic in the light they throw on the hardships of its people: "Voted, that a committee be appointed to provide for the families of those men that are enlisted into the Continental Army." "Voted, if the committee cannot procure a sufficiency of provisions for the families of those men who are gone into the army, the Selectmen shall lay the matter before the Governor and Council, and pray for them to point out some way for our relief."

ON THE OLD SOUTH ROAD, GREEN WOODS, NOW WINSTED.

There is an interesting picture of the home life of this period from the pen of a venerable lady,* a native of Winchester and a descendant of a pioneer heroine.

In 1751 Capt. Josiah Avered of Bethlem (Woodbury) purchased some undivided lands in Winchester. He was soon after disabled by an accident and confined to his bed until his death in Bethlem,

*Mrs. Swift, a granddaughter of Mrs. Hannah Avered. (Mrs. Avered's son, Dr. Josiah Everitt, married (second) Nelly, daughter of Captain Samuel Pease of Enfield, and spent his life in Winchester. Their daughter Nelly, born in 1786, married Dr. Zephaniah Swift.) Mrs. Swift's manuscript was prepared for the "Annals of Winchester," by the Hon. John Boyd, from which the above stories of the Avered family are taken, some of which being quoted verbatim.

in 1765. His property in Bethlem being almost exhausted by his long illness, his widow, Mrs. Hannah (Hinman) Avered (Everitt as now spelled), soon after his death, removed with her seven children and aged mother to the wilds of Winchester, when there were but three families in that vicinity. A clearing was made and a house built on their land on the old South Country Road, two miles from the center toward Norfolk. For a long time the house had not an iron hinge or latch and for some time not even a door. During the severe winters hungry wolves howled at night in the enclosure of the cottage and were seen to jump over the fence when any one opened the door. During the hard winter of 1783 snow fell every other day for six weeks. Grain and corn were boiled for family food. Wood was drawn on a hand-sled over the drifts by one of the sons, Andrew Avered, on snow-shoes and taken in at a window. During the war another son, Noble Avered, was a chaplain in the army and a third, Josiah,* was away from home, at first studying for his profession and afterwards in command of a company on the Canada frontier.

During one winter a piece of checked woolen for soldiers' shirts was put into the loom, but it was impossible to weave on account of the cold; it was therefore wound off in balls, then doubled, one thread white and one blue, and twisted on the great wheel. With the wool thus prepared Hannah Avered and her four daughters sat in a circle around the fireplace enclosed by blankets suspended from the joists overhead, and knitted the yarn into stockings for the army. One night, amid the howling of the winter blast, they sat in consultation whether they should break up housekeeping and each go out for employment for herself. After a sleepless night Hannah Avered told the family that by the help of God they would keep together.

One Monday morning during the war Diana Avered received an invitation to a wedding to occur one week later; she must therefore have a new gown. The only store was near the Torrington line, and about four miles distant. Mrs. Avered rode to the store, where she found a pattern of chintz which could be bought in exchange for eleven and a half yards of checked woolen shirting for soldiers' use, but its owner would not take Continen-

* See note, page 492.

tal bills. Mrs. Avered arrived home about an hour before sundown. There were wool, cards, wheel, net, loom and blue dye, all in the house, but not a thread of yarn, and that night before Diana Avered went to bed she carded, spun and put in the dye-pot the necessary yarn, and finally the whole piece of cloth was woven, the gown pattern purchased, made up and worn to the wedding.

"Widow Hannah Averit" was one of the few who "owned the Covenant" and who were thereupon declared to be "a visible church of Jesus Christ." She was the only woman whose name was recorded on the list of those who took the Oath of Fidelity to the State of Connecticut when the Articles of Confederation were presented to the towns for approval. She was eighty-nine years old at her death in 1803. Her round table and a wooden latch from her door are still preserved.

There is no evidence that the town of Winchester at any time shirked its duty. On the Lexington Alarm two volunteers marched to Boston. There were soldiers from Winchester at Ticonderoga, Quebec, Bunker Hill, Long Island, Saratoga, and on other battle fields.

The names of soldiers which appear in our local histories are found on the muster and pay-rolls and such other documents as are preserved in the state archives. But the record is very imperfect and includes only a few of those who performed military service in the war. Scarcely a mention is found of the services of the militia, which was repeatedly called out from Litchfield county to Danbury, Horseneck, Long Island, Peekskill and other points on the North River during the long struggle for the Highlands. Probably there was not an able-bodied man of the town who failed to serve in some of this harassing service.

Joseph Hoskins of Winchester was trumpeter in a cavalry detachment that went down from Litchfield county to Long Island. Their gaunt appearance, rusty equipments and pacing horses excited the ridicule of certain men in Washington's army, but their good service in the battle and on the retreat from Brooklyn Heights won approval and appreciation. In the Saratoga campaign, among others from Winchester was Deacon Seth Hills. He was present at the surrender of Burgoyne and after the battle assisted in clearing the field of the dead and wounded. Seth Hills

was the first deacon of the Winchester church and the first representative from the town to the Assembly.

From an affidavit of Col. Aaron Austin, accompanying a petition of David Goff for compensation for service, it appears that Goff went as sergeant with Captain Griswold's company into Canada in 1775. In 1776 he again enlisted in Colonel Austin's company, and in the retreat from Canada in that year, his ingenuity was the means of saving the patriot army from capture and possible destruction. He devised and carried out a plan for getting the boats up the Chambly Rapids by means of drag ropes with men on the shore to tow them. In this way the soldiers and their equipments were safely transported; otherwise they would have been forced to march by a long circuit of several miles, which, as the army was destitute of wagons and all other means of transportation, was practically impossible. As a reward for his services Goff was afterwards commissioned a lieutenant in the Continental army.

Oliver Coe, another Green Woods man, served under Captain Sedgwick and with Captain Hinman at Ticonderoga. On his way home he was taken sick near Lake George with camp fever. He reached home eight days later, November 28th, and died after five weeks' illness. He left a widow and six children, all of whom had the same disease. A memorial was presented to the Assembly by his administrator, asking for a reimbursement to the family for the expenses of his sickness and death, and an appropriation of £14 6s. was made to the family by the Assembly.

Oliver Coe, Jr., served several times in the Revolution and on the breaking out of the Indian war, again enlisted for three years. He served in General Harmer's campaign down the Ohio and was one of seven survivors of Colonel Harden's detachment which was cut off by the Indians on the headwaters of the Scioto in 1791. He also served in the military guard attached to the Surveyor's party of the Ohio Company's purchase; after which he returned to his native town and became a thrifty and wealthy farmer, enjoying in a high degree the respect of the community where he lived.

Moses Hatch of Winchester enlisted at sixteen and served through the war. Some twenty years before his death he made

IN THE HEART OF THE GREEN WOODS, (WINSTED).

application for a pension, but the pay-rolls containing his name were lost, and he could not furnish the required formal proof of his military service. He was advised to give some details that might verify his claim ; among other events he related the occurrence of his having captured, while on picket duty, a Tory spy who was tried, condemned and shot by order of the colonel of the regiment. The application remained a long time undecided ; one day when under consideration the identical colonel chanced to call on the secretary of war. The statement was read to him with the question, "Do you remember about that spy?" "Yes," he replied, "I remember the scoundrel well, and the name of his captor was Moses Hatch, as good a soldier as ever served." The pension was at once granted, and was continued to Captain Hatch's wife (Abigail Loveland) until her death.

Roswell Grant of Green Woods joined the army when seventeen years old. When Baron Steuben (general inspector of military drill) was selecting a corps for special discipline, Grant was surprised to find himself the only man chosen from the Litchfield County company ; "being," as he said of himself, "such a little nubbin of a fellow, I had no idea he would take me." While in the Highlands he was placed on guard in extremely cold weather at one of the bleakest points ; the army moved on, apparently forgetting him, but he bravely stuck to his post until relieved two days later. After the war he was a large farmer, an industrious and honest man and peculiarly conscientious. In later life, when going to Litchfield one day on foot, a neighbor entrusted him with a letter to be delivered there. On his return after dark and when within a mile of home, he thought of the letter which he had forgotten to deliver. He immediately turned back, walked the fourteen miles to Litchfield, delivered the letter and reached home before daylight the next morning.

The continued drafts of militia men for short terms of service rendered it almost impossible for the thinly settled Green Woods towns to supply their allotted quotas, as the following quotations from the town records give evidence : "Voted, to raise sixpence hard money on the pound to hire the soldiers called for." "Voted, Lieut. Bronson to go to Hartford to get Dolphin's son to count for Winchester." "Voted, Capt. Benjamin Benedict and Dea.

Seth Hills to hire the two men required." Yet the census of 1782 gives a population to the town of six hundred and eighty-eight, double that of 1774.

Although little is recorded of the women of the Revolutionary period, there is no doubt they equalled the men in devotion and patriotism. A pleasant bit of family history contributed by a well-beloved member of the Green Woods Chapter goes to prove the truth of this. "I remember a story that my grandmother, Mrs. Reuben Rockwell of Colebrook, used to tell her children and grandchildren about her mother, the wife of Col. Bezaleel Beebe of the Revolutionary army. Mrs. Beebe's maiden name was Elizabeth Marsh, and she is described as a 'slender, rather delicate woman, of marked refinement and of great force of character.' The wives of the soldiers attended not only to the affairs of the household and to the business on the farm in the absence of their husbands, but also had to card the wool, spin and dye the yarn and in many cases to weave the cloth and make the garments which their husbands wore in the field. A part at least of Colonel Beebe's uniform was made at home. We are familiar with the uniform of an officer of that period—a swallow-tailed coat, a long waist-coat, knee breeches and long stockings fastened with silver buckles. The Beebes were a tall race. Several men among the descendants of Colonel Beebe measured six feet three or four inches in height. Colonel Beebe was himself one of the tallest of his family. Elizabeth Beebe, his wife, used to knit the long, black woolen stockings which he wore in the winter. On one occasion, however, Colonel Beebe was summoned to a distant post on very short notice and was allowed a short furlough in order to visit his family and to make preparations for his departure. He arrived at Litchfield on the evening of one day and could stay until the morning of the second day, giving him one full day at home. On looking over his wardrobe his wife found that stockings were needed, and she remembered with a pang that only three stockings of the two new pairs she was knitting were finished. She rose early the next morning, took her needles and began to "knit two and seam two" with the determination that the stockings should be finished in time for her husband's departure. Such a task had never been accomplished by any woman in her town. But

Elizabeth Beebe was a determined spirit and the needles flew faster than the minutes all the long forenoon. At noon she stopped for dinner, giving the work into other hands. As the afternoon wore on the stocking grew perceptibly longer. As night came on the tired woman walked backward and forward, but still kept up the knitting. Night fell, the candles were brought in, and the more intricate work of setting and binding off the heel was accomplished. Then she took a hasty cup of tea and began on the long foot, never stopping till the stocking was toed off, the end drawn through and fastened, and the colonel's knapsack packed ready for his departure early the next morning. This was considered a remarkable achievement and the story was told of Mrs. Beebe long after her busy fingers were at rest. But I have never heard that she suffered in any way for her unusual day's work, which goes to prove that even the delicate little women of Revolutionary times were made of sturdy stuff."

"And what shall I more say? for the time would fail me to tell" of the Bronsons, the Benedicts, the Wetmores, the Andrews and the Robertses, who "escaped the edge of the sword, and turned to flight the armies of the aliens."

They obtained a good report. Their memory is honored by their descendants, and by those who read of their patriotic sacrifices, and the Daughters of the American Revolution often place a wreath of laurel upon the ancient turf above their graves.

Emily Perkins Roberts.
(MRS. HARVEY L. ROBERTS.)
Judith Bigelow Phelps.

The authorities used in preparing this sketch were
Boyd's Annals of Winchester.
Hollister's History of Connecticut.
Barber's Historical Collections.
Connecticut Quarterly.
Family Documents.

THE COGSWELL TAVERN, NEW PRESTON, WASHINGTON.

(The Commander-in-chief, several officers and many soldiers were sheltered and fed here during the Revolution.)

JUDEA

WASHINGTON was the first town incorporated in Connecticut after the Declaration of Independence and, according to tradition, the first town in the United States to be named in honor of the Commander-in-Chief of the American Army.

Two ecclesiastical societies were embraced in the town of Washington—Judea and New Preston. The earliest recorded settlement was within the limits of Judea, and was made by Joseph Hurlburt about the year 1734. When the first sermon was preached in Judea all the inhabitants attended the service, which was held in a small room in Mr. Hurlburt's dwelling house. The Rev. Reuben Judd, their first minister, was ordained September 1, 1742. The ordination exercises were held in a grove and a church organization, consisting of twelve male members, was formed on that day. During the year a church edifice was built and Judea, withdrawing from the parent town of Woodbury and annexing a small tract of land from Litchfield, became an independent society.

New Preston was a younger society by several years and was made up of territory taken from New Milford and Kent. This section of the town of Washington, spoken of in the early records as the "north purchase," has retained its first society name and is still called New Preston. The name Judea, however, is no longer preserved, the original Judea society being now called Washington. It is a matter of regret to those who respect early customs and tradition that the former name has been allowed to drop out of use. Hence the Washington Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution took the name of "Judea" in memory of the oldest parish of the town. In the accompanying illustration is seen an old Judea house, almost hidden by lilac bushes, which has stood for a century and a half, and whose gambrel roof has sheltered five generations of the same family.

The chapter is named in honor of the oldest section of the town and it also has its chosen heroine in the person of Anna Whittlesey Cogswell, who during the Revolution was a prominent member of the New Preston Society, this division of honors meeting with the approval of the members from both sections of the town.

Anna Whittlesey, the daughter of Eliphalet and Dorothy (Kellogg) Whittlesey, was born in 1744, in Whittlesey Valley, New Preston. She has several claims to remembrance as a

A JUDEA HOUSE, WASHINGTON.

(A century and a half old.)

daughter of Connecticut. Her mother, Dorothy Kellogg, was a great granddaughter of Governor Thomas Welles of Hartford, a granddaughter of John Chester of Wethersfield and a great great niece of Thomas Hooker, while her father's family, the Whittleseys, were among the earliest settlers of Saybrook. Anna Whittlesey's childhood home is situated on the bank of the picturesque Shepaug river and looks out upon beautiful wooded hills. Of the house represented in the illustration, only the main portion is the original house; the ell was added about one hundred years ago and the bay window is of recent date.

In 1762, when Anna was eighteen years of age, she became the wife of William Cogswell of New Preston, the son of Edward Cogswell and the youngest of thirteen children. When William was about ten years old his father moved from Preston in the eastern part of the state to the hills of Litchfield county, and gave this new place, which he had selected as a home for himself and family, the name of New Preston, after the town which he had left.

GIRLHOOD HOME OF ANNA WHITTLESEY COGSWELL, NEW PRESTON, WASHINGTON.

William Cogswell was the moderator of the first town meeting held in Washington, and was the first representative to the General Assembly, serving for eight consecutive terms. He was always a staunch patriot and was one of the first to initiate movements in resistance to British oppression. In 1774 he was appointed one of a committee to collect and communicate all information in regard to war movements. In 1776 he served on the Committee of Inspection and Correspondence. When the war broke out he joined the Continental army and was rapidly promoted to a captaincy under Washington, was in command in the retreat from Long Island and later marched with his company

to repel the invasion of New Haven, July 5, 1779. In May, 1781, he was promoted to the rank of major in the Thirteenth regiment and was known for the rest of his life as Major Cogswell.

Like so many houses of that day when travelling was slow, the home of Major and Anna Whittlesey Cogswell was a tavern. Major Cogswell was the owner of a large property and during his absence at the time of the war, his wife proved an able business manager, besides bringing up a family of ten children, nine of whom reached maturity and married.

Several industries were carried on upon the Cogswell estate. Major Cogswell had two thousand acres of land and the apples from his orchards yielded one thousand barrels of cider annually. He owned a distillery in which the cider was made into cider brandy and a malt-house in which beer was brewed. The grain raised on his farm was ground in his own grist-mill and he had beside a saw-mill, an iron foundry, a potashery for soap making, and a store. Madam Cogswell, in the long-continued absences of her husband, was left in charge of this property, having the supervision of twenty men who were employed in its varied industries, which proves both her unusual ability and her unusual physical vigor.

Mrs. Cogswell was often annoyed by the Tories in the neighborhood, who gathered about the premises and sought to intimidate her with false reports of British victories. On one occasion a chance was offered Mrs. Cogswell for retaliation, and who can blame our heroine if she took advantage of the opportunity? A noted Tory of the neighborhood was seized and brought to the tavern by the angry patriots, who threatened him with a coat of tar and feathers, if only the necessary articles could anywhere be found. Mrs. Cogswell remonstrated vehemently against such a proceeding, and charged the patriots not to touch her feathers in the garret or the tar in the cellar! Alas! for the dignity of the Tory; the necessary articles were obtained so very conveniently that they were liberally applied. It was long remembered of Mrs. Cogswell that she used to say she "never feared a Tory."

An amusing story is told of another adventure in which Mrs. Cogswell figured in connection with a noted general of the Continental army. Israel Putnam, on his way from Hartford to

the Hudson, sent an orderly in advance to New Preston to announce that he and his staff would shortly spend the night at the Cogswell tavern. In celebration of this event a ball was to be given by the Baldwin family of Baldwin Hill, to which General Putnam and his staff were invited. The gallant general graciously accepted the invitation and invited his hostess, Mrs. Cogswell, to ride with him to the ball. It was a rough

OLD TURNPIKE IN WASHINGTON.

(Between Boston and Hartford and the Highlands of Hudson.)

road over which they had to travel and a steady climb of a mile; but it is of the ride down the hill on their return that the story treats. The ball and the refreshments proved very enlivening. When the time came to say good night General Putnam and his staff were in a lively humor. General Putnam was short and stout and Madam Cogswell was tall and large, which made the situation not only somewhat ridiculous but even hazardous for Madam Cogswell in their descent of Baldwin Hill, for General Putnam took Baldwin Hill as he took the steps at

Putnam Hill in Greenwich—at a full gallop, and Madam Cogswell was barely able to hold on. However, the foot of the hill was reached in safety, and to this day the story of this ride has been repeated in the Cogswell family from one generation to another.

The Cogswell tavern,* still in a good state of preservation, is on the Litchfield and New Milford turnpike about a mile from Lake Waramaug and a short distance from New Preston village. During the Revolution this turnpike was the principal highway between the Hudson and Boston. The room in which Washington slept on one occasion is shown with pride by the present occupant of the house, who is a great-granddaughter of Anna Whittlesey Cogswell.

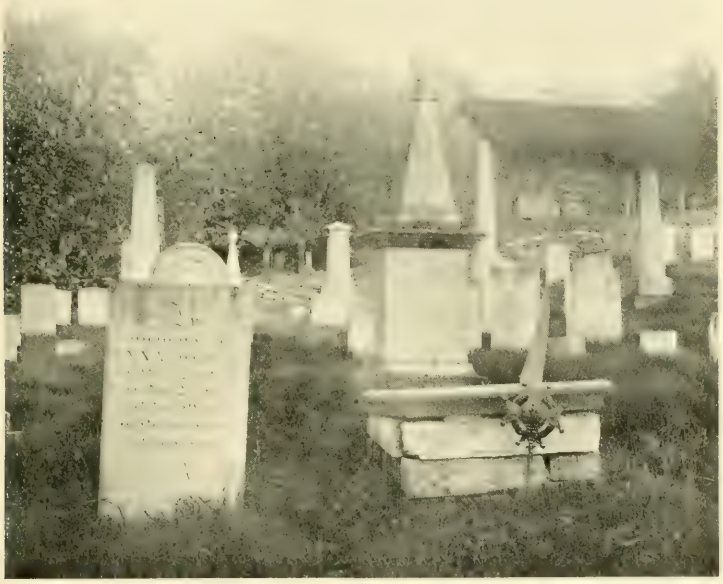
FIREPLACE IN THE KITCHEN, COGSWELL TAVERN, NEW PRESTON, WASHINGTON.

One visit by General Washington occurred shortly after André's arrest. News of Arnold's treachery had been brought to Washington, who was in Connecticut, and he was hurrying from Hartford to West Point. The Cogswell family was aroused early one morning by an orderly, who breathlessly told the tale of Arnold's treason and announced that General Washington was not far behind and wished breakfast

*Now the residence of Mrs. Sarah Cogswell Whittlesey. See frontispiece, p. 500.

for himself and staff. The entire household helped in the preparations and the meal was ready when the guests arrived. The anxious travelers halted only fifteen minutes and then hurried on their way. Washington was so agitated that he could not remain seated at table, but drank a bowl of milk as he walked the floor.*

Large and sudden demands were often made upon Mrs. Cogswell's hospitality, but the resources of the Cogswell tavern were



THE GRAVE OF ANNA WHITTLESEY COGSWELL.

(The table stone where the marker stands shows the grave of her husband, Major William Cogswell, New Preston, Washington.)

never known to fail. One morning when the family was assembled at table, the whole household was thrown into confusion by the

* Irving's Life of Washington states that Washington did not hear of Arnold's treason until reaching the Hudson. The story of his agitation at the Cogswell tavern, however, is a well-preserved tradition among the Cogswell descendants.

arrival of an officer, who came galloping up to the door with an order for breakfast for three hundred men. The illustration shows the old kitchen fireplace* in the Cogswell tavern where the meals were cooked for the Revolutionary guests. Much of the original kitchen has been torn down; only a shed now used as a laundry remains, yet many traditions linger around the place and stories are still told in the Cogswell family of incidents of Revolutionary days. Once twenty-six kettles were used at one time to prepare a meal for Revolutionary soldiers—perhaps for this identical breakfast.

Major William Cogswell died in the prime of life. His death was a loss to the town, and a calamity to his family. Anna Whittlesey Cogswell survived her husband twenty-four years, and with remarkable courage and ability continued to manage the large property and to care for her family. She died, deeply regretted, January 10th, 1810, at the age of sixty-six years and was buried beside her husband. The stone marking her grave gives only her name and the dates of her birth and death, but the tablet which marks her husband's resting place in the New Preston cemetery bears the following quaint inscription:

MAJOR COGSWELL, born in 1734, died Feb. 19th, 1786, aged 52 years.

Cropt at noon, he is gone! he is gone!
He shined in acts of peace to still a storm,
Skillful to advise and vigorous to perform,
Kind to the world and duteous to the skies
Distress and want on him did fix their eyes,
Here lies his body blended with the dust
Waiting the resurrection of the just.

Frances Eliot Hickox.

*Mrs. Sarah Cogswell, widow of Gould C. Whittlesey, has kept this fireplace in state of preservation for more than seventy years.

Certain facts concerning Major Cogswell and his wife found in this sketch were taken from Jameson's "The Cogswells in America," Cothren's History of Ancient Woodbury and Orcutt's History of New Milford; others were furnished by a great-granddaughter of Anna Whittlesey Cogswell, Mrs. Martha Whittlesey Brown, who compiled the first chapter sketch of the New Preston heroine.

CAPTAIN NATHAN HALE

The Martyr Spy

NATHAN HALE MEMORIAL CHAPTER
EAST HADDAM

BOULDER AT HUNTINGTON, LONG ISLAND, MARKING THE SITE OF NATHAN HALE'S CAPTURE.

(Erected by George Taylor, Esq., of Huntington, L. I.)

NATHAN HALE

THE quiet town of East Haddam has not been lacking in patriotic sons. Many have gone forth from her green hills at their country's call to serve in field and camp, who, after years well spent in civil life have lain down in their last sleep in her breeze-swept graveyards.

But the latest born chapter in Connecticut chose its name from none of these. Indeed, the chapter can hardly be said to have chosen a name. The great day of the Nathan Hale celebration was an incentive to organize a chapter and of itself furnished a name unquestioned. Thus among the forty-four Revolutionary chapters in Connecticut, the honor of bearing the name of Nathan Hale, the martyr spy, falls to East Haddam, where but five months of his life were spent..

Almost every place connected with events in Nathan Hale's twenty-one years of life is now marked by some fitting memorial. As early as 1837 the citizens of Coventry gathered

> " . . . with hearts that oft had glowed
> At his soul-stirring tale,
> To wreath the deathless evergreen
> Around the name of Hale."

and erected a shaft to record that Nathan Hale was born in Coventry, June 6, 1755.

He was the sixth child in a family of twelve and was brought up in the strictest sect of New England Puritan Othodoxy. His father, Deacon Richard Hale, was a pillar of the church and the unquestioned head of his own household. The dust never gathered upon his unopened family Bible ; daily prayers and tri-daily grace were never omitted, and such gravity of demeanor was enjoined in his household that even the innocent Morris Board was forbidden as likely to lead to frivolous habits.

Perhaps Deacon Richard Hale suspected the independent spirit of some of his family, for he enforced his restrictions as to evening amusements by allowing only one candle, which he held himself for his own use in reading. It is an evidence of that daring spirit which courted danger, that when the good deacon finally nodded and slept in his chair after a day's farm work, the boys got out the forbidden board and finished their game by the light of the unsteady candle.

Nathan, as he grew to manhood, did not revolt either from religious or paternal rule. Deacon Hale desired that one of his sons should follow the profession of his father, the Rev. John Hale, first minister of Beverly, Mass., and to that end Nathan took the first steps by preparing for college under the tuition of the Rev. Dr. Huntington, pastor of the parish. Dr. Huntington performed his duty so well that Nathan and his elder brother Enoch* entered Yale College when Nathan was still in his sixteenth year.

In college Nathan Hale took a lively interest in all phases of college life. He was one of the founders of the famous Linonian Society and one of the first contributors to the Linonian Library, whose treasure-lined alcoves live in the memory of Yale's Alumni.

He graduated among the first thirteen of his class, but his scholarship seems not to have made so deep an impression as did a certain prodigious leap of his, the limits of which were long marked upon the college green. That the social attractions of a college town were not neglected by him we gather from a certain debate in which he championed the cause of the ladies. It was a Commencement debate on the question : "Whether the education of daughters be not, without any just reason, more neglected than that of the sons."

During his college term an attachment began which shows that the "bravest are the tenderest, the loving are the daring." Elizabeth, the first wife of Deacon Hale, died when Nathan was twelve years old, and Deacon Hale married for his second wife "the Widow Adams" of Canterbury. The second wife came to her husband's home with several children by her former marriage, among them two daughters, Sarah and Alice.

* Enoch Hale was the grandfather of Edward Everett Hale.

Scarcely had the elder Hale successfully won his suit for the hand of the widow when his son John fell a victim to the charms of Sarah. A second link between the two families having been forged by the marriage of John and Sarah, Nathan and Alice in their turn complicated matters by falling in love. Deacon Hale decided that the Hale and Adams families were getting altogether too closely connected, and besides he designed Nathan for the

THE NATHAN HALE SCHOOL HOUSE, EAST HADDAM.
(Now the property of the Conn. Sons of the American Revolution.)

ministry and was convinced that an early marriage would prove a hindrance to Nathan's success in his profession. He sternly frowned down any engagement between the young people, and Nathan went off to teach school in East Haddam with a buoyancy of spirit which rose above the frowns of stern fate or stern parents.

The village where he taught during the winter of 1773–4 seems to have been too secluded to furnish the diversions necessary to

banish from the young teacher's mind thoughts of Alice. We judge from his own words written to a friend, "I was at the receipt of your letter in East Haddam (*alias* Moodus), a place which I at first for a long time, concluded inaccessible either by friends, acquaintances, or letters. Nor was I convinced of the contrary until I received yours, and at the same time two others from Alden and Wyllys. It was equally, or more difficult to convey anything from Moodus."

Despite this seclusion one piece of news reached him while there which he might have wished had never found him. During Hale's school term in East Haddam Alice Adams yielded to the pressure brought to bear upon her, and consented to a marriage with Mr. Elijah Ripley of Coventry, whose only recorded weakness is that he wooed and married one whose love was already pledged to another.

To offset the bitterness of this disappointment Nathan Hale evidently turned to nature for sympathy. His earliest biographer says, "The rich scenery of the town, its rocky and uneven face, the phenomena from which it derives its Indian name, its numerous legends of Indian Powwows, its Mount Tom and Salmon River, were all sources of great delight to the young instructor, as habitually, the cares of school being over, he wandered around for air and exercise, for pleasure and the sports of the chase, there

> "Where the little country girls
> Still stop to whisper, and listen, and look,
> And tell, while dressing their sunny curls,
> Of the Black Fox of Salmon Brook."

Or, perhaps he found satisfaction enough in the friends whom he everywhere gained. One who lived long in East Haddam and died within the memory of residents now living, Mrs. Hannah Pierson, described him as happy, faithful and successful in his teaching. "Everybody loved him," she said, "he was so sprightly, so intelligent and kind, and—so handsome."

In the spring of '74 he accepted the position of instructor in the New London Grammar School, where he had a class of thirty-two pupils, many of them "Latiners." School hours and school terms were longer a century and a quarter ago than they are now, but

Hale's motto was, "A man ought never to lose a moment of time," and he lived up to it by taking a class of young ladies for private tutoring, which met in the early morning before the opening of school.

In a conversation with Judge Julius Attwood, the former owner of the Hale school house in East Haddam, Rev. Edward Everett Hale, Nathan Hale's grandnephew, said with evident enjoyment of the joke, "It is a tradition in our family that Nathan Hale's school hours were from seven in the morning until five in the afternoon, but that the young ladies became so fond of his company that they came at five and remained until seven."

The young ladies simply admired one who impressed everyone with his graces of character and person. His disposition was sunny, his mind brilliant and cultivated, his manner genial and courteous. His face was beautiful in feature and glowing with health, and he had laughing blue eyes and soft brown hair —manly strength which he possessed in a marked degree redeeming this beauty from any charge of effeminacy. Tall above the average, deep of chest and strong of limb, he could put one hand on the top of a board fence as high as his head and clear the fence at a bound. He could stand in an empty hogshead and spring from it into a second, and into a third and thence over and out "like a cat." Indeed, he used to say to the young ladies, with a laugh, that he could "do anything but spin."

While he was so pleasantly occupied in New London, two events occurred which probably seemed to Hale the most important in his life. The first was personal. Elijah Ripley died and his child-wife Alice, only eighteen years old, wedded and widowed within the year, came back to the old homestead at Coventry bringing with her an infant son, who in a few months followed his father.

The second event was the Lexington Alarm. The shot "heard round the world," echoed fierce and loud in the doughty city of New London. A messenger riding post from Boston urged his foam-flecked horse into the town, and a mass-meeting was called for the same evening at Miner's Tavern. Indignant speeches were made in the spring twilight, but the young school-teacher ventured farther than anyone else when he said, "let us not lay

down our arms until we have gained independence." It was a new word! "Independence," whispered one of the school-boy listeners to his father, "what does that mean?" Well did the elder know that it might mean the hangman's rope!

The next morning the school assembled; the young teacher stayed with his pupils only long enough to offer the morning prayer and to bid each pupil farewell, then he joined the company about to march to Boston.

After taking his company to Boston Nathan Hale returned to New London to resign his position in the school, and reached Boston on his second trip too late to take part in the Battle of Bunker Hill. Having joined the army at Boston, he was promoted to a captaincy in the autumn, was introduced to Washington by Jonathan Trumbull, and won the friendship of many officers. He devoted his time during the winter to drilling his company, which became one of the best drilled in the army.

During the siege of Boston the young captain obtained a furlough and visited his home in Coventry. He found there his widowed sweetheart, Alice Ripley, who was then not quite nineteen. Nathan Hale and Alice Adams were constant to each other and before the expiration of the furlough even Deacon Hale was forced to consent to their betrothal.

Animated by the courage of new hopes, Nathan Hale bade farewell to his dear ones and went back to the army which was soon stationed in New York, where he won commendation for faithfulness and especially for his unaided capture of a provision vessel.

From our point of view it is hard to realize that for Washington the chances of failure were many. Perhaps failure never seemed more likely than in the summer of 1776. Stationed above the city of New York he had about fourteen thousand men—inexperienced, half-fed, unpaid, altogether dissatisfied citizen soldiers—with whom to guard an exposed coast line of sixteen miles; while across on Long Island lay twenty-five thousand British veterans, under experienced commanders, who might initiate anyone of a dozen plans which would crush American independence in the egg. So untenable was his position that Washington in council favored the withdrawing of his army from near New York and the burning of the city to prevent its serving as winter-quarters for

the enemy. In place of this his only chance lay in obtaining information of the position and plans of the British, to gain which someone must act the dangerous and dishonorable part of a spy.

He entrusted the selection of the man to Colonel Knowlton, who promptly called a meeting of his officers, explained to them Washington's needs and asked for a volunteer from his staff, since an errand of such importance demanded a keen and well-trained mind—one who could at a glance comprehend plans and make accurate drafts of fortifications.

Not one of Colonel Knowlton's officers present responded to his appeal. A French sergeant (voicing, perhaps, the thought of all) said, "I am ready to fight the British at any time and any place, but I am not willing to go among them to be hung up like a dog!" As the meeting was about to dissolve Captain Hale entered the room, and on learning the needs of General Washington promptly responded, in a voice calm and decisive but weak from recent illness, "I will undertake it."

Necessary as was the duty, Nathan Hale's friends felt that for him to go was too great a sacrifice, besides he was urged by every hope of future honor, success and happiness to withdraw his offer, but he stood firm. His descent and his training are evident in his reply, "I wish to be useful and any sort of service necessary to the public good becomes honorable by being necessary. If the exigencies of my country demand a peculiar service its claims to perform that service are imperative."

He decided to enter the British lines in his former character of a Yankee school-teacher and, going up the Sound to Norwalk, he there donned the grave dress and broad-brimmed hat of a schoolmaster, leaving with an attendant his valuables except his watch and his Yale diploma, and then crossed the Sound in an armed sloop placed at his command.

He landed at Huntington, gave orders that a boat should call for him there daily, and started on his desperate mission. Near the landing place was a tavern, the Cedars, kept by widow Rachel Chichester, "Mother Chich's" house being a gathering place for the Royalists of the country-side. Nathan Hale prudently avoided the place, breakfasted at a house farther on, and struck off on foot toward the west.

For the next fortnight Nathan Hale disappears from view, the whereabouts of a schoolmaster being too insignificant to be noted. At the end of two weeks, his task completed, he was back at the rendezvous waiting for his expected boat. He stopped at the Cedars instead of avoiding it as on his first visit. Had he grown careless from continued success, or did he hope to pick up some last bit of information from the habitues of the place? Hardly had he joined them when one of them looked at him critically, got up and went out. Shortly after someone of the company announced the approach of a boat. Hale hastened to the wharf expecting to meet his friends, but seeing only strange faces, turned away. He was instantly covered by muskets and stopped by the command "surrender or die." In a moment from the heights of success he was hurled in his hopes into the depths of failure.

Hale was taken by boat to New York and brought for trial before General Howe, in which the merest formalities were gone through. In his shoes were found drawings of the enemy's position and Latin notes of their plans, all so accurately done that Howe trembled at the risk of capture and defeat to which this stripling of twenty-one had exposed the British army. Confronted by his own evidence Nathan Hale acknowledged his name, rank and object, and was sentenced to be hanged as a spy the next morning at daybreak. The justly execrated Cunningham, into whose charge Hale was committed, confined his prisoner in the green-house in the garden of Howe's headquarters, denying him pen and Bible—though later the young officer on guard loosed Hale's bonds and furnished him writing materials. He spent the night in writing his last messages to his family and his betrothed, and, when Cunningham at daybreak came to perform his acceptable task, Hale handed him the letters and asked to have them forwarded to his friends. Cunningham opened the letters, read them through, tore them in pieces, and scattered them to the winds.

A guard of British soldiers, with the negro hangman carrying a coil of rope, accompanied Cunningham who led Hale to Rutger's orchard and mounted him upon the rough pine coffin beside his open grave.

A crowd of spectators had gathered. The men glowered angrily and the women sobbed aloud. Cunningham cursed them into silence and tauntingly asked the prisoner for his dying speech and confession. Looking into the eyes of the pitying crowd Hale, his arms bound and with the rope around his neck, spoke the few words which have made his name immortal, "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country!" "Swing the rebel off!" yelled Cunningham, and Nathan Hale's short life of twenty-one years was ended.

STATUE OF NATHAN HALE ON THE GROUNDS OF THE WADSWORTH ATHENEUM, HARTFORD, CONN.

(By courtesy of the Connecticut Magazine.)

Upon the home in Coventry fell the shadow of a great sorrow. Unconscious of the honor which the future would accord him, the name of Nathan was never spoken there. Alice Ripley some years after married Mr. William Laurence of Hartford and made him an affectionate wife. She lived to a ripe old age, the honored friend of the best citizens of her city. One of her granddaughters describes her as she appeared in her eighty-eighth year: "I never tired of gazing on her youthful complexion, her eyes — which retained their natural lustre—and upon her hand and arm, which though shrunken somewhat from age, must in her younger days have been a fit study for a sculptor." A life-long friend writing after her death said, "From my first acquaintance with her I had ever occasion to admire the calm and beautiful Christian spirit she uniformly exhibited. I never knew so faultless a character—so gentle, so kind." Those who stood around her dying bed heard the murmur of her last words, "Write to Nathan," and believed that the separation of over sixty years was ended.

By the courtesy of the Connecticut Sons of the Revolution, it is the privilege of the Nathan Hale Memorial Chapter of East Haddam, D. A. R., to hold its meetings in the historical Nathan Hale schoolhouse. Having served its original purpose many years, it was, in 1799, purchased by Capt. Elijah Attwood, who removed it to a new site and converted it into a dwelling house. It remained in the possession of his descendants one hundred years. In 1899, Judge Julius Attwood, its owner, knowing that "individuals die but corporations continue," presented the building to the Sons of the Revolution through their representative, Mr. Richard H. Green of New York. The little red building was again removed and again presented, by the New York Sons of the Revolution to the Connecticut Branch, who make it their headquarters.

On the 6th of June, 1900, the anniversary of Hale's birth, thousands of spectators gathered in the little town of East Haddam for the dedicatory exercises. Ex-Governor Morgan G. Bulkley in accepting the trust for the Connecticut Sons presented also to the Connecticut Branch the surrounding acres which he had purchased and which are now opened to the citizens of East Haddam, Governor Bulkley's native town, as a park.

After various changes the little red schoolhouse rests on a hill-top overlooking the blue Connecticut. The flag of the country floats at its door, and the graves of those who have defended the flag in their country's wars lie clustered in the valley beneath.

Bertha Palmer Attwood.

The authorities used in compiling this sketch were:

Life of Captain Nathan Hale, by I. W. Stuart; The Two Spies, by Benson J. Lossing; Nathan Hale, by Frederick H. Cogswell in Year Book, 1897-99, Ct. S. A. R.; The First Sacrifice of the Revolution, Charlotte M. Holloway in The Connecticut Magazine.

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